

Untitled

by

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A ZOMBIE, male, who appears to have been in his twenties before the terrible accident that gashed his face, busts into the room.

He glances around, growling like Frankenstein, then he spots her.

Across the room, a slim WOMAN, dressed in black, her back turned to us. She trembles.

The corner of the Zombie's lips turns up, then with a limping gait he ambles toward her. His arms reach out.

The woman moans, a sound more frustrated than afraid.

WOMAN

Oh! Knock it off Paul!

PAUL, the zombie, falls from his character. Now he just seems disappointed.

PAUL

Just because you're not in the mood for Halloween doesn't mean you have to spoil it for...

The Woman, who will henceforth be known as SUSAN, trembles and moans once again.

SUSAN

Shut up and help me open this beer.

She thrusts the bottle toward him.

PAUL

Why not use one of your fangs?

Susan turns toward us. She's dressed as a vampire. She shows her fangs as she gives the beer top another twist.

SUSAN

Now I know why zombie need brains -- because they're idiots.

PAUL

It's not a twist off cap, Susan. You need an opener.

Frustrated, Susan rummages through a nearby drawer.

PAUL
Why have a beer now? Why not wait
until we're at the festival.
There'll be plenty to drink.

Susan slams the drawer shut.

SUSAN
Because I need one! Because I don't
want to go to the festival!

PAUL
You don't want to go...?

Susan covers her eyes, physically holding back tears. Paul comes up behind her, puts his grayish-green hands around her and holds her gently.

PAUL
I'm sorry. If you aren't well then
we don't have to go.

She turns toward him and puts her head on his shoulder; her tears finally flow. Paul pats her back.

SUSAN
We have to go.

PAUL
No. We don't. We can miss it this
year.

Susan pushes away from him. She wipes at the runny mascara around her red-rimmed eyes.

SUSAN
You don't understand, Paul. We
can't miss the festival.

Paul stares at her with confusion. Susan continues but in an almost trancelike state.

SUSAN
Something's going to happen there,
something -- something...

She breaks from her trance and glances down at her mascara-stained hand. She laughs weakly.

SUSAN
I must look a fright.

Paul cocks his head, brain working. Then he smiles.

PAUL
You sly Halloween fox. You really
had me going there for a minute but
I -- It's a prank, right?

Susan puts on an unconvincing smile, she nods.

SUSAN
A prank. Right.

PAUL
Good. I mean, good one!

They stare at each other uncomfortably.

INT./EXT. CAR

Paul babbles as he drives down a deserted suburban street.
Susan sits quietly and thoughtfully next to him.

PAUL
...then Charlie pushed Bill's head
under the water at the critical
moment so he missed the apple and I
won. Only time I've ever won
anything really. Later they tried
to disqualify me but... Have you
noticed there's no Trick or
Treaters around? Isn't that odd?

He glances over at Susan, who returns his look with a hollow
stare.

PAUL
No cars either. We haven't passed a
single -- Oh my god!

He glances at Susan again.

PAUL
Something's going to happen at the
festival tonight? You were
serious?

Susan nods solemnly. Paul hits the brakes. The car skids to a
stop. Its lights shine on a sign, DOWNTOWN 1 MILE.

PAUL
What's going to happen, Susan?

SUSAN
I don't know -- I...

PAUL
You don't know?

SUSAN
It's a feeling -- I can't...

PAUL
Can't? Or won't?

SUSAN
Can't! It's like there's a nagging
voice in the back of my head
telling me that something is going
to happen -- something --
something...

PAUL
Something? Something good?
Something bad? What?

SUSAN
I don't know.

PAUL
This better not be a prank because
if it is...

SUSAN
I'm frightened, Paul.

Paul nods his understanding and agreement. Then he slams his
hand against the steering wheel.

PAUL
So we turn around and go home. If
we don't go to festival then
nothing will happen.

SUSAN
But we have to go, Paul.

PAUL
No. We don't.

Paul makes a U-turn and they head back the way they came.
Susan seems far away.

SUSAN
It won't let us miss the festival.

PAUL
It?

SUSAN

The voice. It says we have to go.

Paul glances over at Susan with concern.

PAUL

We'll be home in a minute. You can lie down and forget all about the voice.

Paul turns the wheel. The car zooms down a side street. Paul slams on the brakes, the car squeals. His eyes open wide.

PAUL

How...?

The headlights shine on a familiar sign, DOWNTOWN 1 MILE.

SUSAN

I told you. We have to go.

Paul watches her with frightened eyes, then he shakes his head. He steps on the gas. The car moves forward. Paul turns the wheel to the right.

PAUL

We'll take the highway, get out of town, stay in a hotel for...

Paul stomps on the brakes. The car stops.

Paul trembles as he stares forward. The headlights shine on a sign, DOWNTOWN 1 MILE.

SUSAN

We have to, Paul. It insists.

Paul nods. Defeated, he steps on the gas and the car moves forward. This time it continues straight ahead.

EXT. FESTIVAL

The main street of town is ornately decorated. It's lit with orange lights and strewn with banners shouting HAPPY HALLOWEEN. Tent booths made of colorful cloth line the road.

No one seems to have arrived yet, the street is deserted.

At one end is a road block, set up to prevent vehicular traffic. Paul's car pulls up to the road block and stops.

Susan and Paul, the Vampire and the Zombie, exit the car.

PAUL
(shouts)
Hello? Hello?
(quieter to Susan)
Did the voice happen to mention
where everybody went?

Susan shakes her head. Then stops. She hold up one finger.

SUSAN
It's saying something -- We should
meet it at the Town Hall. Let's
go.

Susan rushes off.

PAUL
Susan! Wait! I don't feel right
about this. Susan?

She's too far off, beyond the road block. Paul hurries after her.

He catches up and grabs her arm, spins her toward him.

PAUL
Susan!

She wrestles to free her arm.

SUSAN
We have to go meet It.

PAUL
Wait a minute! Let's think about
this. We don't even know what "It"
is.

SUSAN
So we find out. -- I'm tired of It
Paul. I want this to end. I want
my life back.

PAUL
And what if It wants to harm us?

SUSAN
What choice do we have?

Paul looks around.

PAUL
None.

Susan yanks her arm free. She turns, ready to walk off, but stops when Paul speaks.

PAUL

But that doesn't mean we should face It blindly. We should try to collect as much intelligence as we can before we head to Town Hall.

Susan doesn't move; she's thinking.

PAUL

Susan?

SUSAN

Okay. But what do we know about it?

PAUL

We know that -- that It spoke to you. Tell me everything It said.

SUSAN

But I already did. This isn't going to...

PAUL

Tell me again.

SUSAN

Okay. It said something was going to happen at the festival. It said we had to be here. And now it's saying we have to go to Town Hall. We really should go to Town Hall, right now.

PAUL

Just wait. How do you feel when the voice speaks? Does it feel like It's warning you? Like there's danger?

SUSAN

There's no emotions. It's more like an order. An urgent order.

PAUL

Is the voice Male or Female?

SUSAN

Female. No. Male. No. I don't know.

PAUL

Susan!

SUSAN

I'm trying! But we really need to get to Town Hall immediately.

PAUL

Wait. What happens if we don't go to Town Hall? What happens when you disobey one of Its orders?

SUSAN

Disobey? But you can't disobey It.

PAUL

Can't? Or Won't?

Susan loses it.

SUSAN

Can't! Won't! What's the difference, Paul? Look around, like there's a choice involved!

Paul calms her down.

PAUL

Okay. You're right. How about this, then? Have you tried asking It questions? -- Like what does It want with us?

SUSAN

You mean just ask It? Out loud?

Paul nods anxiously.

SUSAN

Okay. Here goes.

Susan prepares herself mentally.

SUSAN

What do you want from us?

She closes her eyes and there is oppressive silence while they wait. Susan shakes her head, no response from It.

Then a loud metallic whir. They both look in the direction of the noise; it's coming from one of the tent booths.

PAUL

Did you hear that?

Susan nods. They creep over to the tent booth to investigate.

INT. TENT BOOTH

Zoltar, a mechanical fortune teller, sits inside his glass box. He waves his hands about in the air to tell us he knows all and sees all. A slip of paper with the answer pops out from a slot beneath him.

Susan and Paul glance at one other, amazed. Paul steps into the booth. He snatches the slip of paper from the slot. He seems nervous about turning it over.

He flips the paper over and his eyes immediately fill with disappointment. He lets the paper fall to the ground. He slumps as he exits the tent.

SUSAN

What'd it say? Paul?

Susan lifts the paper from the ground and stares at it. In contrast to Paul, her eyes light up so much so that they almost smile. She hurries from the tent.

EXT. FESTIVAL

Paul, full of sadness, sits on a street bench. Susan, approaching joy, walks up beside him.

PAUL

We're dead. Both of us. We're dead and this is purgatory, or hell, or maybe someplace even worse.

Susan lets out a big chuckle.

PAUL

I don't see anything funny about being dead.

SUSAN

But we aren't dead, Paul.

PAUL

Then what are we?

SUSAN

A Zombie and a Vampire. I would say undead, definitely undead.

PAUL

Ha. Ha. Ha. How can you joke at a time like this.

SUSAN
The paper was blank, Paul.

PAUL
Exactly we have no future. We're
dead.

SUSAN
I didn't ask It about our future, I
asked It what It wanted from us.

PAUL
So?

SUSAN
So the paper was blank.

Paul looks at her, confused.

SUSAN
It doesn't want anything from us.

PAUL
Or maybe It hasn't decided what It
wants yet.

SUSAN
Maybe. But there's only one way to
find out.

PAUL
Town Hall?

Susan nods.

EXT. TOWN HALL

A sign in front of the building announces TOWN HALL. The building itself is modest, set back from the road by a tiled garden area that contains a scarecrow. Susan and Paul walk along the tiled path. Paul's fists are balled.

PAUL
Okay. We're here. So where is It?

SUSAN
I don't know!

PAUL
You. don't. know. It wanted us here
and It got what It wanted. Now I
want some answers. I want to know
what It is! What's the voice say?

Susan listens, then shock.

SUSAN

It's gone, Paul. The voice is gone.

PAUL

Gone?! How could it be gone? You sure it's not just quiet.

SUSAN

I'm sure. This is the first time it's stopped all day.

PAUL

Just great. It pulled a no show! If I ever get my hands on It...

Paul tries to walk away but stops. He struggles.

PAUL

Oh my god! Susan, I can't move my legs, like I'm glued here -- Help me! Grab my hands.

He reaches out to Susan. She tries to step toward him but she can't move either.

SUSAN

Its got me too! I can't get...

A peal of laughter booms down from the sky. Paul and Susan look up toward the VOICE IN THE SKY with pleading frightened faces. Paul gets brave.

PAUL

Who are you? Why did you call us here?

VOICE IN THE SKY

I am your creator. You are here because that is your purpose. You see, I am also your destroyer.

Susan gasps.

SUSAN

He's going to kill us Paul!

PAUL

Why destroy us? We haven't done anything to deserve it. Why not let us go? Surely there are others more deserving...

VOICE IN THE SKY

You are the only two. And if you were given freedom then you would be certain to abuse it.

SUSAN

That's not true. We'll do whatever you want.

VOICE IN THE SKY

Did you drive away from the festival when you were clearly ordered to attend? Did you fail a prompt visit to Town Hall when your immediate presence was requested? Such disobedient acts deserve a cruel punishment.

Susan raises her arms above her head, just before her body crumples toward the ground like it's being compressed by enormous pressure. She struggles against it, screaming out with obvious pain.

Horrified, Paul reaches futilely toward her. Then frustrated that he can't reach, he looks toward the sky, imploring, moist-eyed.

PAUL

Stop! Please! It's my fault. I disobeyed you. Let Susan go. I should be one who is punished. Kill me instead!

Paul glances toward Susan who seems crushed to the edge of death. Blood flows from her nose and the corner of her mouth. Her pained eyes plead with him. Paul turns away.

Laughter booms down from the heaven. Paul has a revelation, his eyes fill with anger.

PAUL

You're enjoying this, aren't you? You don't intend to kill us at all. No. You're powerful enough but if you were going to kill us then you would have already done it. There wouldn't be any need for the games or the mystery, you would just do it. Oh, you'd like us to believe that you're some omnipotent being delivering justice but you aren't. No.

You're just some sadistic brat
whose idea of entertainment is
torturing the little ants with your
magnifying glass just to see them
squirm.

He thrusts his fists up to the heavens.

PAUL

Well this is one ant that isn't
about to give you that kind of
satisfaction. So, do your worst.
But. I. Will. Not. Squirm!

And those last words echo upward as they follow us far into
the whites of the clouds. Then the words write themselves
into the flat whiteness.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

I WILL NOT SQUIRM! ends a dialogue block of an unfinished
screenplay document on a computer screen, in front of which
sits a SCREENWRITER. He swivels around in his chair and gives
us a glimpse of his devilish smile.

SCREENWRITER/VOICE IN THE SKY

A few more hours of suffering and
he'll beg me to let him squirm --
for now, I'll have me a beer.

He stands and walks off leaving his computer unattended.