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KILL THESE MOTHERFUCKING TROLLS!

Written by

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Dedicated to:

Private First Class Vasquez
'Smart-Gun' Operator
One Badass Motherfucker!

"Let's rock!"

Aliens (1986)

OVER BLACK.

Laughter. Birds chirp.

INSERT: TITLE CARD "2020"

RIPPER (V.O.)

Birds aren't fucking real. And I'd wish we'd stop pretending they are. I don't care what evidence you have keistered away. They're not fucking real.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - MORNING

Light snow covers the ground. Smoke pumps out the chimney.

The cabin looks just like you'd expect--old, wooden and isolated.

CLOSE ON a CAGE filled with YELLOW CANARIES swings from the porch.

RIPPER (V.O.)

Fuck your birds. I don't care if you were raised in a goddamn aviary, or your grandmother spends her afternoons feeding humming birds sugar water. Fuck your birds.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The wooden cabin is a single room with statues of bears carved out of wood in the corners. Tapestries of black birds hang from the walls.

EIGHT SOLDIERS in tactical gear sit around a long wooden table in front of a roaring fire. Seven of them have seen some shit. One of them (Hugo) is a civilian. A badass group of 30/40-something motherfuckers! With the scars to prove it.

The mood is light, jovial, care-free. But it shouldn't be.

The women are RIPPER, BILLIE, GOLDBERG and HEDDY. The men are DR. HUGO NILSSON, DIXON, MADDOX and ARLO.

RIPPER

Birds aren't fucking real.

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: RIPPER.

RIPPER, 35, is the Devil's Advocate. She questions everything. Always on edge. Could give a fuck about anyone but herself.

MADDOX

I need to listen to your conspiracy theories like I need another ex-wife.

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: MADDOX.

MADDOX, 40, is the Cooler. Cool all-around. Under pressure. In his walk. How he speaks. Keeps his environment cool too.

GOLDBERG

Ripper needs to get laid. That'll get your mind off birds.

HEDDY

What kind of person is out there runnin' the streets, sayin' birds aren't real? Who has that kinda time?

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: GOLDBERG & HEDDY.

GOLDBERG, 30, is the Queen of Sarcasm. A badass gunner who is always keeping it light.

HEDDY, 40, is the Rational One. Keeping it real. Speaks her mind. Doesn't have time for bullshit.

They're best friends!

BILLIE

If you make it out of this alive, you should write a book. There's a special corner of the internet made just for people like you.

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: BILLIE.

BILLIE, 30, is the Tech Support. She is the nerd of the group. The Combat Caravan Uber of the mercenaries. And daughter to Arlo.

RIPPER

It's all manipulation of the elite.

GOLDBERG

(to Heddy)

Part of the simulation.

RIPPER
 (to Goldberg)
 Fuck you, I'm serious.

DIXON
 What's *the simulation*?

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: DIXON.

DIXON, 35, is The Quiet One. Reserved. Calculating. Definitely not to be fucked with. Red-painted macaroni bracelet on his wrist, the kind a kindergartner makes.

MADDOX
 (to Dixon)
 Don't encourage him.

HEDDY
 (to Dixon)
 We are the simulation.

GOLDBERG
 Like a video game.
 (to Hugo)
 Right? You're the doctor here.

HUGO
 Of linguistics. Not metaphysical
 science. Not psychology.

HEDDY
 Shame. That's what Ripper needs. A
 psychologist.

GOLDBERG
 A psychiatrist prescribes drugs.

HUGO
 No offense, but you definitely need
 drugs.

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: DR. HUGO NILSSON.

DR. HUGO NILSSON, 50, is The Guide. English accent. The only one who doesn't look like he belongs. His tactical gear doesn't fit nearly as well.

GOLDBERG
 I'm so glad I know you, Ripper. You
 smuggle actual joy into my soul.

RIPPER
 (to Goldberg)
 Like I said, fuck you.
 (MORE)

RIPPER (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)
 And there is no simulation.

DIXON
 I feel like there is gonna be quiz
 later.

ARLO
 (rubbing temples)
 At least she's not talking about
 extraterrestrials.

FREEZE FRAME & TITLE CARD: ARLO.

ARLO, 70, The Boss. He may be older, but he could kill any
 one of these soldiers with his barehands.

RIPPER
 (to Arlo)
 They control the narrative. Aliens.
 Birds. It's all connected.

MADDOX
 (to Ripper)
 Who is they?

ARLO
 (to Maddox)
 Don't ask that.

HEDDY
 (to Ripper)
 How do you know birds aren't real?
 Birds are birds. They're
 everywhere.

RIPPER
 If you hold your goddamn tongues a
 second, and listen, I'll prove it.
 There is no simulation. That's a
 fucking stupid conspiracy.

HEDDY
 (disappointed)
 I was excited about the simulation.

DIXON
 I hate quizzes.

RIPPER
 But it is part of a larger
 conspiracy of the elite. Think
 about it. What do we do before a
 job? Surveillance. Recon. We watch.
 (MORE)

RIPPER (CONT'D)

We observe. We take note. Tactical shit. Why? We do it so we know who we're moving in on. So we can anticipate what will come back on us. This is the same thing as that.

BILLIE

The birds?

RIPPER

Yes.

HEDDY

I'm lost.

GOLDBERG

You need direction in order to be lost. We're not lost. We're fucked.

MADDOX

So help me God, if you say it's the government...

RIPPER

It's the government.

The table erupts.

RIPPER (CONT'D)

(shouting over them)

It's the government spying on its people. A black ops, tech-based, advanced system of drone replicas installed in a complex instrumentation of surveillance on Americans.

GOLDBERG

(to Billie)

You're the cleric when it comes to this tech shit. Yay or neigh on bird drones?

BILLIE

That's a hard no. Not a thing.

HEDDY

(to Arlo)

Where's our drone replicas? You holding out on us, old man?

BILLIE

No such thing exists. The mechanism for an advanced, full ranging drone to exist inside a non-spheric shape would create too much friction and not enough draft to execute its marks. There are too many limitations.

RIPPER

Fuck your limitations.

DIXON

I like the idea of bird drones better than a simulation.

Goldberg smears eye black on her face. Heddy claps her hands for Goldberg to toss the eye black to her. Goldberg does and Heddy applies some.

RIPPER

Black ops, tech-based, advanced system of drone replicas.

HEDDY

(in support, coming around)

We nuke motherfuckers from inside the Oval Office everyday with them. If so that, then why not this?

RIPPER

Thank you.

ARLO

You're all fired.

GOLDBERG

Goon Squad!

EVERYONE

(except Dixon)

GOON SQUAD!

DIXON

(to Arlo)

Don't lump me in with these motherfuckers.

MADDOX

This is easy to debunk. We're surrounded by birds right now. Why is the government not coming in here to shut us down?

(MORE)

MADDOX (CONT'D)

If it's surveillance, then to what end? What's the mission?

The eye black gets passed around the table, each soldier applying some.

RIPPER

Disinformation. Chaos. Eroding the fabric of society.

MADDOX

God help me, if you say the words New World Order...

RIPPER

...to establish the existence of a New World Order.

Maddox reaches across the table and SLAPS Ripper who SWINGS back on him with a FAST JAB. It's playful, but physical.

HEDDY

Real or not, those things are singing, which means they're alive.

GOLDBERG

Which means we're still alive.

Heddy and Goldberg dab up.

Arlo stands.

ARLO

It's time.

Arlo gestures to Hugo.

ARLO (CONT'D)

Hugo. Shut this goon squad up. Floor is yours.

Hugo reaches in his pocket and pulls out a stack of Polaroids and places them on the long table.

HUGO

Arlo thinks highly of each of you and I think highly of him, so by that accord, therein lies my trust. You all know we're going to Huckleberry Rocks, above the Wolf Den Run River to retrieve \$250 million dollars worth of gold, silver, and jewelry.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

But there is something else there
that you don't know.

He points to the pictures. The soldiers pick them up as they
are placed on the table. Passing them around.

FLASH ON blurry pictures. Of TROLLS. Horrific, ungodly,
terrifying, bloody, gnarly, nasty trolls.

HUGO (CONT'D)

This is also waiting for us up on
that mountain.

The soldiers look terrified and in disbelief. The pictures
pass from soldier-to-soldier.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Trolls.

They examine each polaroid like there's a test later.

HUGO (CONT'D)

There are only two things you need
to know when it comes to these
things. First, don't get bit. Last,
don't get bit.

The pictures make their way back around to Hugo who collects
them and stacks them.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Any questions?

Beat. Then. Every soldier raises their hand.

Hugo stands at the head of the table.

RIPPER

How do you know these things are up
there?

HUGO

I've seen the loot. It's packed
away in wooden boxes and stacked
neatly at the bottom of the cave.
And I've seen the monsters guarding
it.

HEDDY

You've seen it, but didn't take any
of it?

Hugo takes out a small velvet bag and empties its contents on the table: GOLD AND SILVER BARS, GOLD RINGS, DIAMOND NECKLACE.

Collectively, the soldiers are in awe.

HUGO

I took what I could. But I need you all to do the job right.

ARLO

(laughs)

You have their attention, Dr. Nilsson.

HUGO

I've had it appraised. It's real. Antiquity old. At least two truckloads just sitting at the bottom of a cave.

MADDOX

Something like this goes missing, somebody's bound to come looking for it. Be it human or troll.

HUGO

No one will come looking for it.

GOLDBERG

You sound arrogant.

HUGO

Confident.

HEDDY

Confidence makes me nervous. I prefer arrogance.

Goldberg hi-fives Heddy.

DIXON

This is dixie loot.

HUGO

Civil war. Huckleberry Rock Massacre. Story goes the Union Army took camp by the Wolf Run Den River, transporting a payload of gold and silver bars and Spanish jewelry to bribe the Chickasaw tribe, a Confederacy ally.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

Their hope was to convince them to act as double agents and turn on the Confederates, to stop their advance north. Legend has it, the Chickasaw agreed to the meeting, then double-crossed the Union soldiers. The Confederates laid in wait. Who slaughtered them all. Union and Chichasaw. Both. Killed them all.

RIPPER

Triple cross. Shit.

DIXON

To think that Native Americans were the ones called savages.

BILLIE

Oh, so this is cursed dixie loot. Wishing for that simulation right about now.

HUGO

The Confederates didn't want to hand the payload over to their commanders. It would have just been used to pay for the war, so they humped it up Huckleberry Rocks and stashed it in the deepest cave they could find. To come back for later.

RIPPER

Where did you hear this story? I don't like stories that sound too good to be true. They usually are.

HUGO

It's a family story.

RIPPER

You're not helping your cause, Dr. Nilsson. This story is only getting better, not worse.

HUGO

I'm a descendent from one of the Confederates.

MADDOX

Why didn't they go back for it after the war?

HUGO

Bad things happen to men when that kind of wealth is involved.

RIPPER

They all died, but the story survived? Again, sounds too good.

Hugo hands Ripper two aged and fragile pieces of laminated paper - one a LETTER, the other a MAP.

HUGO

He wrote home about it. Before he died.

RIPPER

How do the trolls factor in to all of this?

HUGO

Dumb luck. Their nest just happened to be in that cave.

BILLIE

Which came first? Troll or cursed dixie loot?

HEDDY

A question scholars have been debating for ages.

GOLDBERG

Other than the government's drone birds, what should we look out for?

HUGO

The smell hits you first. Disease and rot. It's death. Then you see them. Angry. The kind of anger that looks more like fear. Truth-be-told, they're more afraid of you than you are of them. They're heat sensitive. It's why they live in cold climates or cool dwellings. Combustable heat hurts them. Worse than any munition.

HEDY

Where they come from?

HUGO

Scandinavia mostly. But have migrated in recent centuries.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

There's a mass migration happening now actually. I've been tracking them. A nest has settled in the Huckleberry Rocks region.

DIXON

Did you say centuries?

MADDOX

How old are these things?

HUGO

The troll bloodline dates back 65 million years ago. End of the Cretaceous period. Born out of genetic necessity. To survive climate changes and environmental threats.

RIPPER

Fucking dinosaurs.

HUGO

Dino-human hybrids with feral brains. Nasty fuckers.

BILLIE

Biometrics?

HUGO

Ten to fifteen feet tall. Heavy fuckers. Haven't been able to calculate exact weight. But it's tons. When provoked, they're aggressive. Their instinct is to protect the nest. Hunt, defend, eat, sleep and fuck, their only modes.

DIXON

Didn't sign up for this shit.

HUGO

You need to watch out for their scent and their saliva. Their smell is a paralytic agent, their saliva an acidic toxin. Burns through skin and muscle and bone. Their scent neutralizes its prey, but doesn't kill. Makes it so you can't escape. Saliva kills you quick. They're slow creatures, so evolution has hardwired their glands.

(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

They're loud, ugly, violent
creatures. Not to be fucked with.

HEDDY

So glad we're gonna go fuck with
them.

HUGO

All you need to do are two things.

RIPPER

Don't get bit.

GOLDBERG

And don't get bit.

Arlo stands at the head of the table.

ARLO

Any last questions, kids?

The vibe has shifted. Not light and jovial. This is serious
and focused.

GOLDBERG

Heddy's got one.

HEDDY

I got a question.

HUGO

Heddy.

HEDDY

Why canaries?

HUGO

What do you mean?

HEDDY

If these trolls smell and paralyze
anything that smells it, why not
just look for birds that fall from
the sky or dead deer. Why do we
need canaries?

MADDOX

We covered this already.

HEDDY

I know we covered it. But I still
don't get it.

GOLDBERG
She's what you call slow.

HEDDY
Your mother's slow.

HUGO
Miners used to take canaries with them into the mines so that if any toxic gas got released, the birds would stop singing. The birds would start dying. Which was a sign to strap on their gas masks and get the fuck out. Not all birds sing all the time. Canaries do.

RIPPER
Not all canaries sing all the time.

MADDOX
Here we go.

RIPPER
They don't. Only the males. And only during mating season.

DIXON
Do we know if we have male canaries out there?

HEDDY
Do we know if it is mating season?

GOLDBERG
Do we know if our canaries are government drones or not?

HUGO
Don't worry about the fucking canaries.

RIPPER
I think we should all worry about those damn canaries.

Hugo throws masks at each of the soldiers.

ARLO
Keep these on you at all times. Look to the birds when you're around them. They stop singing. You see them drop. You don't wait.
(MORE)

ARLO (CONT'D)

Pull that mask on and you get the fuck out. Means those motherfuckers are coming.

MADDOX

I got a bad feeling about this.

ARLO

Despite all of this preparation, the good news is that there is a window. The nest is migrating. They're moving farther up the mountain. And in transition. So if we hit it now, we will be met with minimal resistance.

MADDOX

Says the doc?

ARLO

They're on the move.

RIPPER

Why not just wait for them to move completely?

HUGO

Because I don't know where their new cave is located. And I don't know if they will take the payload with them. It is now or never.

ARLO

Any last last questions?

GOLDBERG

Heddy's got another one.

ARLO

Jesus.

HEDDY

Yeah. Yo. Rip. You never proved it.

RIPPER

What?

MADDOX

You never proved your bird theory.

RIPPER

Motherfucker, prove deez nuts.

BILLIE
Yeah, she never did, did she.

GOLDBERG
You've only given emotion-based
opinion.

HEDDY
Deez nuts is absolutely emotion-
based opinion.

MADDOX
Can we not?

RIPPER
Anyone have their cellphone?

GOLDBERG
Motherfucker, you know none of us
have a cellphone.

RIPPER
Then I can't prove it.

The soldiers erupt.

DIXON
You got me all self-reflective and
shit. Am I real? Or am I just the
simulation of real?

HUGO
Aren't they the same thing?

DIXON
What?

HUGO
Reflective and self-reflective.
They're the same thing.

RIPPER
Suck a dick, Shakespeare.

HUGO
They're different -- reflective and
self-reflective. One is reflecting
on just yourself and the other is a
reflection on all of it. Everything
around you.

MADDOX

(to Arlo)

Is it too late to cancel this mission.

GOLBERG

GOON SQUAD!

HEDDY

GOON SQUAD!

DIXON

Can we go back to talking about the simulation?

HEDDY

Conspiracy of the elite.

MADDOX

The government.

BILLIE

Which is it. The government or a conspiracy of the elite.

RIPPER

No one is listening to me. It's the New World...

EVERYONE

(in unison)

...ORDER!

MADDOX

We're all gonna die.

Hugo points to the canaries outside the cabin.

HUGO

Why don't we just crack one open and put this to rest.

Smiles on all faces. Except Ripper.

DIXON

(to Hugo)

Who hurt you?

HUGO

My mother.

Billie laughs and holds out a fist for Hugo. They pound fists. Billie blows her fist up. Hugo does not blow his up.

Billie shoots a glare at him. Finally, he makes his fist explode. Billie smiles.

HEDDY

Gonna be honest. I don't know which
I wanna see more -- bird blood or
metal parts.

GOLDBERG

LET'S FUCKING GO!

RIPPER

You can't go around killing birds.
You sick fucks.

MADDOX

(to the table)
Enough with this distraction.

HEDDY

Pretty sure Ripper is the only
distraction. Can we leave her here?

RIPPER

Fuck off.

HEDDY

Fuck you.

MADDOX

Nobody gets left behind.

Maddox hands the tube of eye black to Dixon. He doesn't receive it.

DIXON

(to Maddox)
I don't use that shit.
(to the table)
Can I state for the record, I'm
really glad we're not part of a
simulation.

BILLIE

How is the New World Order
different than the government?

HEDDY

Billie, you should interview to run
the bird drone program.

ARLO

It's time.

The crew is silent now. And wait. For Arlo.

The soldiers' faces are serious. They know where they're headed and what they're doing. They're ready.

ARLO (CONT'D)

We leave this cabin, there is no returning to the world you now know. Last chance to bow out. No one will think less of you.

HEDDY

Goldie and I will think less of you.

GOLDBERG

Pussies.

Each soldier nods. One at a time. Confirming. They're ready.

Like marines do with *Oorah*:

MADDOX

(to the table)
Goon Squad.

EVERYONE

(in unison)
GOON SQUAD!

Then in the distance there is a RATTLE. It rises in crescendo.

HEDDY

The fuck is that?

RIPPER

Whatever it is it's not good.

Confusion sets in. Maddox stands and moves toward the window.

GOLDBERG

Anything?

MADDOX

I don't see shit.

The RATTLE remains constant until a DEEP BELLOWING HORN booms.

DIXON

I don't like things that rattle.
And I really don't like horns.

The soldiers pop to their feet. Lock-and-load their weapons. Move toward the doors and windows. Scanning for the source. Preparing for an impending assault.

BILLIE
Nothing out there.

HEDDY
I got nothing.

DIXON
We're sitting ducks.

GOLDBERG
Let's light 'em up!

BILLIE
Who? There's nothing out there!

MADDOX
Hugo?

PUSH IN on Hugo.

HUGO
It's them.

RIPPER
Who the fuck is them?

MADDOX
Hugo.

ARLO
(pointing to the canaries)
Look.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

PUSH IN on the canary cage. Slow. Their song is beautiful, but something is off. Something is wrong. Until finally they stop singing. Collectively. Nothing but silence.

Then, one-by-one, each canary drops to the bottom of the cage -- DEAD!

The RATTLE and HORN still carry out from inside the woods.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Terror chokes the air. Chaos swirls.

HUGO
It's them. They're here.

BILLIE
Wait. Who?

RIPPER
Birds are all dead, man. Isn't this
one of the signs?

MADDOX
Should we get our masks.

RIPPER
Thought that was only in the cave?

BILLIE
Thought they were migrating farther
up the mountain?

DIXON
Are we talking about the...

GOLDBERG
Why the fuck are they here?

HUGO
I don't know!

HEDDY
You set us up?

Dixon grabs Hugo by his shirt and SLAMS him to the wall.

DIXON
You fuck us, bitch boy?

BILLIE
Motherfucker.

GOLDBERG
Are we doing this?

HEDDY
What are we waiting for?

HUGO
(emotion heavy in his
voice)
I swear. I swear. I don't know what
is happening.

ANGLE ON Dixon.

DIXON
Guys. I feel funny.

Suddenly, Dixon's body goes limp. His eyes roll up into his head and his body DROPS hard to the floor.

MADDOX
Masks. GET YOUR MASKS!

The soldiers scramble for their gas masks.

Goldberg, at the window, locked on the woods, feels something change in her body.

GOLDBERG
Heddy. Can you help me please.

Then, without warning, her body seizes. Eyes roll up. She drops hard.

Heddy, mask on, rushes to her side.

HEDDY
Goldie! No!

The RATTLE and HORN finally fade out. Momentary silence takes it's place. The remaining soldiers freeze and wait for whatever comes next. Breathing heavy in their masks.

Maddox turns to Hugo

MADDOX
What happens now?

HUGO
I...don't know.

ANGLE ON Arlo, standing there -- exhausted, angry, over it.

The HORN bellows again. Louder this time. The ground SHAKES and cabin TREMBLES.

PUSH IN on Arlo.

ARLO
(racks his assault rifle)
Kill these motherfucking trolls!

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence.

OVER BLACK.

Laughter. Birds chirp.

INSERT: TITLE CARD "1864"

EXT. HUCKLEBERRY ROCKS - MOUNTAIN BLUFF - DAY

Six CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS -- war weary, blood soaked, wounded, but ALIVE -- lift and carry long, wooden boxes outside the entrance of a cave into it. There are only a few boxes left.

Confederate Soldier #1 finishes writing a letter. Folds it. Stuffs it in an envelope. Along with a map. The same letter and map we saw earlier! He walks to the edge of the bluff and looks down on dozens of DEAD UNION SOLDIERS obliterated below.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #1
(happy to be alive)
Mother-fuckers.

Confederate Soldier #2 exits the cave as the last few boxes are carried inside.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
We good?

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #2
Last ones.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #1
Can't wait to get out of here.

The remaining men exit the cave, happy and oblivious. When there is a RATTLE. Then ANOTHER. Rises in crescendo. The ground SHAKES. The men freeze. Terrified. Draw their rifles, but don't see anything to shoot.

A DEAD BIRD hits the ground.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #2
What the fuck?

Then another bird. And another. Dead birds RAIN down on the confederates. The men look up and see --

-- a wholeass ARMY OF CHICKASAW warriors with leaves painted red covering their noses and mouths like masks, looking down on the Confederate soldiers. They raise and shake ORNAMENTAL STAFFS that RATTLE.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER #1
(to himself)
Mother-fucker!

The FEMALE CHIEF stands toward the front. One badass motherfucker. She puts an ANIMAL HORN to her lips and blows into it. A deep bellowing horn sounds. A signal.

A SONIC HELLBEAST SCREAM RIPS FROM DEEP INSIDE THE CAVE.

The soldiers looks horrified.

The story was all wrong. It wasn't a triple cross. It was a sacrifice. By the Chickasaw. For the trolls.

The confederates SEIZE UP and GRAB at their throats. CHOKING. They drop to the ground. Paralyzed. One at a time. Like the birds. Until we reach Confederate Soldier #1. He chokes. His eyes roll up into his head. His body convulses. He hits the ground as --

-- the SEALED LETTER AND MAP slip from his hand and slide over the bluff. It FLYS through the air, like a majestic bird, carried away with the wind.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END