A VERY SIMPLY HALLOWEEN DOWN UNDER

By

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Disclaimer: while no SS members were harmed in the writing of this script, some egos may be slightly bruised. Complaints can be made to Jeff Bush, who will endeavour to placate you with extensive wining and dining. Other inquiries can be made to the above email. I will send money to cover a phone call. Then you can ring somebody who gives a shit.
INT. KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER - GOLD COAST AUSTRALIA

STEVIE, a middle aged bald guy, sits at his computer. His wife, JODIE, cooks food at the stove top.

STEVIE
What? Oh, wow! Full on!

JODIE
What's that, dear?

STEVIE
Um, ok, you know how I told you, about a post I put up on Simply Scripts awhile back? About having a get together?

JODIE
No, you didn't tell me. Must've slipped your mind, hey? Another one of your silly ideas? Just like that 'Lord of the Rings' script you did.

STEVIE
Aw, honey, that's not very__hey, I'm fond of that script! Putting the Beatles in Tolkien was a great concept.

JODIE
Too bad none of the freaks at Shitly Scripts read it.

STEVIE
It's SIMPLY Scripts, and now you're being nasty. A lot of talented people on that site.

JODIE

STEVIE
That's ridiculous! Anyway, I've had a great response to my suggestion. We're having an SS reunion.
JODIE
How can people who have never met
in person, 'reunite'?

STEVIE
I...well, you know what I mean. But
some of us are finally going to
meet up. It’ll be awesome.

JODIE
So you’re going to just fly off to
the States or wherever, wasting
money we don’t have, just so you
can dribble shit to what is
basically an AA meeting?

STEVIE
No.

JODIE
Good then. You’ve suddenly realised
the stupidity of your invitation.

STEVIE
Not exactly. They are coming here.
For Halloween.

The sound of food BUBBLING is loud in the silence...

JODIE
No. Fucking. Way.

STEVIE
Some have already booked flights.
They’ll be here by the end of next
week.

JODIE
Unless you tell them all right now
that it’s off, I’m leaving.

EXT.HOUSE - DAY

Stevie stands glumly in the driveway. Jodie gets in a cab
full of suitcases. She gives him the finger as the cab pulls
away.

STEVIE
All great writers have to make
sacrifices...

He looks to the sky, seeking a sign to herald his stoicism.
Nothing...
He claps his hands together.

STEVIE(CONT’D)
Right then, let’s see what’s new on Youporn.

MONTAGE
Stevie sends emails...
Stevie talks excitedly on the phone...
Pizza boxes teeter around the computer...
Porn images fill the screen and blur...
END MONTAGE

INT.GOLD COAST AIRPORT - DAY
Stevie waits at the arrival gate.

SUPER - A FEW DAYS LATER
The information board shows that Flight D624 from Hobart has landed. Soon, passengers emerge. TOMMY, a twenty year old uni student, is among them.

STEVIE
Yo, Tommy!

TOMMY
Stevie! Glad to finally meet you, man. Fuck, you’re a tall bastard. Didn’t picture you that tall!

STEVIE
My small script reviews can be deceiving. Say, you do look like Ricky Gervais!

TOMMY
(proud)
Really?

STEVIE
Actually, no. But cheer up. The rest of the gang will be here on Friday. Thanks again for coming early to help me.
TOMMY
No probs, Stevie. You’ve helped me a lot looking at my script drafts and ideas.

STEVIE
Us Aussies have to stick together. Come on, let’s get back to my joint. Um, can you cook at all?

TOMMY
A little. Do you like burnt water?

STEVIE
That’s what I thought. Pizza again...

INT.KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM – NIGHT
Tommy makes two coffees as Stevie works the computer. He reads an email and sits back in awe.

STEVIE
Man, that is fucking unbelievable.

TOMMY
You found that hermaphrodite video?

STEVIE
What? Oh, no, still looking for that...but I’ve just got confirmation on the schedules, and who’s actually coming.

Tommy sits on the futon and sips his coffee.

TOMMY
Ok, then, so who’s coming? How many?

STEVIE
Five. All from overseas. Jeff, Pia, Sandra, Rob and Bert.

TOMMY
Sweet! None of the other Aussies though? None made an effort?

STEVIE
(frowns)
No. Funny that. They all said they had more pressing matters.
TOMMY
Such as?

STEVIE
Well, LC said she wanted to read and review every OWC ever done on the site...

TOMMY
Which means basically she thinks we are losers.

STEVIE
...true. Um, Murph, who only has to drive down 40 minutes from Brisbane, said he was too pissed to come...

TOMMY
Well, he is Irish.

STEVIE
...Tonka is actually flying in but is going to Movieworld...

TOMMY
Fair enough.

STEVIE
...and Michael Cornetto just sent some weird Youtube video that was quite funny, but intimated he would rather tongue kiss a skunk then meet us in person.

TOMMY
(giggles)
I like Cornie. He’s a funny bugger.

STEVIE
Yep, that’s what happens when you make a Yank live in Melbourne for awhile. Oh, and Chris Reid’s a Collingwood supporter, so he told me to get fucked.

TOMMY
Typical. So why were you all excited before? It can’t be just over the gang arriving soon.
STEVIE
Oh, well, the uncanny thing is that all their flights arrive within a half hour of each other! So we can hire the van, and pick them all up at once!

TOMMY
Fuckin’ bargain! What are the odds of that?

STEVIE
Hang on, another email...from Cornetto. Holy shit!

TOMMY
What?

STEVIE
He says that Don organised all the flight bookings, and everyone’s schedule.

TOMMY
Wow! That explains it all then.

STEVIE
Too right! Don’s the fucking man. He can organise anything.

TOMMY
Yeah. After all, he does the OWC’s so well. Getting us fuckers in shape.

STEVIE
True. International air flights would be a doddle for the old Boosemeister.

TOMMY
Yep. Say, did he reply to your invite?

STEVIE
Yeah. Said he couldn’t be fucked flying all this way.

TOMMY
Oh.
STEVIE
Anyhow, stiff shit. We have a fun
time looming.

TOMMY
Right! I’m keen and eager. What do
you want me to do?

STEVIE
Uh, nothing really. I’ve booked the
van for Saturday. We just have to
lob at Brisbane airport and pick
the troops up.

INT.BRISBANE AIRPORT – DAY
Stevie and Tommy wait near the Customs area.

SUPER – A FEW DAYS LATER – 31ST OCTOBER

STEVIE
Getting a bit jumpy. You know,
finally meeting some of the crew.

TOMMY
Yeah, feels odd. Like meeting a
long lost relative.

STEVIE
Hey, is that...what the?

A group of passengers walk out from the gate – JEFF, a 46
year old Arizonian, ROB(36), a tall Dane, PIA and SANDRA,
two mature ladies from the U.S, and BERT, late 30’s, also
from the States.

Another man accompanies Rob but the lads can’t place him.

STEVIE
Hey guys! Over here.

JEFF
Stevie! Tommy! Hey, great to be
here buddies. Um, can we get a
drink? My plane ran out.

PIA
So did ours. Right, Sandra?

SANDRA

These three are all blind drunk...
PIA
Wow, Tommy...you do look like Ricky Gervais. Doesn’t he, Bert?

BERT
Not really. Then again, I haven’t had sixty drinks in the last fifteen hours.

STEVIE
How the hell did you all come out together? Your flights weren’t meant to be that close. Wait, stupid question. That man Don again...

TOMMY
(in awe)
He is truly a fucking god.

Rob stands smiling, the stranger next to him.

STEVIE
Hey, Rob! The ex-Sniper himself. Who’s your buddy?

Rob says something in Danish.

STEVIE(CONT’D)
Huh?

Rob’s buddy speaks...

SVEN
Hallo. My name is Sven. I am Rob’s interpreter. He doesn’t speak English.

TOMMY
Fuckin’ mad shit!

BERT
Yeah. I never knew that. But he writes so well in English.

Rob speaks rapidly.

SVEN
Rob says, yes, he can write very good English, and he can understand the spoken word. He just cannot speak the language.
STEVIE
Man, that is totally weird. So if I call him a Danish prick, and say the Denmark national football team takes it up the arse, he’ll understand me?

Rob grins and chatters away.

SVEN
Of course! And his reply is that you are a bigger wanker than he thought you’d be, and the Beatles swallow bigtime.

Everyone laughs.

STEVIE
That’s my man Rob!

They shake hands.

PIA
Sandra! Look! Watch Stevie’s face...

JEFF
(laughs)
Do we have to?

PIA
...it DOES change into the four Beatles, just like his avatar.

Sandra sways and peers at Stevie.

SANDRA
Oh. My. God. That is like, proof of a higher force controlling this Earth.

BERT
(sighs)
Where the fuck is Shelton when you need him? Stevie, can we get going? I’m bushed.

JEFF
So am I! Jeff Bushed! Haha...

STEVIE
Um, luggage claim is this way.
INT. LUGGAGE CAROUSEL - DAY

The group waits amongst the crowds.

JEFF
Hey, Stevie. I brought my skis with me.

STEVIE
Ah, cool, Jeff. I’m sure we could hire a speedboat one day.

JEFF
Boat? No, no, not water skis. I brought my snow skis.

TOMMY
We aren’t near the snow here, buddy. Nearest mountains are way down near Canberra.

JEFF
But I thought...I thought there was tons of snow here in Austria?

A silence...

Bert sighs. Pia and Sandra giggle. Rob and Sven titter.

STEVIE
Ah, Jeff buddy? This is AUSTRALIA, not Austria.

Jeff sways and stares around blankly.

JEFF
Australia? You mean...

TOMMY
Yep. ’Fraid so.

JEFF
Damn! I sort of wondered why everyone was wearing summer gear.

BERT
Your dude back home scoring good shit?

JEFF
Yeah. Pure Colombian this month.
INT. VAN - DAY

Stevie drives, Tommy rides shotgun. In the back, the gang hook into a full esky. The M1 between Brisbane and the Gold Coast is busy but flowing smoothly.

PIA
Stevie, you legend! Fancy greeting us with all this alcohol. It’s wonderful.

STEVIE
Hey, us Aussies are renowned for our hospitality.

SANDRA
What are the green tins?

STEVIE
That’s VB. Victorian Bitter. Great beer. From my home state.

JEFF
You’re from a state called ’Bitter’? Weird names here...

SVEN
Rob says his bourbon and Coke in a can is fine. And so so I!

TOMMY
Way to go, Sven. You’re a top bloke.

STEVIE
Yep, sure is. Though it would’ve been handier if he was a Danish bird with a decent rack.

Rob laughs loudly and garbles.

SVEN
He says he wanted that but I was cheaper.

Everyone laughs. The van roars on down the highway. Behind, a black Camry with tinted windows follows closely...
EXT. PATIO – LATE AFTERNOON

Tommy works the barbecue – sausages, steak, kebabs, the works. The gang are scattered about, some out in Stevie’s yard. The booze and bullshit flow freely.

STEVIE
Bert, something I’ve been meaning to ask you...how come you came over? You know, accepted my invo?

BERT
Oh, so cos I’m a mod, I’m not allowed to mingle with the plebs?

TOMMY
Ha, that’s fucking hilarious! Um, what’s a pleb?

STEVIE
A Tasmanian with more than fifty brain cells. No, Bert, what I meant was, it’s not like we are in touch all the time.

Bert downs his beer in one smooth motion.

BERT
Aah. That VB is good shit. Ok, well, I suppose I needed a holiday and I hadn’t been to Australia.

TOMMY
Sweet.

BERT
But the main reason was more serious.

JEFF
Hey Stevie! What do you call a transition to the money shot in a porno script? FADE TO WHITE!!

He breaks into hysterical laughter.

SVEN
Ha! That’s quite funny.

BERT
Jeff’s the other reason I’m here. As you can see, someone needs to keep an eye on him.
STEVIE
True. Hey, Tommy, how’s that meat going?

TOMMY
Good. Almost ready.

JEFF
Great! I could eat the arse out of a dead leper.

TOMMY
Ah, yeah...ok, who wants a snag?

PIA
Ooh, I’ll have two please. A poet and an artist will do.

STEVIE
Shit, Tommy, you burnt them!

JEFF
All SNAGS should be burnt! Wankers!

TOMMY
Oh, sorry. Um, guys, a snag is Aussie slang for a sausage.

Rob talks quickly.

SVEN
In Denmark, a sausage is slang for a penis.

STEVIE
Ah, yes, I think we’re getting off subject here.

SVEN
(giggles)
So, I then have a long snag...

BERT
Hmmm. Looks like I’m gonna be busy looking after ALL of you.

EXT.PATIO - LATER

The gang sit around a large outdoor table. Food and drink is in abundance.
SANDRA
Lovely meal, Stevie.

JEFF
Yessir. Despite Tommy’s torching of it.

STEVIE
I still don’t know how the potato salad got on the grill.

TOMMY
Sorry about that.

STEVIE
Fucking Tasmanians...can’t send them anywhere.

BERT
Ah, yes, the Tassie jokes. There’s been a few pop up on the board. So, Tasmania is like the U.S equivalent of, say, West Virginia or Arkansas?

STEVIE
Yeah, I guess so. It’s always been a part of ‘mainland’ culture to pay out on the Apple Isle. There’s always__

Rob speaks a few words as Sven listens carefully.

SVEN
Ok, Rob says he knows a couple of Tassie jokes from friends who have been to Australia.

TOMMY
Go ahead. I’m a good sport.

SVEN
Sorry, there was more. He said he understands fully that the isolation of the island of Tasmania from the Australian mainland, has led to the numerous jokes over the years, hinting humorously at the in-breeding of Tasmanian families, due to the previously mentioned isolation factor, and coupled with some of the inhabitants being classed as rednecks.

A short silence...
JEFF
Rob said all that?

SVEN
Yes.

STEVIE
But he only spoke three or four Danish words!

Sven shrugs, and bites into a bread roll.

BERT
Amazing.

STEVIE
I’ll say. Imagine if translated words were governed by an exchange rate. Rob would be a fucking millionaire every time he went abroad.

JEFF
I rented a broad once...

He is getting absolutely smashed...

PIA
Rob, tell us the jokes!

Rob grins and chatters away.

SVEN
Ok first one...What’s the definition of a Tasmanian virgin?

SANDRA
(giggles)
What?

SVEN
A girl who can run faster than her father and brothers!

Everyone laughs. Rob continues.

SVEN
And...Tassie foreplay...’are you awake, Mum’?

The gang laugh even louder.
JEFF
Ha, good stuff.

TOMMY
Yep. I’ll pay them, Rob.

STEVIE
Right, then. Everyone had enough to eat?

A chorus of yes’s.

STEVIE(CONT’D)
Well, it must be time to get changed.

SANDRA
Hooray! Halloween!

She necks a bottle of vodka. Pia is on the champers...

TOMMY
Yep. It’s 630. Shower time.

STEVIE
Lucky I have two bathrooms.

BERT
I’m getting in before Jeff clogs up the drains.

JEFF
Hey, what are you insunu...insali...insinuating? Damn, that word’s getting harder to say.

TOMMY
All of them are.

EXT.BACK FENCE – NIGHT

In the bushes at the end of Stevie’s yard, a shadowy figure dressed as the GRIM REAPER watches the revellers. A muted evil LAUGH...

REAPER
Drink up, my lovelies. enjoy your last night on this Earth.

A HISS of pain...
REAPER(CONT’D)
Ow! Fucking prickles.

EXT.PATIO - NIGHT
The gang are all in their Halloween costumes.

SUPER - AN HOUR LATER
Sandra and Pia are two hot witches...

JEFF
Wow! You guys make Elizabeth Montgomery look average.

Stevie and Tommy scrub up well as vampires...

PIA
Robert Pattinson, eat your fucking heart out.

SANDRA
Yeah, shove a stake in it.

Jeff is a cool Frankenstein...

STEVIE
Where’s your costume, buddy? Ha, got ya!

Rob and Sven are superb as Batman and Robin...

TOMMY
The Danish Dynamic duo!

BERT
Holy Copenhagen!

SVEN
Please, no gay jokes...

And Bert himself makes one hell of a Frank-n-Furter...

STEVIE
Didn’t know you liked the lacy stuff, Bert.

BERT
I had planned to be a boring old werewolf. Then I thought, fuck it! Why be moderate all the time?
SANDRA
Yeah, so we loaned him some garters.

JEFF
Jesus, Bert! A few more drinks and I’m yours.

STEVIE
Me too! Nice pins, man.

BERT
Thank you. I never leave home without my razor.

Everyone laughs. Fresh drinks are passed around.

TOMMY
So, what’s the plan again, Stevie?

STEVIE
Um, well, I thought we could walk around the neighbourhood, you know? Get into the Halloween spirit.

PIA
A lot of spirits are into us already!

STEVIE
True! Then, later, we can get a cab to The Pacific Pines Tavern. They have a disco on.

JEFF
Alright! We’ll show them how the SS crew parties.

STEVIE
Ok, let’s drink up and head off.

SVEN
Hey, Jeff. Rob wants to know if this scene should be interior or exterior.

Rob grins and hops from foot to foot. He’s in the patio, in the garage, in the patio...Jeff laughs.

JEFF
Fucking smartarse Scandinavians. I’m taking a piss before we go.

He wanders into the yard, still chuckling.
BERT
You’re all class, Jeff.

JEFF
Hey, you only live once.

He disappears behind the shed.

STEVIE
It’s sweet. Haven’t had any decent rain for ages. The lawn could do with some Arizonian urea.

BERT
Ha! Hey, Stevie, is it alright if I get on your computer before we go? I have an important email coming through.

STEVIE
Sure, I’ll set it up for you.

TOMMY
Stay off Youporn, Bert. You’ll chew up Stevie’s broadband.

Stevie and Bert head inside. The others continue drinking and chatting. Soon, Stevie comes back out.

STEVIE
That Bert! Can’t help himself. He’s on SS, deleting a few wankers.

PIA
Moderating on his own time. Awesome.

Suddenly, there’s a SWOOPING sound. Jeff SCREAMS from behind the shed, ending in a GURGLE. Silence...

SANDRA
Jeff! God, you trying to scare us?

TOMMY
It bloody worked.

STEVIE
Ha! Good one, buddy.

PIA
Yay! Happy Halloween.

Some odd SOUNDS emanate from behind the shed. Rob speaks.
SVEN
Jeff? Come on, man...

Stevie goes into the garage, and comes out with a torch.

STEVIE
Here, Tommy. Go and spook the bugger.

TOMMY
Um, why don’t you go?

STEVIE
You scared?

TOMMY
No, but...

STEVIE
Get out there. I need another beer.

Tommy shines the torch as he approaches the shed. The light picks out Jeff lying on the grass. His costume pants are around his ankles.

TOMMY
Ha! It’s alright, guys. He’s fallen over and passed out, in mid piss. He’s still...oh fuck, no way, fucking...

PIA
Tommy? What’s wrong?

GAGGING noises...the torch light wavers across the night sky. The others head across the lawn.

STEVIE
Tommy?

Sandra and Pia are first there. They SCREAM, making everyone jump.

TOMMY
It’s inhuman.

STEVIE
Come on, you can’t be frightened by the sight of Jeff’s package. That’s...HOLY SHIT!

He grabs the torch off Tommy and peers at the prone Jeff. Something protrudes from his bottom.
TOMMY
Someone has jammed one of his skis up his arse! God...

STEVIE
Bloody hell! Who the fuck would do that?

SVEN
What’s that in his mouth?

Stevie flips the light to Jeff’s face. A thick wad of paper is wedged between his teeth, rolled up tightly. Tommy gently tugs it out.

TOMMY
Looks like a...manuscript?

The light reveals a title page: ‘FADE TO WHITE’.

STEVIE
What the fuck? That’s Jeff’s own script. His life’s work.

SANDRA
He must take a copy with him everywhere.

TOMMY
Or the killer printed it out. Someone who’s read it.

PIA
What are you getting out, Tommy? You’re scaring me.

STEVIE
You think someone’s stalking us?

TOMMY
Possibly. There’s all sorts of nutters on SS.

SANDRA
I...yes, well, I won’t argue with that. So what do we do? Call the police?

STEVIE
Hell no! Look at how we’re dressed. They’ll think it’s some Halloween sex party gone wrong.
SVEN
(giggles)
What? And it’s not?

TOMMY
Not funny, Sven. Look, Stevie, we can’t just leave Jeff here.

PIA
Where’s Bert? He’ll know what to do.

STEVIE
Thinking, P.

They all rush inside. A moment later, the air is filled with CRIES and SCREAMS...

INT.KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM – NIGHT

The crew stand in the kitchen and survey the horror. The computer screen shows the Simply Scripts discussion board. Bert lies on the floor, chair tipped over. His lacy undies are gone.

SANDRA
It’s a nightmare. What can we do?

She takes a huge swig from a rum bottle.

TOMMY
What sort of sicko would shove up a computer keyboard up someone’s bum? Poor Bert.

STEVIE
Skis, keyboards, anuses...is there some sort of link here?

Rob starts talking. It goes on for a full minute.

SVEN
Right. Rob says__

STEVIE
Let me guess. He gave the Danish equivalent of the Gettysburg Address? Or perhaps the pre-Agincourt speech of Henry V?
SVEN
No, he said, ‘fuck this, we’re all dead’.

STEVIE
That’s all?

SVEN
Actually, he only said fuck this. The rest was me.

Tommy kneels and examines the dead moderator.

TOMMY
The killer has a sense of irony. It’s gone in as far as the DELETE key.

STEVIE
The bastard! He’s picking at our fears, exposing our greatest worries.

SANDRA
I don’t want to be picked at.

PIA
Or exposed.

TOMMY
Stevie, we need some guidance here. We need a plan.

STEVIE
I’ve got one. I’ll ring a cab. We hang tight, and stick together until it gets here.

TOMMY
Great idea! We’re all too drunk to drive your car, so we get in the cab and go to the nearest police station. Excellent!

STEVIE
Not exactly. We go to the pub as planned.

TOMMY
What? We can’t leave Jeff and Bert like this.
STEVIE
Why not? They’ll still be here in the morning. Look, we’ll go to the disco, drink some more, dance. Get rid of some stress.

SANDRA
Sounds good, Stevie.

PIA
Yeah. Come on, Tommy, lighten up. We’re at the threshold of doom, and you wanna go to the cops?

TOMMY
Well...

STEVIE
Lot of babes get there, buddy.

SVEN
I’m in. Rob too.

TOMMY
Ok. You’ve twisted my arm.

STEVIE
Good man! Besides, Jeff and Bert wouldn’t want us moping around, would they?

Tommy looks down at Bert.

TOMMY
Yeah, I suppose so. Mate, you’re lucky your keyboard isn’t wireless. You might’ve lost it forever.

STEVIE
Now you’re talking sense! Come on, back to the patio for a drink. I’ll phone the cab.

EXT.PATIO – NIGHT
The dwindling group continue the booze fest.

SANDRA
How do we know Jeff and Bert aren’t tricking us? It could all be a Halloween prank.
TOMMY
I dunno, Sandra. That ski and keyboard are both wedged pretty tight. No pun intended, but who’d go to such extreme lengths?

Everyone laughs anyway. Rob chatters...

SVEN
Rob’s wondering where Jeff’s other ski is. Says we could sell them on e-bay.

STEVIE
Hmmm, possible. Even if we find it, who’s game enough to retrieve it’s twin from Jeff’s freckle? Not this little black duck.

TOMMY
There wouldn’t be many one-legged skiers out there anyway.

PIA
You’d be surprised.

She and Sandra finish their bottles, and get up unsteadily.

SANDRA
We’re going to freshen up before the cab arrives.

STEVIE
Use my bedroom if you like, the far one. It has an ensuite.

SVEN
You girls look beautiful as it is.

TOMMY
Is that you or Rob speaking?

PIA
More like the alcohol.

They all laugh, and the girls head inside.

TOMMY
Think you’ll ever use that keyboard again, Stevie?
STEVIE
Only if I want to write a crappy script.

SVEN
Are you sure it’s safe for the women? Shouldn’t we check on them?

STEVIE
Nah, they’ll be fine. Besides, the killer is only taking out people who are alone.

Suddenly, SCREAMS and THUMPS from inside the house.

TOMMY
Shit!

STEVIE
Maybe there’s two killers...

They all rush into the house.

INT.BEDROOM - NIGHT

It’s too late. Sandra and Pia lie unmoving on the bed. No sign of a disturbance, apart from a single sheet of paper on Sandra’s chest. Stevie leans over the girls.

TOMMY
Are they...?

STEVIE
Yes. No pulse.

SVEN
No obvious wounds or...things.

STEVIE
No. I think they were lucky in some respects. They were frightened to death.

TOMMY
By what though?

Stevie reads the sheet of paper. His eyes widen then he hands it to Tommy. Rob and Sven read over his shoulder.

TOMMY(CONT’D)
’Suggestion for the next Simply Scripts OWC: A Christmas themed (MORE)
TOMMY (cont’d) (cont’d)

family musical (not necessarily at a festival or religious gathering), twenty pages. A G rating is the strict requirement’.

STEVIE

God, no wonder their hearts gave out.

Rob mumbles.

SVEN

Horrible...who could devise such a challenge?

TOMMY

Someone without a scrap of humanity in their body.

STEVIE

I’ll say. The music one in August was tough. The recent Halloween one tougher. But this...

TOMMY

Jeff would be glad to be dead, rather than face this nightmare.

The four are silent as they contemplate the future.

STEVIE

Even if we get through this wretched night, come December or early January...

He takes the paper from Tommy.

TOMMY

Burn it! Burn the fucker now.

Rob speaks as he stares at Sandra and Pia.

SVEN

Rob says this is ironic. Man’s greatest fantasy...two women in his bed.

STEVIE

Maybe in Denmark they’re not fussy. I’d prefer two live chicks myself.
TOMMY
I need a drink.

EXT.PATIO - NIGHT

The alcohol supply is nearly exhausted.

STEVIE
Cab can’t be too far away.

TOMMY
At least we’ll all fit in it now.

Rob talks.

SVEN
Rob is very sad about the deaths of the girls. He was hoping he and them would be the ones to survive the killing, so they could re-populate the ruined post-apocalyptic world.

STEVIE
Typical Danish pragmatism.

TOMMY
Um, I think Rob’s had too many beers. This isn’t the end of the world. Only four fatalities.

SVEN
So far...

A TOOT from the front of the house.

STEVIE
Cab’s here. We’re saved, boys.

Stevie goes into the garage. The roller door opens. A taxi-van waits, headlights dimmed.

Suddenly, MUSIC comes from the back of the yard. A familiar, twangy banjo song...

TOMMY
What the fuck?

Rob chatters wildly and heads out on the lawn.
SVEN
It’s ‘Dueling Banjos’! From ‘Deliverance’. Rob’s favorite film.

TOMMY
(yells)
Shit! Rob, stop! Stevie...quick!

Sven follows Rob. Stevie rushes from the garage.

STEVIE
What is it? Huh? That music...hey, come back here. You idiots! It’s a fucking trap. He’s out there!

Rob and Sven disappear into the darkness. The music stops...silence. Then Rob CRIES out.

SVEN(O.S)
Aargh! Help!

TOMMY
Does that mean Rob’s fucked or both of them?

SVEN(O.S)
Aargh! Help me too!

Silence...

STEVIE
The torch...

He grabs it off the table, and joins Tommy. The light shows the bushes near the back fence.

TOMMY
Where the fuck...oh, shit.

The MUSIC starts again. Rob and Sven are sprawled over a log. Their faces show true horror. A battered cassette player is on the ground. The MUSIC stops, changes to a VOICE.

REAPER(O.S)
Squeal like Danish pigs, boys, squeal....snort, riiii__

Stevie turns the player off and shakes his head.

STEVIE
This guy’s a pro. Knows all of the psychological levers to pull.
TOMMY
Looks like it’s just you and me, mate.

STEVIE
Come on. Let’s get to the cab.

They race back to the patio. Suddenly, the back door slams shut. The lights go out.

TOMMY
Shit.

STEVIE
I feel...faint.

TOMMY
Me...too.

Slowly, the pair slump to the concrete and slip into oblivion.

EXT. PATIO - LATER

Stevie and Tommy stir. They are seated on the grass, near the patio, tied back to back. The lights are back on.

STEVIE
I...drugged. He spiked our drinks.

REAPER(O.S)
No need. You’ve been drinking all day. Made my job easier.

The boys look around. Reaper sits in a chair. A large metal container with a trigger nozzle is at his feet.

STEVIE
Nice outfit, arsehole.

TOMMY
Stevie, you’re making things worse.

STEVIE
How? He’s gonna kill us anyway.

TOMMY
Oh yeah.

(beat)
Nice outfit, arsehole.
REAPER
So Tommy wants to die first?

TOMMY
Um, Stevie started it.

REAPER
(roars)
Enough of this banter. I’m sick of the Aussie fucking humour. All this time...

STEVIE
Huh?

Reaper pushes back his hood and rips off his mask. The boys GASP.

TOMMY
Don?

STEVIE
The Boosemeister! Hey man, you had us going there! So you’ve foiled the killer in his tracks...I hope?

DON
Sorry, boys. No prank. I’m going to kill you like the others.

TOMMY
But why, Don? Aren’t you at least going to tell us your motives?

DON
Of course! That’s standard for these slasher scenarios. Right before the bad guy gets it.

STEVIE
But that won’t be happening here, will it?

DON
No.

TOMMY
So...

DON
Well, basically, after years of running the site, reading and posting scripts, I’ve had enough. I (MORE)
DON (cont’d)
want to write my own scripts and show them to the world.

STEVIE
That’s fair enough. But why kill some of us?

DON
It’s called getting rid of the opposition.

TOMMY
But you’ve only eliminated a few of us.

DON
(shrugs)
I’ll get round to the others eventually. This opportunity to have the cream of SS all in one place was priceless.

TOMMY
Wow, hear that, Stevie? Don reckons we’re gun writers.

STEVIE
Yes, well, don’t forget he is a psychopath.

DON
Haha. Also, I wanted to visit Australia. Nice place.

STEVIE
You’ll be the first suspect. All the flights were booked by you. They’ll trace it.

DON
Not if they’re looking for someone else.

TOMMY
Who?

Don holds up his hands. They’re sheathed in thin gloves.

DON
These have fingerprints embedded on them. Latest technology. The authorities will have ample (MORE)
DON (cont’d)
evidence. A few doctored emails helps too.

STEVIE
Who’s the lucky SS scapegoat?

DON
(laughs)
Ironic, Stevie! I love it!
Scapegoat...goat piss...

STEVIE
...goat’s nips...cat squirt.
Baltis...

TOMMY
It won’t work!

DON
Defiant to the end, hey, Tommy?
Fucking Tasmanians.

Stevie studies the metal container.

STEVIE
Hmm. I used to work at a gas facility. That’s liquid nitrogen.
Deadly stuff.

DON
Oh yes.

STEVIE
Let me guess...you’ll freeze us to death, so it looks like a reference to ‘Frostbite’.

DON
(claps hands)
Wonderful, Stevie.

TOMMY
Damn...everyone on the site knows of Stevie’s ‘Frostbite’ jokes. You bastard.

STEVIE
So you’re gonna freeze us and then what? Blow us into pieces like in ‘T2’?
DON
No. I don’t have a gun.

STEVIE
Oh.

DON
A sledge hammer will do the trick.

TOMMY
(sadly)
Trick or fucking treat...

Don stands up and fiddles with the nitrogen container.

DON
Oh, one more thing before you die. For the last few months, I’ve been hacking silently into the SS member’s computers. I set up a tracer to activate when scripts were posted.

STEVIE
So, you’ve had access to all our writings and plan to pass them as your own.

DON
Yes.

TOMMY
You’re a real prick, Don.

STEVIE
Maybe you can finish my epic porno script.

DON
I have. It’ll be posted next week. Now, any last words?

STEVIE
We’ll come back and haunt you, Don.

TOMMY
Yeah. You’ll regret this.

DON
Spare me the Halloween shit. By the way, you both make lousy vampires.
STEVIE
Bye, Tommy.

TOMMY
Bye, Stevie.

STEVIE
I have to make a confession. Your short, 'The Plan'?

TOMMY
'Picking Up', you mean. I changed the title.

STEVIE
Oh. Anyway, I really hated it. My glowing review was all bullshit.

TOMMY
That’s ok. Your Halloween OWC? I said I liked it? Nah! It was crap.

Don tests the nitrogen gun. A hiss of liquid...

STEVIE
At least we’re honest with each other. Not like some people.

TOMMY
Yeah. We can die with our heads held

DON
Oh, please. Spare me the wankfest.

He sprays the boys. A white cloud covers everything.

MONTAGE
Stevie and Tommy completely frozen, a single icy tear on their cheeks...

Don wields a sledge hammer...

The boy’s glacial forms shatter into numerous pieces...

Don stands and laughs maniacally...

END MONTAGE
EXT. PATIO - LATER

Don pours a bourbon and Coke. He looks at the remnants of Stevie and Tommy, and laughs again. He scoops up some of the ice, plops it into his glass and sits down.

DON
Good health, lads.

He sips contentedly, then takes out a laptop. Booting it up, he hums happily. The screen opens to the Simply Scripts site.

Suddenly, a pale hand drops onto Don’s shoulder. He YELLS and jumps up, sending his glass flying. He turns quickly...

Stevie and Tommy, still dressed as vampires, stand and smile at him. They’re alive but...different.

STEVIE
Hi Don.

DON
But you’re...I killed you.

TOMMY
Yes, you did. And we are still dead.

STEVIE
The living undead...

They both snarl, and massive fangs swing out. Don SCREAMS.

TOMMY
(grins)
Ow! Still haven’t got used to that.

DON
You’re...vampires? For real?

STEVIE
Yep. Pretty cool, huh?

DON
But how...

STEVIE
(shrugs)
A little bit of Halloween magic. A chemical reaction from being dunked in bourbon. Divine intervention, perhaps.
TOMMY
I reckon Sandra and Pia helped out.
They’re into the spooky, voodoo stuff. Oooo...

Don shrinks back from them.

DON
So what will you do with me?
I...yes! Bite me, drink my blood!
Then I can become immortal like you. We could rule the world!

He bares his neck.

TOMMY
Yuck! I forgot about that stuff.

STEVIE
You’ll get used to it, buddy. As for you, Don, no, you don’t get off that easy. While us Aussies are cheerful and always good for a laugh, we can be vindictive pricks too.

TOMMY
Yes sir! Ok, Donnie lad, your time has come.

Don tries to run but Tommy moves like lightning. He grips him like steel. Stevie looms, holding an object...

STEVIE
We found Jeff’s other ski.

DON
No, no...aaarghhh...

LATER

Stevie checks out Don’s laptop. Tommy drinks a beer.

TOMMY
At least we can still get on the piss as vampires.

STEVIE
Yeah. Good value.

TOMMY
So what do we do now?
STEVIE
Anything we fucking like, Tommy lad. But I reckon we should start by taking over SS.

TOMMY
Wow. That would be cool.

STEVIE
Yep. Don’s got all the info here. No one will ever know he’s not running it anymore.

TOMMY
Imagine all the scripts we’ll have access to. The tracer Don was talking about?

STEVIE
I’m with ya, buddy.

He stands up and stretches.

STEVIE (CONT’D)
That’s why we’re going to Hollywood.

TOMMY
We are? Fucking ace! Ok, let’s book our flights.

STEVIE
No need. We’re vampires. We can do this!

Stevie morphs into a BAT, and hovers around Tommy’s face.

TOMMY
I...fucking unreal! Um, how do I do it?

STEVIE
Just imagine you’re a bat. Easy.

Tommy nods and concentrates. Suddenly, he morphs into a large steel tank.

STEVIE (CONT’D)
Huh?

Tommy changes again, this time into a BAT.
EXT. NIGHT SKY

Stevie and Tommy wing their way across the dark ocean. Behind them, the lights of the Gold Coast fade.

TOMMY

Sorry... mind typo. Thought I was a vat.

STEVIE

...and when the sun comes up, we’ll be tucked away safely in an island cave.

TOMMY

I forgot about the daylight hassles. I’ll have to get used to sleeping all day.

STEVIE

You did that when you were a uni student!

TOMMY

Oh yeah. Guess I can take night classes.

STEVIE

Hey, we could get jobs in the ‘Twilight’ franchise. Show ’em how a real vampire lives.

TOMMY

We can’t act.

STEVIE

We’ll fit right in.

They fly on for awhile in silence.

TOMMY

You don’t suppose there’s any chance this has all been a dream, do you? That we’ll wake up from a binge coma, and find the guys haven’t even flown out yet?

STEVIE

I hope not. That would be too fucking convenient. And edging toward Fourth Wall territory.
TOMMY
Yeah. So this won’t end with us
addressing the camera, and saying
it’s a dream?

STEVIE
No fucking way! The SS crew would
have our guts for garters if we did
that.

TOMMY
Aren’t we sort of doing it now?

STEVIE
No! Sssh! Shut up and fly.

TOMMY
Ok.

(beat)
Garters. That reminds me. How good
did Bert look, dressed as
Frank-n-Furter! Lovely...

STEVIE
Tommy, you’re getting too close
to...to my rear.

TOMMY
(dreamily)
Bert’s legs, his supple
thighs...damn...

STEVIE
Get ahead of me now! I’ll feel more
comfortable.

He checks his speed, and Tommy moves to the front.

STEVIE (CONT’D)
I thought there might be some side
effects...

The pair fly on towards the horizon, becoming tiny specks.
Then...gone.

TOMMY (O.S)
Ha! I’d like to see that prick
Christian Bale fly like this.
 Fucking Dark Knight!

STEVIE (O.S)
Tommy, you’re drifting behind me
again...
41.

FADE TO WHITE

THE END