

STATUES

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with thanks to
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FINAL DRAFT

1. EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - EVENING

MARCUS and OLIVER are driving home through an emerging storm. Marcus looks toward the dark clouds above.

2. INT. CAR - EVENING

MARCUS
(looking out the window)

We might just make it.

OLIVER
(eyes on the road)
Yeah.
(pauses for a moment)
Might do.

Marcus looks out the window. A tear rolls down his cheek.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I hardly even recognise them
anymore.
(whispers to himself)
Fuck.

The camera lingers on a pamphlet sitting in the back seat:

In Loving Memory: ANNABELLE CELLINI. A celebrated sculptor & beloved friend.

3. EXT. HOUSE - EVENING - STORM PROGRESSING

Marcus and Oliver arrive outside their share house. Camera zooms and rotates towards house as characters walk up to the door.

SUPERIMPOSE in hand drawn, stop-motion, white letters:

STATUES

THE TITLE EVER SO SLOWLY FADES as shots of various statues in garden environments appear - fading.

SUPERIMPOSE text: Myles McEwen, Ripley Stevens & other cast

Subtle piano and strings play.

The music is then interrupted by a loud, disturbing riser.

IT SMASH CUTS TO:

4. INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We hear the door close. Oliver walks past his two roommates, STEPH and JAMES. Both are high on LSD and sit on the living room couch. Oliver begins to adjust the back curtains.

Marcus walks into the living room. He looks towards Steph and James.

MARCUS
(to the roommates)
You both good?

Both roommates look up to Marcus smiling and gone.

Steph reaches into her pocket. Her hand comes into focus revealing 4 tablets to Marcus. An offering.

The POV camera - zooming - shows Marcus staring toward her hand, contemplating.

SUDDENLY, Oliver - pulling the right curtain across - notices something in the backyard.

OLIVER
(takes a moment to focus)
What the...

We see Oliver staring in bewilderment out the window. Marcus instinctively turns his head slowly towards Oliver. He walks over. Staring out, Oliver is scratching his head as Marcus appears contemplative.

Sinister score plays...

5. EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

It cuts as we see two lifelike statues of OLIVER and MARCUS. Standing on the grass, the statues are clothed in Greek type robes. The music becomes mysterious...

Oliver's statue holds a slightly shattered expression whilst Marcus's statue holds a sombre expression.

Perplexed, Marcus and Oliver stand by the statues. Marcus raises his arm and touches the statue resembling Oliver on the cheek.

MARCUS
(wide eyes)
What kind of fucked shit is this?

Marcus examines the stiff statue. Oliver raises his hand and touches Marcus' statue arm.

OLIVER
(feeling statue)
Stone.

Marcus looks up to the sky. It begins to rain.

6. INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marcus is seated by the counter and Oliver is preparing dinner.

OLIVER
(making the salad)
Who would do this?
(now ripping lettuce
leaves)

MARCUS
(looking dead into space)
I think that's a question you
really have to ask yourself.

OLIVER
(now boiling water)
Let's call the cops.

MARCUS
(looks up to Oliver now
with slight aggression)
What crime has been committed here
mate?! What would we
even say?

The conversation is interrupted when Steph and James walk into the kitchen. Placing the pasta into the water, Oliver glances their way - an annoyed expression - then back to Marcus.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(looks towards the
roommates)
Hey, you guys fucking with us huh?
The STATUES! Good fuckin joke.

Marcus throws his glass at the wall. It SHATTERS everywhere.

The roommates look at Marcus baked and confused at his accusation. They turn, looking at one other, before breaking into hysterical laughter. They then look at their arms. Their laughing intensifies. The POV camera shows vibrating colours, multiple arms and even plants growing out of their arm.

The two grab some glasses and a jug of water. Both stumble out of the kitchen towards their room - stifling laughter as they walk - they close the door behind them.

OLIVER
Christ. They're cooked.

MARCUS looks down in thought.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Check on the pasta.

MARCUS
(ignoring the question)
I need a smoke.

Marcus gets up from the counter, grabbing the cigarettes from his pocket. He walks outside to the backyard. Oliver looks up to Marcus. An expression of internal catharsis yet external anger.

7. EXT. BACKYARD VERANDA - NIGHT

The storm has worsened. We see lightning and rain. Marcus stands under the dim light of the veranda. Every now and then, he is illuminated by lightning. He takes off his jacket as he breathes a deep, stressful sigh.

Reflective - introspective music fades in...

Standing now in a white tank top, Marcus lights a cigarette. He takes a deep puff and looks out into the backyard. He stares deeply at the statues.

The camera dollies towards him. We hear the subtle, reverberated sound of crowd cheering and tennis inside Marcus's mind.

The rain intensifies.

Marcus' focus is diverted when thunder surges LOUDLY. The lights flicker and then SWITCH OFF. Marcus is plunged in darkness. Unfazed, he takes another puff, and his face is slightly illuminated by the warm light of the cigarette bud.

A lightning strike illuminates the statues in the backyard once again. The music rises...

8. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Birdseye camera angle - rotating: The two roommates are lying in the middle of their room laying head-to-head as they look up to the ceiling. Vibrant colours fill the frame. The sequence is HYPNOTIC.

9. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver places candles on the dinner table. The room is now bathed in a warm orange glow. The salad is placed in the middle of the table. Oliver grab the bowls of pasta from the kitchen. Marcus walks back inside. Oliver brings the food to the table.

OLIVER
(taking a seat)
Good timing.

Marcus walks over and takes a seat, grabbing his beer. Jazz plays in the background.

MARCUS
(looks to Oliver)
Cheers.

Oliver picks up his beer and they clink their drinks. The two begin to eat the pasta. Marcus puts some salad on his plate. The two sit in silence for a few moments before Oliver stops to speak.

OLIVER
(deep breath)
After today, it's ...
kinda crazy that we can spend
our whole lives letting the
world tell us who we are. I
don't even think I really
know who I am anymore...

Marcus looks up to Oliver as he shoves some pasta into his mouth. Oliver takes a moment before he speaks again.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(questioning)
How long did you know mate?

Marcus stops eating - his eyes gaze upward to Oliver.

MARCUS
Does it matter.

OLIVER
Not really. I'm just curious.

MARCUS
A while.
(pause)
Look mate, you're my brother.
Forget about that fucking paper.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
It really doesn't change anything
between us.

Oliver looks up to Marcus and forms a slight smile.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(motioning towards the
parmesan)
Pass us the cheese.

Oliver passes the cheese over.

OLIVER
(pauses for a moment)
I reckon we should call Uncle
Kev tomorrow bout our
situation.

MARCUS
(laughs)
Ha, fuck lot of good Kev'll be
mate, you bloody serious, do ya
even know him?

OLIVER
Well, he's better than mum or
dad. What do you propose then?

MARCUS
I don't know, take em as a
compliment and call it a day?

OLIVER
(sighs)
Listen to me. This isn't normal.

MARCUS
Fucking hell let's just call ...
Donny. Donny's a good one. He can
help us move em. Maybe even
destroy and bury them.
(slightly aggressive)
Eradicate them from our lives
completely... How about that?

OLIVER
The statues themselves aren't
the issue.
(Pauses for a moment)
Besides, things buried always
find a way to resurface.

MARCUS sits on Oliver's comment as he looks down at his pasta. He then looks up to Oliver and doesn't say anything. The camera - birds eye above the table - then:

MATCH CUTS TO:

10. EXT. TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

We see a birds eye view of a tennis court. Closer, we see Marcus playing a match. An intense rally with his opponent. Marcus appears athletic and experienced. A medium sized crowd watches the match. Oliver, James and Steph cheers in the crowd. A banner on the side reads: National Champion tournament. We see quick cuts as sweat drips from the players. Two young women hold up a banner. It reads: MARCUS CELLINI (Love heart). They cheer loudly when SUDDENLY:

The crowd gasps. Marcus's arm SNAPS BACKWARDS attempting to hit a challenging shot. He SCREAMS in agony. Quick cuts ... birds eye shot of tennis court ... screaming ...

IT ABRUPTLY CUTS BACK TO:

11. INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... Match cut of table - birds eye frame - as thunder is heard outside. Flashes of lightning emerge between the cracks of the closed curtains.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I'm going to the cops,
even if it goes nowhere, there's no
harm in trying.

MARCUS

(slightly distant)

OK.

OLIVER

(passionately)

Someone brought them here, they
must've. Who knows? Maybe the cops
will be able to identify some
fingerprints on em or something or
... or a factory or business they
were made at.

Marcus seems slightly uncomfortable sitting down. Oliver's dialogue becomes muffled - distant. Marcus gets up and heads towards the back door.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Where ya going?

Marcus doesn't respond. He opens the door and exits outside. Oliver stays seated.

12. EXT. BEACH - BLUE HOUR

The ocean. Jetty in the distance. A man with a fluffy lion mask walks into frame. A figure standing by the ocean shore gazing out to the ocean. They have an orange raincoat on. A bottle of sleeping pills in their left hand. We see a quick cut of: underwater shot - Marcus, eyes wide, screaming.

IT CUTS BACK TO:

13. EXT. BACKYARD VERANDA - NIGHT

Oliver opens the backdoor and sees Marcus standing and looking out to the garden.

The music is meditative and sombre.

OLIVER
Mate what's your problem?

A strike of lightning illuminates them both as Marcus' head turns toward Oliver, then back to the backyard in darkness. Marcus remains silent.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(more aggressive)
Is this about grandma?
(thinking - looks
downward)
Talk to me Marcus.

Marcus remains silent for another moment. He then turns to Oliver in the darkness.

MARCUS
I'm unhappy mate.

Thunder is heard in the distance. Oliver is slightly taken aback. He looks at Marcus for a moment before he speaks.

OLIVER
(quietly)
What do you mean?

MARCUS
Forget it.

OLIVER
Talk to me.

Marcus takes a deep breath in and sighs before he speaks...

MARCUS

(slight anger but deep
sadness)

I've had enough Ollie. (Pause). I'm
fucking miserable. I don't care
about those damn statues. I ... I
... fuck.

Marcus stops, closes his eyes and breathes. He sits on
his words for a moment before he continues. Oliver
stands slightly stunned and concerned. The lightning
and thunder continue. Marcus begins to speak, rarely
glancing at Oliver.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Look, a couple months back I downed
a handful of sleeping pills and I
swam out into the ocean. I just
wanted to fall asleep and never
wake up.

(Pause)

I tell ya it was bloody serene just
lying there looking up to the sky.
Hearing nothing but the waves. No
more thoughts. Finally released
from the cage of my mind. An
endless blue haze, just waiting for
the pills to kick in. But of
course, my eyes decide to fuckin
open. A fin heading my way...
Probably the pills messing with my
mind or a bloody dolphin for all I
know but, in that moment, and still
now, I believe a great white headed
my way. I panicked. Managed to swim
back to shore. Chucked my guts up.
I don't know why I panicked; I mean
I was planning on dying anyway.

Marcus stops talking and looks up to Oliver. They both stand
in silence for a moment.

OLIVER

Holy hell.

Marcus and Oliver both stand in silence for another moment.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Seeing that fin was a bloody
blessing mate.

(Pause)

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Regardless of whether it was real
or not, that might've been your
inner voice telling you not to
"give up" and ... fuck
(head turning in thought)
... I'm glad it did.

Marcus remains silent.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Hey...
(pause)
Thank you for telling me
this.

Marcus looks to Oliver. The two stand in silence and listen to the storm. The thunder and rain intensify. SUDDENLY a bolt of lightning lands right in the backyard near the statues, brightly illuminating the two brothers.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(stepping back)
Shit!

The thunder and lightning ceases. The drizzle of rain continues. Marcus and Oliver stand fixated on the statues. Simultaneously, they exchange a fearful look. Oliver then follows Marcus inside. The camera lingers on the statues.

Ominous - mysterious music fades in...

In the distant backyard, through variable flashes of lightning, the statues appear to be moving closer.

14. INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Handheld: Marcus walks into the middle of the living room. Oliver walks up to him and puts a hand on his shoulder, however, Marcus seems slightly agitated and pushes his hand away. Marcus takes a seat momentarily at the table. Oliver takes a seat next to him.

The music becomes almost hypnotic - uneasy...

OLIVER
(hand on Marcus shoulder)
Mate.

MARCUS
(agitated)
Just stop. I'm fine. Honest.

Oliver backs off.

OLIVER

OK.

SUDDENLY three LOUD and HARSH bangs on the backdoor. The brothers gaze quickly shifts to the door. The camera dollies quickly towards them. With the THIRD BANG, the door is thrust open. Instantly, a gust of wind blows through. The candle flickers in the gust. Two silhouettes can be seen in the doorway. The candle continues to flicker, the room covered in variable darkness. Thunder LOUDENS. When the candlelight returns to stillness, we see both statues sitting opposite the brothers at the table.

Both brothers face the statues transfixed but also terrified. They sit facing each other for a moment before Oliver speaks.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(transfixed)

I ... I can't move.

Both brothers squirm in their seats and look down at their chairs. Marcus then looks up and stares his statue dead in the eye.

MARCUS

(questioning - staring
down the statues)

What are you?!

Why are you here?

(panicking - stuck to his
chair)

The fuck is this.

The statues remain still with bare expressions.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(aggressively shouting)

What is your purpose?!

OLIVER

(Nearly in tears with
disbelief)

Are we on something. Did we take
something?

Marcus' shouting interrupts Oliver's anxious words.

MARCUS
 (staring intensely at the
 statues)
 What are you here for?! Fuck!
 This got something to do with
 Mum and Dad?
 (thinking)
 Ollie's real
 parents? What the fuck are
 you? You know how much shit we've
 been through up to now.

The statues continue looking at the brother's when suddenly Marcus's statue opens its mouth. Nothing at first ... and then words that are DRY, SCRATCHY and ROUGH.

MARCUS STATUE
 (mimicking line)
 What are ... you ... here for.

The statues then both utter a dry laugh as the brothers look at them with pure fear and disbelief. The scene is both comedic yet deeply terrifying - with quick cuts.

OLIVER
 I ... I don't understand.

Oliver's statue looks dead into Oliver's eyes before it opens its mouth to speak.

OLIVER STATUE
 (mimicking line)
 I ... I don't ... understand.

Oliver's breaths are heavy. He looks to Marcus as the statues dryly chuckle again. The brothers become agitated in their chairs.

MARCUS STATUE
 (mimicking line earlier)
 I've had enough ... Ollie.

OLIVER STATUE
 (mimicking line earlier)
 I don't ... even think ... I
 really know ... who ... I am
 anymore.

Both brothers exchange an expression of terror between one another before looking back to their statues. SUDDENLY, the brothers - out of their control - are pulled back slowly in their chairs.

With the brothers spine and neck pushed backward, their bodies are then VIOLENTLY and SUDDENLY thrust forward as their heads bash into table. Screaming in terror, the brothers stumble back - knocking the chairs over - into the middle of the living room.

Blood drips from their noses and mouth.

The brothers are locked in place. Out of focus, we see the figures move outside of the frame. Various close-ups of the brothers horrified faces follow. With a rise in music:

IT CUTS TO:

The statues now stand opposite Marcus and Oliver. The statues and brothers eyes have become completely locked. The brothers are completely helpless. In a series of hypnotic close-up shots, the statues appear to take over the brother's consciousness. The statues, in a RASPY and DRY breath, begin to suck the life out of Marcus and Oliver. Marcus and Oliver's eyes slowly become GLASSY and CLOUDED. The statues continue sucking the life out of them.

Within this sequence, we see repeated shots of Steph holding the 4 pills and the roommates lying on the ground.

The statues pull in one last breath. Oliver and Marcus are now statues.

Both statues now appear more LIFELIKE, HUMAN and less wooden and stiff like they used to.

Oliver's statue now lifts its arm with EASE. A subtle smile forms. Marcus's statue moves its neck smoothly from side to side.

Oliver and Marcus now hold expressions of realisation and revelation. A deep breath in. A deep breath out.

15. EXT. STATUES - NEXT DAY - LATE MORNING

The storm has blown over now. The sky is blue.

The music is hopeful...

We see fading shots of the statues as seen in the title sequence. The camera lingers on the plaque of one of the statues, reading: ANNABELLE CELLINI - match cutting to the funeral pamphlet sitting inside on a shelf.

The camera lingers on the photo of Annabelle.

IT SLOWLY FADES TO:

The sun illuminates the backyard with a warm glow. We see the two statues of Marcus and Oliver - obscured in moss and vines - separated in the backyard.

The past on display...

16. EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

OLIVER
(confident, refreshed)
Ya ready now mate? Shall we
head off?

Marcus turns towards Oliver.

MARCUS
Mate...
(pause)

A smile slowly forms across Marcus' face.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(pauses)
I'm more than ready.

The two move into their car. The music RISES...

IT SMASH CUTS TO:

17. INT. LIVING ROOM

The music halts...

The living room is dark. Light rays peer through the gap in the closed curtains.

We see Steph stumbling into the room. Behind camera, we hear James vomiting and coughing. Clearly exhausted, she opens the curtains. The white light blinds her as she turns away. Steph obliviously walks out of frame.

Outside the window - with the camera ZOOMING - we see two statues of James and Steph.

A mysterious piano chord plays as it cuts to black...

CREDITS.

THE END.