

Coffin Boys
by
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EXT: CARNIVAL/CAR SHOW - EVENING

A hot Summer night at a crowded carnival. People are bustling about enjoying the festivities. Rides and games attract scores of children, eager for a thrill or lured by the prizes. At the darker end of the carnival, the freak show tents and gambling tables beckon to those with a more adult craving.

Farther still, a clamshell stage has before it a standing room only crowd of bikers, goths and even a few of the freaks on smoke break. On stage, C.C AND COMPANY, are mid way through the second set of the evening.

The singer and band namesake, C.C., is an elfin woman of indeterminate age and raw, vicious beauty. She prowls the stage with a panther's grace and scowls at the audience while her operatic voice soars over the throbbing drums.

The band falls silent as the song ends, C.C.'s voice echoing out over the assembled crowd. The lingering shriek causes a few in the back to look up from their dealings.

At the back of the concert area, a larger portion of the parking lot has been cordoned off to make room for the various antique cars on display throughout the day.

At this time of night, the only cars remaining are those belonging to the Coffin Boys, a car club devoted to funerary vehicles, and those hangers-on that they attract.

Farther still, almost lost in the shadows are the cars belonging to a small group of hopefuls. These are the late model hearses, too common to gain automatic admittance into the club.

Sitting on the hood of one of the more ragged hearses, two girls cast hopeful glances at some of the club regulars, while tapping out time to the song coursing out to them from the stage.

The first girl, STACY (17), nervously twirls a long strand of gum from her black painted lips, being careful not to get any stuck to her multi-colored weave.

Her companion, MARYANNE (17), looks a little less nervous, and a bit more frustrated at being banished to the back of the party.

MARYANNE
Seriously, Stacy...

Stacy shoots her a quick, disapproving look.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)
Anastasia...

The look remains.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)
Mistress Anastasia.

Stacy relaxes a bit, and goes back to twirling.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)
Seriously, why can't we just park over there?

Maryanne points to a number of empty spaces directly abutting the concert field, much closer to the other cars, and more importantly, to the other boys.

STACY
Because we can't, that's why.

She spits out the gum and slides off the hood, taking in the look of exasperation from her friend.

STACY (CONT'D)
Melandra...

MARYANNE
Can we please knock off the clown names for a while? There's no one here to impress.

STACY
Fine. But if you want to fit in, it has to be a complete commitment. They can smell a poseur a mile away.

MARYANNE
Is that why we're all the way out here in B.F.E., Mistress Stacy?

STACY
Very funny. Yes, and no. We're here because I can't afford a killer set of wheels like that.

She point to a gleaming black hearse set apart from the others and admired by a steady stream of the faithful.

The car is from the forties, low, fat and malevolent, with carved columns on it's sides and blacked out windows. It resembles nothing so much as an overgrown scarab, it's polished carapace attracting the eye as it devours the light.

MARYANNE

So? It's just a car. We're young, eminently cute, and we have transportation of our own. What's the big deal?

Stacy exhales in exasperation.

STACY

It's a big deal because that's just the way it is. There are whole sets of unwritten rules, and the first thing you learn is that you don't choose them, they choose you.

MARYANNE

Okay, so let them choose you and let's get on with it. I'm bored as hell just sitting here.

STACY

Just be patient, I think tonight will be our night.

MARYANNE

It better become our night in the next few minutes. Otherwise, I'm going to fall asleep in the back and drool all over your Dracula pillows.

The crowd stirs, a murmur gaining strength as several members of the club make room for their arriving leader.

As the milling throng parts, a long, sleek 1959 Cadillac hearse slowly enters the grounds like a shark circling a shoal of timid fish.

STACY

Oh my God. He's here.

Maryanne strains to see.

MARYANNE

Who's here?

STACY

Damien. The leader of the Coffin Boys.

MARYANNE

Damien? Is that his real name, or did he watch too many scary movies growing up?

Stacy glances over her shoulder, and then turns her attention back to the procession.

STACY

Just promise you won't embarrass me,
okay?

MARYANNE

Oh, fine. You and that Damien guy go off
and have all the Omen babies you want.
I'm still bored.

Maryanne leaves Stacy to head toward the concert stage, where the band is working the crowd into a frenzy. She steps up to a railing, to get a closer look at the singer.

As she settles in to enjoy the concert, a younger member of the Coffin Boys notices her, and looks her over while she is preoccupied. He offers her a drink, and she smiles at him, but declines by raising her hands and shaking her head.

She goes back to watching the show, then after a few moments, looks back in his direction. To her surprise, he is no longer there. Maryanne looks around, confused by his sudden exit. She sees some more of the club members looking at her from a distance, and their scrutiny is unsettling to her.

She gives up on the show, and heads back to the car.

As she passes the area where the hearses were displayed, she notices that all but Stacy's car have gone. Looking around nervously, she begins to hurry to the car. Getting there, she sees that Stacy is nowhere to be found.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

Stacy!?

As if in answer to her call, the hearse rocks slightly as a bump emanates from the back. Maryanne walks around to the back and opens the door.

She sees a dark figure hunched over Stacy.

MARYANNE (CONT'D)

Oh!... Sorry.... I didn't-

The figure looks up at her with demonic eyes as it pulls itself away from Stacy's lifeless corpse, dripping blood from extended fangs.

She is unable to scream as it reaches for her with taloned hands and pulls her into the hearse.

The door slams shut and any sounds of struggle are masked by the cheering crowd and C.C. saying goodnight to the audience.

FADE TO:

OPENING CREDITS