

Hell to Pay

by

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INT. OFFICE INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY

Sitting across the table is a man, early twenties, long hair, old worn down suit.

His clothes crumpled, dirty and stained. It doesn't look like he's had a bath in a few years

INTERVIEWER

So. uh. Mister Pete Stillence. Of all the other candidates why should we hire you?

INTERVIEWEE

I worked eighty years as a assistant manager at a... company...

INTERVIEWER

Eighty?

INTERVIEWEE

Eight... Months. I was responsible for the- the chemical side, of our company. Retail of course. Sales. I'm really good at selling things. I can be very persuasive, someone who'll be a valuable asset to your team.

INTERVIEWER

What would you say your defining character traits are.

INTERVIEWEE

Depressed

We hear audience laughter. The interviewer looks up from writing his notes, unamused.

INTERVIEWEE (CONT'D)

I mean. Up Beat. Joyful and a great salesman.

INTERVIEWER

So to wrap this up what is your proudest achievement?

Pestillence's ears perk up excitedly.

INTERVIEWEE

Definitely Smallpox.

We hear a small chuckle followed by a moment of painful silence, before a big laugh erupts from an off-screen studio audience as we see the the face of the unimpressed interviewer.

INTERVIEWEE (CONT'D)

So, er. Heres my CV

PESTILLENCE takes out a crumpled sheet of paper, stained brown with tea and grubby fingerprints.

He desperately slides it across the table.

Atop the paper we see his name in clear view: "PESTILLENCE".

Below is a sensible, yet clearly photoshopped photo of himself paperclipped to the top corner.

PESTILLENCE (CONT'D)

So... Did I get it?

EXT. ALDI. DAY

We see PESTILLENCE leave the building.

He Pauses, then leans against the wall in defeat. He turns his body towards the wall and begins to cry, shielding his face.

A random thug runs up to him and stabs him in the stomach and runs off. PESTILLENCE pauses, raises his shirt to look at the wound. He rolls his eyes. He is mildly uncomfortable.

PESTILLENCE

Not again!

Freeze Frame. Laughter.

FADE TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

Sitcom mockery title sequence, introduce characters premise and setting (30 seconds)

WAR is obviously carrying a hammer throughout

INTERIOR. FLAT. DAY

We see an abnormally tidy flat, slightly cramped in size.

A scruffy man (WAR - early 20s) is slumped in a sofa playing a video game, strewn within a sea of litter and beer cans.

He embodies the look of the biker, complete with leather jacket and bullet belt. He has a name tag attached to his jacket, it's from a builder's site: "hello my name is WAR-ren, here to help"

In the background we see a tall, thin man (FAMINE - early 20s) cooking some pasta but having forgot to put the water in the pan. We see a brief moment of him opening a draw, taking out a hammer and putting it top of the cupboard, he looks around to see if anyone has seen. He smirks to himself

He wears a McDonald's uniform that is way too large for him.

PESSTILENCE walks in.

PESTILLENCE
(In a casual manner)
Im back.

The audience give an un-enthusiastic smatter of applause.

FAMINE excitedly runs from the stove and embraces PESTILLENCE in an overly choreographed handshake. The applause quickly dies down amidst a few groans.

WAR gives off a look, searching for a way to seek some attention. As the handshake continues, heruns over to a bin and throws it in the air, covering the floor in rubbish. The audience erupt in approval. He quickly slides right in to PESTILLENCE's face, nudging FAMINE out the way

WAR
(dead serious)
Did you get the job?
(shift in to a more
joking tone)
If you didnt... There'll be hell to
pay for this!

The audience continue to maintain their excitement again exclaim a mix of cheering and whooping - he said the catchphrase!

PESTILLENCE awkwardly, but seemingly dramatically pauses, contemplating what answer to give.

PESTILLENCE
Yes. I did

WAR starts backing off, looking happy and relieved

PESTILLENCE (CONT'D)
Maybe would should get some
alcohol?... To celebrate.

WAR nods, then moves over to the fridge to take out three bottles of mouthwash.

WAR
Now. We wait for DEATH!... To pay
his rent!

They all chug a shot.

EXT. ALDI. DAY

A cut scene of PESTILLENCE slumped on a bench outside Aldi, looking depressed. someone walks by and gives him some money, as if he's homeless. A short timelapse of him waiting outside before he looks at his watch and leaves.

This cutscene is to the score of the intro.

INTERIOR. FLAT. DAY

We see a callender fade from one week to the next.

CUT TO:

WAR & Famine are sitting on the sofa watching the TV, FAMINE is eating a bowl of black pasta. PESTILLENCE strolls in.

PESTILLENCE

Hey! Hey!

Audience cheer. Famine raises his hand as if he's about to speak before WAR interrupts

WAR

(interrupting)

How's work?

PESTILLENCE

Mm

PESTILLENCE joins them on the sofa.

PESTILLENCE

What you watching?

WAR

Those new horsemen are fucking idiots!

The camera pans round to a news story of a disease outbreak in the sheltland isles. This is the work of the new horsemen. PESTILLENCE stares at the screen dagger eyed.

A brief lapse of pessimism leaks into the scene

FAMINE

We dont need to worry about them, its good here, right? We dont need that grimy, destructive boss who destroys people's lives. We're adapting just fine, ordinary people with ordinary jobs.

Whilst FAMINE is speaking PESTILLENCE gives off a deadly stare of worry.

As they're sitting there, we hear a piecring scream from a room down the hallway. PESTILLENCE perks up from his despair.

PESTILLENCE

What's he up to? Ill go... Knock on DEATH's door

We hear a small murmer of aproval from the audience. PESTILLENCE abruptly gets up from the sofa to go to DEATH's room.

INT. FLAT HALLWAY. DAY

PESTILLENCE walks down the hall to knock on DEATH's door. It's covered in badly printed images stating who is inside, things like "death's room keep out" or "beware of death." The paint is peeling and the frame has wood chips flaking off, it looks out of place to the rest of the flat.

PESTILLENCE knocks. We get no response but a continuous scream from DEATH.

He tries again.

WAR

(from down the hallway)

Whilst you're there, see if he's
got his rent! If he doesn't...

There'll be hell to pay for this!

High energy cheers from the audience start up, drowning out the screams.

PESTILLENCE stares in to space waiting for the commotion to die down. He's subtly unamused.

As the cheering eventually stops there's a pause before the screaming starts again.

PESTILLENCE

DEATH, everything OK in there?
Mate?

DEATH keeps screaming. PESTILLENCE looks at the others before deciding to give up.

We hear a fierce knock at the front door. The screaming suddenly stops.

Pestillence stops dead. He slowly turns his head towards the entrance.

A cautionary silence looms. Has he gone away? Should there be cause of worry?

The door erupts again with another burst of knocking.

LANDLORD

It's your landlord, your rent's
due!

A secondary lapse of pessimism begins to escape

PESTILLENCE locks the door and heads back to the other horsemen.

INT. FLAT. DAY

PESTILLENCE re-enters. We still hear the knocking. WAR is rummaging through his sea of trash.

WAR
You seen my hammer?

PESTILLENCE shrugs the comment off, FAMINE begins to speak...

WAR (CONT'D)
(interrupts)
Who's that, knocking?

PESTILLENCE
Nobody

Audience laughter, despite no joke being told

WAR
No response?

PESTILLENCE sshakes his head

WAR (CONT'D)
How the HELL is he going to PAY FOR
THIS... this rent?

Audience laughter.

PESTILLENCE heads towards the kitchen to make a sandwich out of some moulding bread.

FAMINE
So. What we doing abou...

WAR
Get. Him. Outta here!

The audience erupts with a monstrous cheer. It's clear he's the favourite.

WAR, revels in the cheers. He crushes a beer can in his hands, and throws it in PESTILLENCE's direction. It hits the top of the cupboards, a hammer that's precariously balanced on top of it falls off hitting PESTILLENCE on his head.

PESTILLENCE doesnt flinch. He turns around with a big gash around his right eye. He taps his eye to see blood on his fingers

PESTILLENCE
(overly calm)
WAR. Why would you do this? I have
work tomorrow... Although I found
your hammer!

Audience approval

WAR
Woo!

FAMINE

What you gonna do with that
threaten DEATH?

No laughter. But there is a pause as if there should be.

WAR

Yes. That was the idea.

PESTILLENCE

You want it back?
(beat)

WAR

Fuck. Yes.

PESTILLENCE throws the hammer, WAR catches it. More audience
applause.

WAR (CONT'D)

Right! Let's get that rent!

WAR jumps up from his slumber, hammer raised in the air. He
storms towards the bedroom of DEATH. PESTILLENCE and FAMINE
look at each other, soon following.

INT. FLAT HALLWAY. DAY

We see WAR at DEATH's door, hammer armed, ready to knock it
down. PESTILLENCE and FAMINE rush in to the hall.

WAR

DEATH! I know your in there! Give
me that rent or THERES GONNA BE
HELL TO PAY!

Audience laughter. PESTILLENCE shows disapproval.

No response from in the room. WAR begins to attack the lock
with the hammer. As this occurs we see PESTILLENCE and
FAMINE contriving their faces in awkward response.

The door crashes open. PESTILLENCE and FAMINE peer round to
see that the room is empty.

WAR stores the hammer in his backpocket.

The three horsemen look at each other in confusion, before
turning round to see an ominous figure standing in the
doorway.

PESTILLENCE recognises him immediately. It's the LANDLORD.

WAR

DEATH?

The figure looks about his mid forties, wearing an
impeccable suit and carries a stern face of authority.

LANDLORD

No... I just saw your friend on the way out

The LANDLORD holds up a wad of cash.

LANDLORD

He payed his due. How about you three?

FAMINE

Oh! Thats good, we've got you covered.

Focusing on PESTILLENCE, centre framed, in the peripheral we see the other take out their wallets to pay. PESTILLENCE stays still. They pay the landlord. He turns to PESTILLENCE

LANDLORD

And you?

PESTILLENCE in a state of worry, begins to look round the room furtively.

PESTILLENCE

(quietly)

I. I dont have any money.

The other horsemen look at him in sheer surprise.

LANDLORD

Well. Someones going to have to pay for your month

WAR

But. But you said you had the money!

PESTILLENCE

I've been trying

The LANDLORD shoots a venomous look

LANDLORD

Well. You've been avoiding this payment for far too long. I dont care if you have good intentions or that you 'tried'. All it boils down to is that, you owe me a month's cash.

He takes a step forward, his face close to PESTILLENCE's, similarly framed to the confrontation with WAR at the start of the film.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Reality's knocking you freak.

The LANDLORD motions with his hand.

LANDLORD

Pay up.

PESTILLENCE stares at the LANDLORD blankly for an extended pause.

The delusion has shattered.

PESTILLENCE grabs the hammer from the back pocket of WAR's trousers and hits the LANDLORD square in the face.

The LANDLORD stays standing, blood sprays from his face, he is in a state of shock and pain. PESTILLENCE stares at him for a moment before attacking again.

PESTILLENCE spins the hammer in his hands swapping the blunt end to the sharp, he makes a final strike. The LANDLORD falls to the ground, PESTILLENCE standing over him.

WAR and FAMINE are mildly shocked.

No one knows what to say.

WAR

There's DEFINITELY going to be hell to pay for that!

PESTILLENCE

Shut up! Just shut up! Shut the fuck up. Shut up!

(Beat)

SHUT UP!

Pestilence stares down at the lifeless corpse by his feet. He comes to a startling realisation, an epiphany.

His mind has never been more clear He'll never fit in. He's a horseman of the apocalypse.

Suddenly, the front door opens and a boy of twelve walks in carrying a sixpack of beer.

DEATH

Oh, hey!

He ignores the body. And heads towards his room. Stepping over the body. He stares at the damage done to his doorframe.

DEATH

What happened to my door?

He shrugs it off before shutting the door in front of the carnage that occurred.

UPBEAT TITLE SEQUENCE

END.

