

Terracotta Terror!

written by

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**EXT. RAVAGED COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

Devastated as though a comet has paid a visit. Broken pieces of marble. Trees on the verge of collapsing. Lingered dust polluting the air.

**EXT. CHERISHED CHESTNUTS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

CLARE and DAVID, two twenty something care workers, bolt down stone steps.

DAVID  
Jesus, just look at it!

CLARE  
Jim?! Jiiiiim?!

DAVID  
Roooooy?! Where the hell are they?  
We should have kept them inside.

CLARE  
You know Jim, he doesn't like to mix with the others.

DAVID  
Yes but Roy's out here, he can't keep up. What if Jim's pushed him to walk further and--

CLARE  
There, look.

JIM, scraggly and covered in saw dust, crawls out from beneath a barely standing shed.

Clare and David dash towards him and drag him out from under the piles of wood.

JIM  
Gargh! Watch me back!

DAVID  
Sorry.

CLARE  
It's alright Jim, we've got you, that's it.

Clare is the more astute individual, whereas David is apprehensive and twitchy.

DAVID  
What happened mate? We think it was an earthquake but, then we heard a roar like a lion or something.

Jim grasps onto David's collar.

JIM  
Are you tryin to tell me ya  
didn't see it?!

DAVID  
S-see what?

Jim points to the hedge maze and looks confused. Nothing out of the ordinary there.

DAVID  
How many fingers am I holding up?

Jim groans and flips him the bird.

CLARE  
Don't worry, I've got this, I'll  
take him inside and you try and  
look for Roy.

DAVID  
You sure?

CLARE  
Yes go on.

David jogs away.

The residents gawp from their windows as the veteran is carried out of the war zone.

Jim wriggles from Clare's helping hands.

JIM  
I'm more than capable of walking  
on my own!

CLARE  
I dunno, you seem to be limping  
there solider.

His gesture to her is less aggressive - swatting away a fly. Wants nothing more to do with her.

CLARE  
Just be careful Jim.

JIM  
Whatever.

**INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY**

David navigates his way through the labyrinth via a trail of sweet wrappers.

DAVID  
Rooooooy?!

He turns a corner to find his path blocked by a huge pile of soil.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim is now cleaned up and tucked into bed.

CLARE  
Hey just think, now you can tell  
your grandkids you survived an  
earthquake.

JIM  
(Breathless)  
Get your...hands off me! It  
w...wasn't an earthquake,  
you...you have no idea.

CLARE  
Tell you what, you get some rest  
and I'll go and fix you a drink  
how about that?

He turns his head away from her like a baby refusing to eat greens.

Clare walks towards the window, looks out at the sorry sight.

CLARE  
That's enough excitement for one  
day.

Closes the curtains and leaves the room.

Jim glances over to the curtains, look of concern on his face.

JIM  
Where are ya old-timer?

**INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY**

David makes a desperate dig through the soil. His worst fears are realised when he uncovers something beneath. He turns deathly white, turns his head and pukes.

**INT. COMMUNAL LOUNGE - DAY**

Clare attends to the residents.

CLARE  
How's everybody doing? Pearl you  
okay? How about you lot over  
here?

Her attention shifts to David knocking on the window.

**EXT. CHERISHED CHESTNUTS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

She emerges to find him pacing back and forth.

CLARE

David?

DAVID

(Shaky)

It...it's Roy i...

CLARE

Here, sit down, you look like you're going to pass out. What is it? What's wrong?

DAVID

I f-found Roy but...ah shit! I dunno h-he was...

CLARE

What?

DAVID

I-i-can't handle this. I've only been here for a couple of weeks this is just...

CLARE

Alright, just breathe David, breathe. Nice and slow, that's it.

He takes a moment to compose himself.

CLARE

Now look at me. What happened?

DAVID

H-he was in the hedge maze, trapped under a pile of soil and when I found him...when I found him...

He buries his head in his hands and breaks down.

Moments later...

Doomf. Doomf. Doomf.

CLARE

Can you hear that? Sounds like footsteps.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim clutches his bedsheets, all the while fixated on the curtains. The thud's intensify, Jim's room vibrates.

**EXT. CHERISHED CHESTNUTS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

Clare slowly stands up and surveys the area.

CLARE  
It's getting closer David,  
whatever it is.

She holds out her arms for balance as the ground shakes, then...

Silence.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

A silhouette of a giant man in a pointed hat stands by Jim's curtains. He's the only one that can see this 'thing'.

**EXT. CHERISHED CHESTNUTS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

Clare remains nonplussed.

CLARE  
I don't think this is an  
earthqua--

Suddenly David is hoisted up into the air.

DAVID  
Gaaaaahhhh!

CLARE  
Oh my god! David!

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Jim is transfixed as the grisly shadow puppet performance unfolds. The giant plays about with his victim, tickling him and swinging him around violently.

DAVID (O.S)  
What is this shi--ahhhh!

HAAOUUMFFF!

It devours him whole.

CLARE (O.S)  
Nooooooooo!

Jim winces at the sound of a sickening splat. No more noise from Clare.

He makes a painful dive off the bed and slithers to the door.

TSSSHHHHHH!

A monstrous hand bursts through the window and lifts him off the carpet, pulls him away from his only means of escape.

Jim shrieks as he watches the door get smaller and smaller.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

**EXT. COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

Summer paradise, lush and undisturbed.

A sparrow bounces swiftly across a gravel path and past a pond. Frogs leap from their lily pads and hide beneath the rippling water.

**INT. SHED - DAY**

Jim is taking shelter, just as spooked as the wildlife but well prepared. He clutches a rake in his quivering hands, listens to the growing footsteps then...

Silence.

He pops his head up to the window. A colossal boot stomps down on a flawless female dusty statue. He drops his weapon and falls backwards onto a dusty sofa.

**EXT. COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

The shiny red boot twists into the marble masterpiece reducing it to powder. Shiny red boots. Black dungarees with orange buttons. Yellow jumper. Blue pointed hat. White beard. This is a gargantuan garden gnome.

**INT. SHED - DAY**

Jim digs his fingers into the armrests, his whole body saturated in sweat and dirt, eyes darting madly. He drops to his knees and shuffles across the floor towards a walkie-talkie.

**INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY**

Roy, comfortable in corduroy, portly and red, lies slumped against the foliage with a walkie-talkie in his hand.

JIM (V.O)

Roy? Roy it's Jim, can ya hear me?

ROY

Yes, I hear ya...just...give me a moment.

Roy combats persistent wheezing with toffee.

INTERCUT - INT. SHED/EXT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY

ROY

Wha...what's it doing?

Jim watches as the monster rattles trees and hurls plant pots.

JIM

Well it ain't gardening! I tell ya , I've never seen anythin so ferocious.

ROY

We could be inside now watching Abbott and Costello...but no...we're out here being hunted by a fifty foot gnome! It's ludicrous!

JIM

Gets the blood pumping though don't it? I haven't felt this alive in a long time.

ROY

Yeah well I'm seconds away from a coronary! Honestly Jim, I don't...I don't think I can last much longer. In pretty deep here.

The beast releases an ear-splitting roar. So powerful it shatters the shed window and travels fast like a hurricane through the hedge maze. The force tips Roy onto his side and he loses the walkie-talkie.

JIM

Roy? Hey are ya still there?  
Roy?!

END INTERCUT

**EXT. COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

The gnome turns it's head abruptly. It's found a new target for it's mindless destruction.



**INT. SHED - DAY**

Jim peers out the window and sees it approaching him.

JIM  
Roy this thing is comin my way  
fast!

No response from Roy.

JIM  
Pick up goddammit!

He throws the walkie-talkie at the wall.

JIM  
Shit!

**EXT. COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

The gnome clomps his way through the pond, frogs catapulted in every direction.

**INT. SHED - DAY**

Toolboxes and paint cans vibrate. Screws rain down on Jim. A power drill lands directly on his back sending him flat out on the floor.

JIM  
Gaaaahhhh!

The giant's dungarees appear at the window, inches away from the crippled codger.

CCCCSHHHHHH!

A pointed hat crashes through the roof, impaling a crow.

**EXT. COUNTRY GARDEN - DAY**

The giant pulls the crow out and let's it slide off his hat and into his mouth, though it were a piece of chicken on a skewer.

A butterfly witnesses the event from the giant's shoulder. It narrowly misses a swing from the monster and flutters away.

The behemoth throws a titanic tantrum, swipes off more of the shed roof and pursues the insect towards the hedge maze.

**INT. HEDGE MAZE - DAY**

Roy hobbles through, gasping for air and redder than ever.

An earth-shattering clap stops him in his tracks.

Immense shadow hangs over him.

He turns to find the beast with it's hands clasped. It tilts it's head back and chucks the butterfly into it's greedy mouth.

ROY  
Good god almighty!

Roy picks up a crackling noise behind him. He turns around. The walkie-talkie is not far behind.

Jim's inaudible coughs and grunts alert the gnome who squints down at Roy.

Roy brings a trembling hand to his coat pocket, takes out a toffee and throws it before the creature.

ROY  
There. It-it-it's for you. Take it.

The beast laughs in his face. A deep, bubbling, throaty laugh.

Roy edges back, maintaining eye contact with the monster who now sounds like a boiler on the brink of exploding.

He limps away as fast as he can, but before he can reach means of communication, he's caught in a downfall of soil, soil which is ejected from the gnome's gaping mouth.

He becomes buried in the mountain. All he can do is poke an arm out and wave madly.

ROY (O.S)  
(Muffled)  
Heeeeelp!

The giant raises his hat above his head and drives down into Roy, stabbing repeatedly until the soil turns red, then...

CLARE (O.S)  
Jim?! Jiiiiim?!

DAVID (O.S)  
Roy?! Rooooy?!

The ornamental ogre pauses for a moment, turns it's head and smirks at the sight of the care workers in the distance.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. CHERISHED CHESTNUTS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

The entire building has been crushed.

'Gnomezilla' stands on top of the rubble, holding Jim's severed head. The Goliath of the garden roars louder than ever before.

Victory.

FADE OUT.