

'Gazumped'

Bu Jon Hayes

PAGE 1

1. A young couple sit at a desk across from their bank manager, a grey man in a grey suit with a perma-smile. The young couple look very upset.

CAP: These are uncertain times in the housing market. Only the super rich can afford a decent home, but what do the rest of us do?

HUSBAND: We need three times that.

BANK MANAGER: I'm sorry, but that's all we can offer. You're just not a good risk in today's climate.

2. The young couple are at home, a cramped studio flat. Music hammers through the wall. The husband walks into the room carrying two plates of food. The wife sits on the sofa reading a paper, she's heavily pregnant.

Music F/X: Boom...Boom...Boom

3. Close Up: The wife's reading a small advert in the paper.

COPY: NEED A HOME FAST? CAN'T RAISE FINANCE? BEAUTIFUL HOMES AVAILABLE NOW! NO MONEY DOWN. EASY TERMS, CHEAP RATES. CALL 555 632456. DON'T DELAY CALL, TODAY.

WIFE: Mike this could be our way out.

HUSBAND: It's a scam. Those things are always a scam.

WIFE: What choice do we have? It's worth a call.

4. A man in a sharp suit sits behind a desk in a flashy office. He holds a phone to his ear. His name is JULIAN.

JULIAN: I understand your scepticism, but the homes I have are one hundred percent legal repossession. That's why we can offer our properties at such low rates to first time buyers like yourselves. It pains me to profit from the misfortune of others, but in these uncertain economic times we have no choice...I'll meet you there tomorrow at three pm.

5. Julian greets the young couple outside a modest, but beautiful cottage. It's the kind of place a first time buyer dreams of, but could never afford these days. The husband and wife are all smiles as Julian talks.

WIFE: It's perfect!

JULIAN: We have a window on this property at the price I discussed, but only if we move fast. How much can you put down now?

HUSBAND: If we sell everything...twelve thousand. And you can arrange the mortgage?

JULIAN: We always handle the financing and because of that we can complete next week!

6. Julian watches smiling, as the young couple drive away. The windows of the beautiful cottage loom behind him looking almost like hooded eyes.

JULIAN: We've got two more at 3.45 and a family of six at 4.30. Get ready.

PAGE 2.

1. The young couple are at Julian's glitzy office. The husband is busy signing a fat document as his wife hands over a cheque to Julian.

JULIAN: Banker's draft, perfect.

2. Close Up: Julian hands a set of keys over to the Wife.

WIFE: It's like a dream come true!

JULIAN: It's all yours, kids. Move in whenever you like.

3. Julian stands outside the cottage as the young couple head inside.

JULIAN: They're all yours, Grillfax.

4. Big image here, takes up the rest of the page. The young couple are in the hallway of the cottage clinging to each other in terror as above them great white jagged teeth plunge

downwards. The hallway is distorted and now resembles a great gullet, the front door the mouth, the rooms off the hallway cheek's and the carpet runner a great wet tongue that rears up around their feet. A rumbling voice echoes down the hallway from the depths of house.

GRILLFAX: Ahhhhhh delicious!

5. Insert: Julian straightens his tie as a great tongue slips out from the doorway and the creature licks its lips and burps.

JULIAN: Hurry up and spit out the bones, I'm expecting the family of six in ten minutes.

FX: URRRRRP!

PAGE 3.

1. Julian sits at his desk, a safe open in the wall behind him full of cash. He sips a glass of fine brandy and counts a stack of cash.

JULIAN: Twelve thousand exactly. Making a running total of eight hundred and forty two thousand. Cheers, Grillfax!

CAP: It was fate that I found him, all those years ago...

2. Night. A younger Julian dressed in a cheap suit and driving a battered old car looks up out of his car window to see a flaming meteor crash into the tree's ahead of him.

JULIAN: What the hell!?

CAP: It could have been a scientist, the army or a hundred other people. But it was me an Estate Agent down on his luck.

3. Julian stands at the edge of a crater and looks down, horror on his face at the monstrous creature that lays at the bottom of the crater. The creature is all teeth and horrible tentacles, a Lovecraftian nightmare come to Earth...and it's reaching for Julian.

GRILLFAX: Foooooood.

CAP: I had to think fast and talk faster, but then I'm an Estate Agent so that came naturally.

4. Julian smiles up at the Lovecraftian nightmare that looms above him and shakes a tentacle firmly.

JULIAN: Grifax old buddy, you're never going to regret this!

CAP: Turns out Grifax's race are shape changers so we made a deal...

5. Julian unlocks an armoured cabinet set into the wall of his office.

CAP: We've had a lot of good times. Met a ton of people. Made a bundle of cash, not that Grifax cares about money, but you get the point.

6. Julian pulls a huge space age weapon out of the cabinet. It's all flashing lights and polished chrome, if Lamborghini made guns this is what they'd make.

CAP: But nothing lasts forever and now it's time to dissolve the partnership.

PAGE 4.

1. Julian drives through the dead of night in his sports car, his face cast in shadows by the lights of the dials. On the seat beside him is the briefcase full of money and the Lamborghini gun.

CAP: After all, now I have enough to buy my dream home, what do I need a two storey Alien killing machine for?

2. Julian stands in front of his sports car the space age super gun levelled at the cottage which lies huddled up asleep, bones scattered all over the front lawn, shutters drawn.

JULIAN: Adios Grillfax.

3. Insert: Julian pulls the trigger on his space age gun. A great burst of energy explodes from its muzzle.

F/X: FWAZAAAM

4. This image takes up the rest of the page. The burst of energy hits the house and it explodes in a cascading fireball.

5. Close Up. This image is inserted into the lower right hand corner of the explosion. Julian's grin in close up as he drives away, the fireball that was Grifax, the man eating cottage, visible behind him through the rear window of his expensive sports car.

PAGE 5.

1. Julian stands in an awe inspiring penthouse apartment. Luxurious doesn't do it justice; this is a modernist masterpiece, a split level wet dream with stunning views over the Thames and every conceivable mod-con. Julian grins as he shakes the hand of a sharp suited estate agent, who grins back at him.

ESTATE AGENT: You drive a hard bargain Mr. Faustini, but it's all yours and for a song.

JULIAN: Pleasure doing business with you, Daryl.

CAP: Sometimes life can be pretty sweet.

2. Night. Julian sits in his luxurious apartment sipping brandy, watching TV. Suddenly behind him a door slams, his head spins round, fear in his eyes.

FX: SLAM!

JULIAN: Who's there?

CAP: But how can you trust a house when you know how hungry it could be.

3. Julian prowls through his home, a wind howls through the open French doors on his balcony. The sound like an inhuman moan, the wind catches the rug runner, which flips up and ripples like a great tongue. Julian screams in horror.

WIND FX: Oooooohhhhhh

JULIAN: You won't eat me!

4. Julian sits behind the wheel of his sports car sweat beading his brow. He glances into the rear view mirror and watches the penthouse recede behind him.

CAP: Best to keep moving. Stay in Hotels. Hotels are safe.

5. Julian's eyes go wide and his mouth falls open in horror as a voice crackles from the radio.

GRILFAX: Hello Julian.

6. Julian hammers at the windows of his sports car, desperate to be free, but he can't get out as the car, no longer under his control speeds along the dark road. The headlights of the car are revealed to be great malevolent eyes and the car's grill is warped into a huge grin.

GRILFAX: Road trips make me so hungry.