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 it's 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.