

HIGH OCTANE

PSYCHO SUITS!



FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Midnight Halloween, as DEATH (aka The Reaper), all cloaked out, strums a guitar and sings --

DEATH
*Do you know there's something
wrong? 'Cause I've felt it all
aloooong --!*

TWANG! A string snaps and slashes him in the face.

DEATH
Cocksucker!

He stands and smashes the guitar to pieces. Just then, a kick-ass muscle car careens out of control, hits the side of the riverbank, and goes airborne --

DEATH
The fuck?

It hits the water and quickly sinks below the surface.

DEATH
Aw, c'mon, seriously?

Death dives into the water. A long beat, then, the car slowly re-emerges and drives up the side of the river bank onto --

EXT. ROAD

The car sits at a hairpin turn where it lost control. Water drains from every crevice of the slick machine.

INT. CAR

Two Valley Girls, BRANDY (20), and SELINA (20), sit totally confused. They're a soggy mess. Both turn to see Death in the backseat.

BRANDY
Like, dude. Who said you could
creep on us?!

DEATH
First off, I'm not creeping... I'm
reaping, as in harvesting your
souls.

(MORE)

DEATH (CONT'D)

Second, I can't actually do that 'till I figure out my own shit. So, we're all stuck in limbo for now.

He looks around.

DEATH

Nice ride. Well, it was.

BRANDY

It's our Sugar Daddy's. He's like, so gonna take away my AMEX for this.

DEATH

Sugar Daddy? You're valley slutz?

BRANDY

We're called "Working Girls", OK?

Death picks up an empty whiskey bottle.

DEATH

Death by DUI? Ugh... how boring.

SELINA

If we're so dead, then how come we're still alive?

DEATH

Drive west. I'll explain it on the way. And I swear, if either of you says; "Gag me with a spoon"... I will. I'll ram one right down your skinny little throat!

SELINA

OK, OK, take a Chill Pill already!

EXT. ROAD

The tires light up, laying a thick wad of rubber and blue smoke as it heads down the highway.

INT. CAR (MOVING)

DEATH

OK, here's the deal. I can't harvest your souls 'till I whack a meth dealer hiding in a church. People have die in succession. First him, then you two eggheads.

Death starts to hyperventilate.

BRANDY
OMG! Are you tugging back there?!

DEATH
No, you asshat. It's called a panic attack.

He breathes into a paper bag.

DEATH
I have Staurophobia.

BRANDY
You're afraid of the stars?

DEATH
Not stars. Crosses, Crucifixes, shit like that.

SELINA
You are so not what I expected from a Reaper.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

The car stops curb side of a creepy brick and neon building. Death looks out the window, up at the ominous glowing cross on the roof. His skin crawls.

DEATH
OK, you two morons go in there and drag the landlord out here.

BRANDY
Why? If he lives, we live, no?

DEATH
As zombies, sure, but... ever heard of Algor mortis? Blood pooling? Your feet'll eventually look like big shiny balloons, and you'll have to wear trash bags duct taped to your thick cankles in case they explode, cause your 'Manolo Blahnik Pointed Toe Pumps' will no longer fit, and you'll probably end up trading them to some overpaid yet seemingly underprivileged Wall Street yuppy for a gram of coke.

A look of sheer terror from Brandy and Selina.

SELINA
Where do we find him!

BRANDY
Where do we find him!

DEATH
The confessional is where he does
the exchange. Cash in, drugs out,
all under the radar. A non-profit
establishment that launders buckets
of drug money. I hate this fucker.

BRANDY
Is that how you're gonna kill us?
Bore us to death with unnecessary
exposition?

SELINA
You are a monster.

DEATH
All right, all right. Just go, or
I'll choke you out with your own
spandex leggings.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a quiet and empty foyer, then move towards a --

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Dim and probably musky.

BRANDY
It smells like a peepshow in here!

CREAK! The other door opens. Someone enters.

SELINA
Forgive me, Father, for I have
sinned; it's been five years since
my last confession.

A BURLY voice resonates from behind the lattice veil.

BURLY VOICE (O.S.)
Nice -- I mean, continue.

SELINA
OK, like, we drove our Sugar
Daddy's car into the river and --

BURLY VOICE (O.S.)
Sugar Daddy? You're valley slutz?

Another slider quickly opens to reveal a Gloryhole.

BURLY VOICE (O.S.)
Can I get a Hell Mary? Whooo!

BRANDY
Gross! It looks like an impaired
turtle!

Selina draws a can of hairspray from her purse, flicks a BIC lighter, and wildly flame-torches his hanging junk.

SELINA
Hell Mary this... douchebag!

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Selina drags the Priest, MARV (40), out the front door and down the steps. Death pokes his head out the car window.

DEATH
Fuck's sake! Whatcha do to him?

EXT. BONEYARD - LATER

Death holds Marv while Selina and Brandy shit-kick him.

SELINA
Ugh! I broke another nail!

BRANDY
Why won't he die? Why can't you
just use your Scythe thingy?

He drops Marv in the dirt.

DEATH
Special occasions only. Too bulky.

He picks up a nearby tombstone and CRUNCHES it into Marv's face. He laughs heartily --

DEATH
There. I even gave him a nice
headstone to boot!

Brandy comes up on the stone to read the inscription.

BRANDY
R.I.P. --?

SELINA
Technically, requiescat in pace.

DEATH
How does a slut from the valley
know that?

SELINA
I majored in Latin.

DEATH
Hmm? I've been itching to take down
a pack of Vatican spies. Maybe I'll
keep you around for a while.

SELINA
What ev's.

BRANDY
I studied Liberal Arts.

Quickly, Death draws his Scythe from beneath his cloak and --
SLASH! Decapitates Brandy on the spot.

SELINA
Aaaaahh!

DEATH
Hey, if you can't handle the
carnage?

SELINA
You like, just ruined a perfectly
good Angora knit!

She peels the bloody sweater off of Brandy's headless torso.

DEATH
Wow. Complete lack of remorse or
guilt, callous with a lack of
empathy.

They climb into the car and slowly drive off into the night.

DEATH (O.S.)
Superficial charm, grandiose
estimation of self. Yup, one
hundred percent, triple-grade 'A'
psycho-slut.

SELINA (O.S.)
Working Girl!

FADE OUT.