

“Final Cut” by Alexander Lee-Rekers

Moody, atmospheric lighting and music. The figure of a 1940s-style detective enters the space, Gordo, who speaks into a phone like he’s recording a memo.

GORDO: This case makes no sense. No amount of brains and muscle can crack it. I’ve tracked the operation to a warehouse at the docks, where I’m hoping I can crack this thing wide open. But what are they doing here? What are they hiding?!

A zombie, played by Teddy, enters. He limps towards the detective yelling “Braaaaaains.”

GORDO: Get back! Stay away! I’ll shoot! Don’t make me shoot!

Gordo reaches into his pocket and pulls out ... his finger, cocked like a gun. He makes “pew pew pew” noises and the zombie immediately breaks character.

TEDDY: What are you- CUT!

Teddy walks to a (previously) hidden camera and stops it recording.

GORDO: What’s wrong?

TEDDY: Where’s the gun, Gordo? I gave you the gun for the scene. I spent *hours* painting it yesterday so it looked authentic.

GORDO: Yeah, so it did look authentic. Which is why my mum said it couldn’t leave the house. We can play with it there!

TEDDY: Did you explain to your mother that it’s not a toy? It’s a prop. One that we need so the scene doesn’t look silly.

GORDO: I thought we were filming a comedy.

TEDDY: How dare you. Did you even read the script?

A tense silence.

TEDDY: Fine. Let’s reset for another take. Keep your hand in the shadows so we can’t see you’re not really holding a gun.

GORDO: Hey, while we’re stopped ... do you think we could finish early tonight?

TEDDY: Don’t see why not. It’ll be too dark to film here soon anyway.

GORDO: Amazing. Thanks. It's just that...

TEDDY: What.

GORDO: I need to rest up for tomorrow. I'm going to Sarah's birthday party.

TEDDY: Sarah's birthday party? We're meant to be filming tomorrow.

GORDO: Can't we finish it in the holidays?

TEDDY: That'll *never* happen. You might as well just quit now! I don't ask you for much, Gordo, other than to have fun. And remember your lines and props. And dab fake blood on my face so the wounds look fresh-

GORDO: This hasn't been fun for a while! *(Pause.)* We've been making movies together for as long as I can remember. But you've never been like this before. Where's the fun? Where's my friend Teddy?!

Silence. Teddy sits down on the ground.

TEDDY: I can tell, you know? I can tell that these are getting less fun, and you want to spend less time making them. Maybe this is the last movie we make together. Benny already left. And Greta's too busy with her new "cool" friends.

GORDO: This doesn't have to be the last movie.

TEDDY: Feels like it. Feels like something's changed. Do you know what I mean?

Gordo doesn't say anything, but he nods at this. He sits down next to Teddy.

GORDO: I can stay back tonight. Late, even, if I call my dad.

TEDDY: No, it's okay.

GORDO: I want to. If we finish this thing now we can plan the next one in the holidays. Something even bigger and better. With vampires!

TEDDY: You're not just saying that?

Teddy leaps to his feet, Gordo follows.

TEDDY: *(As he returns to his hiding spot.)* Places! Let's go for take two. "Detecting Death" shot five. Action!