

Simply Hallowe...oops... Simply Dark and Stormy

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Total darkness. The SOUND of wind and rain. A jagged flash of lightning reveals a rundown house, in a clearing.

NARRATOR(V.O.)  
It was a dark and stormy night,  
and all through the house, not  
a creature was sti\_\_

A loud THUMP, over the blare of the storm.

DIRECTOR  
Dickhead! You have your fucking  
cliches mixed up. Get out of here!

NARRATOR(V.O.)  
But I...

DIRECTOR(V.O.)  
No, fuck off back to the pub.

FOOTSTEPS

DIRECTOR(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Fathers...can't take the pricks  
anywhere...  
(beat)  
Right...now, where were we? Ah,  
yes...  
(beat)  
It was a dark and stormy night,  
at the end of October, when  
they met at the old house,  
to...um, to find the...shit...  
(beat)  
Looks like orange isn't the  
only fucking word without a rhyme.

A spectacularly huge bolt of lightning arcs over the house.

DIRECTOR(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Well, let's just say it was a  
tad spooky, hey?

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The walls have been ruined by disrepair. ROB(20) paces in what is now one large room. He glances at his watch. Lightning flares, casting intermittent light.

ROB  
(mutters)  
Where is she? Only twenty  
minutes till...

A NOISE outside. Rob stops, listens.

ROB(CONT'D)

Pia? Is that you?

PIA(O.S)

Yeah, Rob. Sorry I'm late. This storm has got worse. Um, can you open the door for me?

Rob frowns, strides to the door, opens it. PIA(18), blonde, stand behinds a wheelchair. JEFF(20) sits in it, a blanket on his lap. He is a...zombie?

ROB

I...what the fuck?

(beat)

Ok, why is Jeff with you?

Pia pushes the wheelchair inside. Jeff gazes about, drools. Rotting teeth tumble from his mouth.

PIA

Look, I'm sorry. Mom thought he should get out more.

ROB

At eleven thirty at night?  
During the county's biggest storm in twenty years?

PIA

(shrugs)

Mom needed a break.

ROB

From what? Pia, your brother is a zombie! Hasn't she realised that yet? He's undead. Has been since that infected scriptwriter bit him.

Jeff lets off a GURGLY fart. CHUCKLES like a rancid stream of sludge.

PIA

She won't accept it, Rob. You know how it is.

ROB

Not really. None of my siblings are zombies. Dipshits maybe, but not zombies.

PIA

Well, I'm here, so it doesn't matter.

(beat)

Now, we're going to discuss that new script by Phil, aren't we? Funny place to meet, but as long as we're together.

ROB

There's been a slight change of plans. We are actually gonna do a love ritual at the stroke of midnight.

PIA

Love ritual? Hmm, sounds interesting. Does it involve champagne and fruit at midnight, followed by a romantic poetry reading?

ROB

Close...

(beat)

Try getting naked, smothering ourselves in serpents blood and invoking the image of a lust demon.

Pia grins, but its only half full of mirth.

PIA

Is this some sort of prank? For Hallow\_\_

Rob leaps forward, covers her mouth with a palm.

ROB

No! we mustn't say that word! Understand?

He carefully lifts his hand.

PIA

But why? It is Hal...um, you know, that time of year.

ROB

Trust me, don't say it.

(mumbles)

Fucking Don and his criteria...

PIA

What was that?

ROB

Nothing.

Jeff lets off another FART. The stench is horrific.

PIA  
Ok, I've decided to go through  
with your...ritual.

ROB  
Great. Baby, you won't regret  
it. The results are gonna be  
pretty full on.  
(beat)  
Um, can you wheel Jeff behind  
that rubble over there? I'm not  
really keen on being naked with  
him salivating everywhere.

Pia nods, pushes Jeff to one side. Rob busies himself with  
the gear at his feet - a bucket of blood, a dusty spell  
book, some sort of leather lingerie...

Suddenly he pauses, looks up.

ROB(CONT'D)  
Hang on...what the fuck is Jeff  
doing in a wheelchair?

PIA  
Not much...just sitting there.

ROB  
I...no...fuck! I meant, WHY is  
he in a fucking wheelchair?  
WHY??!!!

PIA  
No need to shout  
(beat)  
Mom noticed he was  
limping...finding it hard to  
walk properly.

Rob closes his eyes, turns his head to the ceiling.

ROB  
He's a zombie, Pia. He's only  
part human, with a brain  
capacity of a boiled fucking  
potato.  
(beat)  
OF COURSE HE FINDS IT HARD TO  
FUCKING WALK!!

PIA  
Mom thought he might hurt himself.

ROB  
 Hurt himself? He's damn near  
 indestructible, for fuck's sake!  
 Unless he's decapitated or  
 blown to bits with an RPG, he's  
 not gonna hurt himself. In case  
 you've forgotten, darlin', we  
 live out the back of Bumfuck,  
 Missouri. Unless Baltis  
 Schuller visits our humble  
 shithole town, Jeff's safe as  
 a fucking bank.

PIA  
 Baltis? Isn't he the guy that  
 wrote the world's greatest  
 script, Frostb\_\_\_

Rob is quick to cover her mouth again. He leans close, his  
 eyes burning.

ROB  
 (hisses)  
 Don't say that fucking word  
 either...

Pia nods, and Rob releases her. He checks his watch. In  
 the background, Jeff has risen from the wheelchair.

He removes all his clothes, revealing a twisted, hideous  
 body. He limps over to the spell book, picks it up, and  
 mumbles at a random page

The storm intensifies...

PIA  
 Jeff, I don't think you should  
 be\_\_\_

Rob spins around.

ROB  
 What the...? Put that book down!  
 You're getting slime on it.

Suddenly, a lull in the storm. Utter quiet...

ROB(CONT'D)  
 Oh, shit...

PIA  
 What's happening, baby? Is the  
 lust demon here?

Rob doesn't reply. He leaps forward, snatches the book  
 from Jeff. He scans the page, GROANS. It's too late...

A huge black shape emerges from the floorboards. Fiery wings unfold...

ROB

No, I'm afraid not. Your idiot brother has unleashed the greatest evil that Mankind has ever faced.

PIA

Oh, dear...

(beat)

Sorry.

She takes out her mobile.

ROB

It's no use calling for help. All the police or armies in the world can't stop this monstrosity. Civilisation is fucked...

PIA

Actually, I'm texting Mom. She might have to cancel her tupperware party tomorrow.

(beat)

Hmm, no reception. So what's this demon called?

The demon has swollen, filling the entire room now. Incredibly, it's head is human, being bald, and with a goatee. And the massive ripped chest is covered by an 'Abbey Road' T-shirt. Jeff watches avidly...

ROB

Stevie.

PIA

Stevie? Sounds pretty harmless. Exactly what sort of mayhem can he get up to?

STEVIE

Aaah, free at last. And ready to engulf the world with my OBSESSION....

(sings)

'It's been a hard day's night'...

ROB

He'll smother the known world with all things Beatlish.

PIA

Oh, he's a Beatle fan? That's not so bad, is it?

ROB

No...I mean, yes!!! The Beatles will infiltrate all aspects of our lives. Their songs, films, pictures, everywhere we turn.

PIA

But they have done that since the nineteen sixties. Their influence\_\_

ROB

Can you imagine every new film script written with Beatle influences in it? I mean, just stop and think about it...

(beat)

My prison zombie script with the four Beatles as cell mates? Your Christmas horror hospital one with them as doctors?

Pia stares at Stevie, who's playing an air Hofner bass left handed.

PIA

I...I guess you're right. It would become nauseating after a while. Can we stop it though?

STEVIE

(sings)

'All my loving, I will send to you'....

ROB

Nope.

Suddenly, the nude Jeff stumbles in front of the demon. The singing stops. Jeff raises his hands, sways to an unheard rhythm. He has a massive, gristly, mouldy erection!!!

JEFF

Maa...ster...

Stevie frowns as he gazes at this eyesore. His eyes widen in fear and loathing. He SCREAMS, ROARS in pain.

STEVIE

FUCK ME DEAD!!! WHAT FORSAKEN CREATURE IS THIS? GET IT AWAY...IT HURTS ME...

ROB

What the...? WOOHOO! You fucking beauty! We've accidentally found the demon's weakness!



STEVIE

Save me, human, and all the  
world's riches will be yours.

ROB

Fuck you, Stevie! And all your  
Beatle dreams of domination!

He grabs the bucket of blood, hurls it over the demon. It  
acts like acid, melting the nasty flesh. With a WAIL,  
Stevie vanishes, leaving little fires in the wooden floor.

PIA

Shit! No burning down the house...

She whips out a fire extinguisher, quickly douses the  
flames. Rob raises a fist in triumph.

ROB

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH BABY!

He claps Jeff on the shoulder.

ROB(CONT'D)

Well done, buddy. Even though  
you fucked up initially, it was  
quick thinking to distract the  
fiend.

Jeff nods, grins. FARTS loudly.

ROB(CONT'D)

Well, maybe not that quick, but  
still...

(beat)

You're alright, dude! Not such  
a zombie dick after all.

Jeff bobs up and down in delight, his organ moving like a  
pitted crowbar. Rob RETCHES, tosses the blanket over it.

ROB(CONT'D)

Bad choice of words...

Pia ushers Jeff back into the wheelchair, tucks him in.

PIA

Do we still have time for the  
ritual?

Rob looks at his watch.

ROB

One minute till Hall...um, till  
October thirty first. Are you  
still up for it?

Pia nods, embraces him. Tips the dregs of blood over them both. Jeff GIGGLES. Rob picks up the spell book, finds the right page.

ROB(CONT'D)

There's something that's been puzzling me since you arrived, though.

PIA

What's that, baby?

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The storm seems to be dispersing. A break in the clouds reveals a full moon.

ROB(O.S.)

How did you get that fucking wheelchair here?

FADE OUT.

THE END.