

THE DEAD VIVISECTIONISTS SOCIETY

Written by

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INT. SECRET GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BOB (30s) stands next to a large wooden crate.

BOB  
Hey, Joe!

JOE  
Yeah, Bob?

BOB  
What about item number 95881?!

JOE  
I dunno'. Let's open it!

Their voices echo endlessly throughout the cavernous warehouse filled to the roof with thousands upon thousands of crates of various sizes and shapes.

Joe arrives.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Looks like a crate, Bob. What's the big deal?

BOB  
Hmmm. It's got onea' them Nazi symbols on it.

JOE  
A swahsticker, I think. So? Plenty of stuff from World War Two in here.

BOB  
Well, its item number doesn't register.

Bob clumsily taps at the screen on his digital pad. After a moment, it beeps. Bob turns the screen toward Joe. In fluorescent green it flashes: ITEM NOT FOUND.

JOE  
Well, I guess we gotta' make a visual I.D."

BOB  
Sure do.

Joe grabs a crowbar and jams it under the crate's lid, pries it up and lifts it off. He Shoves his hands into the packing straw until he uncovers something that glitters like gold.

JOE  
Woah! I think we hit paydirt my friend.

BOB  
Pull it out so we can get a better look at it.

JOE  
Too big. Almost as big as the crate.

Joe uses the crowbar to pry away the sides of the crate. The straw falls away, gather at their feet.

What's left is a large, solid gold box, two winged creatures face away from each other on top.

BOB  
It's like something they found in the pyramids.

JOE  
That's gold, buddy. Gold!

BOB  
I know what your thinking, Joe. It's not registered so they won't miss it.

JOE  
You got it, pal.

BOB  
How many times do you think we can get away with it? If we get caught, it means hard-time in the state pen.

JOR  
Not if we're long gone. Say... Rio?

BOB  
You read my mind, pal. Back up your truck, I'll get the forklift.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE - DAY

In their penthouse overlooking a nude beach in Brazil, Joe and Bob roll a luggage cart into the center of the room. On the cart is a box underneath a black plastic cover.

They set the box on the floor, pull off the cover to reveal the gold box.

JOE

Ya' know Bob? Ever since we had this thing, we've had incredibly good luck. I mean, I generally suck at gambling, but I actually won \$100,000 at blackjack.

BOB

And I, who hasn't gotten laid since the 60s, have three babes coming over tonight.

JOE

It's incredible!

BOB

Yep.

They stare at the box, marvel at it.

JOE

Okay, let's see what's inside.

Bob lifts the top off and their faces promptly melted away.

Immediately after that, their bodies (now, mere skeletons) are sucked into the box.

The lid flies up and lands on top, sealing them in forever.

Bob and Joe open the bag and find stacks of cash.

They high-five, replace the plastic cover, grab their beach towels and exit.

WE STAY WITH the room for a moment until a KNOCK at the door.

A maid enters, looks around, begins to attend to the room.

TIME SPEEDS UP

The maid cleans the room, replaces the sheets, etc.. She takes quick breaks to smoke a cigarette on the balcony, check their pants pockets, examine the gold box.

TIME RETURNS TO NORMAL

The maid rolls her cart out, we stay with the box.

Bob and Joe return with BOSS FLAMINGO (50s) and his henchman RUDY (30s).

They all gather around the box.

BOSS FLAMINGO  
Ok, boys. Let's see what'choo got.

Boss pats a duffel bag in his hand.

JOE  
By all means. Bob, would you do the honors?

Bob and Joe move behind the box, pull off the cover.

Flamingo and Rudy's eyes go wide.

BOSS FLAMINGO  
Marone!

JOE  
Beautiful, isn't it? But the best part is inside.

BOSS FLAMINGO  
Inside? This ain't solid gold? I'll have to adjust my payment if this thing ain't all gold.

JOE  
What your paying for is what's inside. Allow me to show you.

Flamingo and Rudy step closer.

Joe slides the top off the box. He and Bob turn away, close their eyes.

The searing light explodes from the box.

Behind them, they hear the face-melt, the men's screams, and then the top flies back on top.

Bob and Joe turn back, count the money in the bag.

BOB  
Who's next?

JOE  
We have that oligarch at four, then the the representative from North Korea at seven.

BOB

Perfect. Gives us time for another  
dip.

JOE

You read my mind.

THE END.