FADE IN:

INT. REEDY’S BEDROOM - DAY

REEDY REBLITH, aged eighteen. Body built like a twig, pale skin deprived of sunlight.

Tight black jeans, super tight black tee shirt and hair dyed black advertise Reedy’s gloomy mood.

REEDY
Oh woe is me. Woe is me.

Reedy hunches over a writing desk, scribbles a poem into a diary.

REEDY
Life is unfair. I live in a cage of despair.

Reedy scratches his head with his pen, ponders what to write next.

REEDY
Nobody likes me, everyone hates me. My woe is all I have for companionship.

Reedy gets busy with the pen.

REEDY
Myself and my woe. My woe and I.

DING-DONG

The ring of the door bell gets Reedy’s attention.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Reedy strides across the spacious lounge room decorated with stylish furniture and ornaments that only an upper middle-class income could buy.

DING-DONG

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The front door opens. A DELIVERY MAN hands a parcel over to Reedy.

DELIVERY MAN
Just sign here please.

Reedy takes the offered pen and signs the form.

INT. REEDY’S BEDROOM - DAY

Reedy sits the parcel on the writing desk, slits it open with a knife. He removes a black shirt from the packaging.
On the front of the shirt is a print of a hideous beast like a demonic octopus, red eyes malevolent and cruel.

REEDY
I wish, I wish, the Cthulhu would rise and kill us all and put an end to suffering.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Reedy stares at his feet as he walks the pavement, hands in his Jean pockets. He wears arm warmers.

A JOGGER jogs past Reedy.

JOGGER
Hey man. Cool Squid shirt.

Reedy spins around, scowls at the Jogger.

REEDY
It’s a Cthulhu! CTHULHU you half wit!

The Jogger continues jogging. Reedy does a dramatic flip of his long fringe than pouts and fumes at the Jogger’s back.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)
Look mummy! Squid shirt!

Reedy snarls, clenches his fists.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Three ADULTS sit on a picnic blanket that is spread out on the grass. They sip imaginary tea from little plastic tea cups.

The adults are hidden inside the tacky bear or gorilla costumes that they wear. The sort of costumes one would hire from a fancy dress shop.

An elderly couple- obviously TOURISTS -stop to smile and point at the bizarre tea party.

The Tourists lift up their disposable cameras from around their necks, snap some photos.

Not far away, under a tree, a Emo lad and Gothic lass sit on a park bench, taking photos of the Tourists.

The Emo is ZED, eighteen, a feminine young male wearing eye liner and bright red sneakers that match his arm warmers.

The Gothic is SOPHIE, twenty. She looks like an evil Bettie Page with a tight black dress, fishnet stockings, stilettos and long dark hair styled with a bang.
Sophie wears arm warmers with a stripe pattern.

Reedy flops down on the park bench, sighs and pouts.

ZED
What’s up with you Reedy?

REEDY
Uhg! I’m so sick of people telling me I’ve got a squid on my shirt.

SOPHIE
Why do you have a squid on your shirt?

REEDY
What makes you think it’s a squid?

SOPHIE
The tentacles.

ZED
Yep, definitely the tentacles.

Reedy clutches his chest, flips his fringe out of his left eye.

REEDY
Oh why Oh why was I born into a stupid world? All this stupidity. It’s stifling me! I- I can’t breath!

ZED
Cry all you want Reedy. It doesn’t change the fact that I still suffer more than you do.

REEDY
Suffering! What do you know about suffering! Your dad gave you a Porche.

ZED
Hey, my suffering is so painful that one day, it’s gonna give me cancer- and I will die.

REEDY
You don’t feel real pain. You’re just a big sook!

ZED
You want to see pain! Yeah? I’ll show you pain.

Zed pulls down his arm warmer. Thin scars crisscross his forearms. Between his fingers is a razor blade.
You can’t handle my pain!
Zed clenches his teeth, slices his forearm. Blood spills down his wrist, drips off his fingers.
Sophie raises her camera, takes a photo.

That’s raw.

I don’t need a razor, I don’t need to cut myself. Life is one big razor blade that cuts me down every morning when I wake up.

Reedy runs off crying.

I wish I was dead!

Reedy stumbles into a garbage filled, narrow alley.
He slides down the wall next to a trash bin.
Tears flow down Reedy’s face as he pulls down his left arm warmer. His forearm is scar free.

Physical pain is my one true friend.

Reedy whips out a razor blade.

Physical pain will take my mind off the inner pain.
His whole body tightens as he holds the razor blade over his wrist. He whimpers. He fingers tremble.

Reedy throws the razor with a frustrated flick of his wrist. He pulls out a toy rubber hammer.
He holds the hammer above his forehead, braces himself, clenches his teeth and squints his eyes shut.

Squeak!
Reedy hits his head with the hammer, screams out in exaggerated pain and agony.
Rapid breathing as he holds up the hammer again.
Squeak!
Reedy doubles over in pain, clutching his forehead.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Reedy shambles along the pavement.

A HOUSEWIFE pushing a stroller smiles at Reedy as she walks past.

    HOUSEWIFE
    Hey, I like your squid shirt!

Reedy reacts with sobs and tears. He cries and wails as he hurries down the street.

A hunched over, dried up OLD MAN pops out from behind a telegraph pole. He carries in each hand a limp, dead squid.

The Old Man scurries after Reedy, the squids’ tentacles wriggle and a jiggle as he runs.

    OLD MAN
    Hey you! I want to talk to you.

Reedy spins around, startled as the Old Man rushes towards him.

The Old Man shakes the squids in Reedy’s face.

    OLD MAN
    What the fuck is the banana sketch?

Reedy steps back, alarmed by the Old man’s outburst. He runs off down the street.

The Old Man scurries after the teenager, arms out stretched, the squids flapping about in his grasp.

    OLD MAN
    No wait! Come back! I can explain!

Reedy skids to a stop.

    REEDY
    Leave me alone!

The Old Man catches up to Reedy, gasping for breath.

    OLD MAN
    I asked for an octopus. You sold me two squids.

    REEDY
    What?

The Old Man does a karate chop motion with squid in hand.
Reedy runs off screaming.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Large cardboard boxes, heaped into a pile on the side of the road.

Reedy jumps inside a box big enough to hold a washing machine. His hand shoots out to close the flaps.

INT. CARDBOARD BOX - DAY

Crammed in the confined space, knees under his chin. Reedy peers through a hole cut into the cardboard.

Through the hole can be seen the Old Man scampering about near the boxes, head turning in every direction.

Reedy’s eyes widen, his breathing is rapid.

The Old Man hurries off beyond the limited view of the hole.

Reedy closes his eyes, lets out a long sigh.

The cardboard flaps flip open. A squid is thrust into Reedy’s face, the tentacles slapping against his cheek.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Hi-ho! You’re a fucking idiot!

Reedy screams, arms and legs thrashing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The box splits open, spilling Reedy out into the gutter.

The Old Man stands over Reedy, shakes the squids at him.

OLD MAN
I don’t want your squids! I want a refund!

Reedy leaps to his feet, pushes past the Old Man and flees.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Reedy collapses onto the grass in front of the park bench. He wails and sobs. It is tragic and pathetic.

Zed and Sophie rush to Reedy’s side.
REEDY
I hate my life! I hate it! I hate it!

SOPHIE
What’s wrong? What happened?

REEDY
A crazy old man is after me! He’s mad. He’s insane. He won’t leave me alone!

ZED
Does he want to kill you?

REEDY
No! He wants to give me a squid!

Sophie and Zed glance at each other. They both shrug.

A sudden realization makes Reedy jump up in a panic.

REEDY
Oh shit no! Maybe the old man isn’t crazy. Maybe the Cthulhu are speaking through his body.

Reedy’s panic turns hysterical.

REEDY
OH MY GOD! THE CTHULHU ARE RISING! THEY’RE GONNA RISE!

Sophie slaps Reedy hard across the face.

SOPHIE
How are you suppose to focus on your despair if you’ve lost it?

REEDY
I don’t want to focus! It’s unbearable!

Sophie pulls down Reedy’s arm warmer. She gasps, eyes wide with shock.

There are no scars on Reedy’s forearms.

SOPHIE
You’ve never cut yourself.

Sophie grabs a hand full of Reedy’s shirt, gives him a rough shake.

SOPHIE
Listen to me. You have to let the pain numb the pain.
REEDY
   No! No I can’t. It hurts.

Zed holds up a razor blade between his fingers. He passes it to Reedy.

ZED
   The pain will numb the pain.

Reedy reaches out with trembling fingers, takes the razor blade, stares at it with fear.

Sophie and Zed pull down their arm warmers, show their scars to Reedy.

Reedy slowly nods his head, a deep breath.

SOPHIE
   You can do it Reedy.

ZED
   We believe in you.

Reedy squeezes his eyes shut, holds the razor above his forearm.

REEDY
   The pain numbs the pain.

ZED
   The pain numbs the pain.

SOPHIE
   The pain numbs the pain.

Reedy slashes the razor across his ... wrist.

Blood spurts out of the severed artery.

Sophie and Zed freak out at the sight of the gushing red flow.

REEDY
   What do I do? What do I do?

SOPHIE
   Fuck this! You’re on your own.

The two teens run off in opposite directions.

Reedy collapses onto his back, bawling like a hungry baby as he clutches his sliced wrist.

A stream of blood squirts across his face.
REEDY
I don’t want to die! Oh God please no, I’m too young to die!

The Old Man drops down beside Reedy. He bites into one of the squids, cuts off a tentacle with his teeth.

He licks the suction pads on the tentacle, wraps it around Reedy’s wrist.

The tentacle sticks. The flow of blood stops.

OLD MAN
That will stop the bleeding. I’ll call you an ambulance.

The Old Man leans in close to Reedy’s face, snarls.

OLD MAN
Wocka! Wocka! Wocka! You dead shit fucka!

Reedy screams, covers his eyes with his hands.

The Old Man scampers away from Reedy, waves his hands.

OLD MAN
No! No don’t be afraid! I’ve got Bipolar disorder.

REEDY
What do you want from me?

The Old Man leers at Reedy.

OLD MAN
Play me some rhythm and blues Dr. Teeth!

The Old Man slaps himself across the face.

OLD MAN
I was at a sea food shop two weeks ago, paid for an octopus and got two squids. I want my money back.

REEDY
I don’t sell sea food?

OLD MAN
But you must! You’ve got the shop’s logo on your shirt!

REEDY
What? I don’t understand?
OLD MAN
Neither do I kid. And you’re a fucking idiot for cutting your wrist!

REEDY
Did you just have a bipolar moment?

OLD MAN
No I did not.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY
SUPER: TWELVE DAYS AGO.

GARY, aged 50. Cranky and sweaty. He sits on the lounge, hunched over a laptop.

An E-bay web page is displayed on the Laptop’s screen.

Gary clenches his teeth, bangs his hand on the coffee table.

GARY
Ah great! Just great! Fucking fantastic!

LUCY, aged 50. She is Gary’s Patient and tolerant wife.

Lucy leans over her husband’s shoulder to look at the laptop’s screen.

LUCY
No bids Gary?

GARY
Not a single one.

Gary jumps up off the lounge, kicks a cardboard box.

Black T-shirts with a hideous, demonic squid design on the chest, tumble out of the box.

GARY
Fuck. It cost me several hundred dollars to print up those shirts. Now I’m gonna have to dump them.

Gary picks up a framed photo, drops back down onto the lounge.

The photo is of Gary and Lucy, big smiles, standing out the front of a shop called THE BASTARD SQUID with a big hideous squid logo on the front window. The same logo on the couples black shirts.
GARY
Christ Lucy. How could we have let the bank take our business? How could we have been so stupid?

LUCY
Why don’t you just try again. But this time, don’t call it a squid shirt. Type in . . . Cthulhu shirt.

GARY
Cthulhu?

LUCY
Yes Gary. Cthulhu.

TOM
Cthulhu? What the fuck is that?

LUCY
Cthulhu is . . . Look! It doesn’t matter. Just trust me and do it.

Lucy gives her husband a reassuring smile.
Gary’s fingers tap away at the keyboard.

THE END