

**HAL**

The Unlucky Leprechaun

Written by

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**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Establishing. A run down house with a separate shed/garage and a backyard. Two wheelie bins full of empty beer bottles and a deflated footy ball on the un-mown lawn.

TIM (O.C.)  
How many kinds of mushroom can you name?

MIKE (O.C.)  
Psilocybin, of course. Shit-talky.  
Hmm. That's all I got.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT**

This is University living - cheap, mismatched furniture, beer bottles and cans scattered about, marginal art on the walls.

MIKE (22) chubby, cute, sits on a lounge reading a porno.

His flatmate TIM (21) preppie, handsome, sits next to him, carving a wooden branch with a kitchen knife.

TIM  
Shiitake. Come on dude.  
Chanterelle, Porcini, Oyster.

ELVIS (O.S.)  
Yo! (O.S.)

In storms ELIVS (24) a hipster with cool hair.

TIM  
You get'em?

Elvis holds up a Zip-Loc bag of freeze dried mushrooms with blue tinged stems.

ELVIS  
The fungus, is among us!

MIKE  
Yewwww!

**INT. HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT**

MONTAGE

Quick ECU cuts of mushroom tea preparation:

- A pot in the sink fills with water
- A gas stove burner sparks to life, pot lands on the burner
- The dudes stare down at the pot
- Water not boiling
- The dudes stare down at the pot some more
- Water still not boiling
- The dudes look all around the kitchen, not at the pot
- Water boiling
- The bag of mushrooms is dumped in the boiling water
- A few spoonfuls of sugar are added from a 1 a kilo bag
- Twenty tea bags are dumped in straight out of the box
- ECU of boiling mixture
- The dudes stand around the stove, watching the pot boil

END MONTAGE

Tim checks his watch, nods to Mike.

Mike dips a spoon in, blows to cool it, takes a taste. Makes a horrible face.

Elvis dumps the entire rest of the bag of sugar into the pot.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT**

The boys sit around the lounge room, blinds drawn, Elvis pours tea from a floral teapot.

They toast with matching floral cups, pinky fingers extended.

TIM

To Hal.

MIKE

To Hal.

ELVIS

Bon voyage amigos.

They all sip. It tastes terrible and it shows.

CUT TO:

A 1-meter diameter hole dug in a grass lawn. In the hole is a small frog with a cane and top-hat (a garden decoration), Tim's carved wooden branch (broken), and a used, dented, can of green spray paint.

SUPER: Hallucinate

"lucinate" fades in/out, leaving "Hal" as the title.

SUPER: Based on events that definitely happened. Maybe.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT**

The dudes have beers now instead of tea.

Mike stares at the floor, pushes his feet down, testing it.

MIKE

Is the floor bouncy?

Elvis points at Tim's carved branch.

ELVIS

What is that?

TIM

Message stick. It's an aboriginal thing. It carries messages.

Elvis picks up the stick, holds it to his ear.

ELVIS

The guy I got the caps from told me to use my trip as a tool to explore my mind, learn about myself.

TIM

As long as you don't wig out. We should make some trip rules before we blast off.

MIKE

It's definitely bouncy.

Tim gets out a notebook.

TIM

First rule. Trust the trip leader.

Mike is on his hands and knees pouring beer on the floor and slurping it up.

TIM

Someone who stays sober in case  
anyone loses their gourd.

Elvis nods at Mike.

ELVIS

Too late.

Tim shrugs, starts writing.

Mike rubs his cheek on the floor.

Elvis pokes Mike in the head with the message stick.

MIKE

Hey. Don't hit someone with a  
stick. That's got to be a rule.

Mike, still on all fours, grabs the stick, points it at Tim.

MIKE

Write it.

Tim waves "OK," writes in his notebook.

Elvis stands up, stretches, walks over to a wall mirror.  
Stares at himself. Moves his jaw a lot, makes weird faces.

ELVIS

I can't tell if I'm feeling it.

Tim finishes his beer, grabs the teapot, pours the last few  
drops of tea into his mouth.

TIM

Rule three. It's called "while  
you're up." As in, while you're up,  
get me a beer.

Elvis takes the mirror off the wall, leans it against the  
wall on the floor, reflective side in, heads to the kitchen.  
Dims the lights on the way.

Tim writes in his notebook slowly, concentrating hard.

Mike waves at something invisible on the floor.

Elvis returns with three beers.

Mike stands, takes a beer, starts bouncing lightly on his  
toes.

Then Elvis starts bouncing.

Then Tim.

Then they all start to jump in silence - each lost in their own trip.

Suddenly they start laughing uncontrollably, jumping wildly.

TIM  
Outside!

Elvis stops in his tracks, grabs the other guys shirts.

ELVIS  
Wait! We don't have a trip leader.

TIM  
Just follow the other rules. We'll be fine.

Tim tears a page from his notebook, sticks it on the fridge as they all run outside.

ECU NOTEBOOK PAGE

Trip Rules

1. Trust the Trip Leader
2. Don't hit someone with a stick
3. While you're up...
4. If you don't like where you're at, leave
5. But don't leave the group

**EXT. HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT**

Tim is on a lawn chair watching Elvis and Mike.

Mike lays in the grass, on his stomach, talking to a concrete lawn ornament of a frog with a cane and top-hat.

Elvis is sitting inside a meter-wide hole he's dug in the lawn. He uses his message stick to build little dirt walls around him - sort of like a kid in a sand castle.

Tim lets out a big sigh. Then another. And another. He stares at his hand for a beat, then in obvious despair gets up and goes inside.

**INT. HOUSE (KITCHEN) - NIGHT**

Tim pokes at the slimy mushroom dregs from the cook pot on the stove, eats one. Nearly vomits.

He makes a peanut butter sandwich tosses the slimy mushroom dregs on it.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT**

Tim walks in, struggling to scarf his sandwich down. Sees the rules on the fridge, walks over to read them.

**ECU NOTEBOOK PAGE**

Focus in on...

4. If you don't like where you're at, leave
5. But don't leave the group

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tim contemplates the rules as he washes down the last of his disgusting sandwich with a beer and heads outside.

**EXT. HOUSE (BACKYARD) - NIGHT**

Elvis is now rocking to and fro in his hole, building up, and knocking down, little dirt walls with his hands.

ELVIS

This is my zone. My zone. And in here I can fix everything about me.

Elvis builds up a section of wall. Exhales deeply.

ELVIS

That's better.

Mike sits in the crook of a tree, cradling Mr. Frog, staring up at the stars, pointing.

MIKE

(to the frog statue)  
Wait, so that's Orion?

Tim stands in the doorway, debating his next move.

TIM  
I have to forage.

ELVIS  
(super chill voice)  
Whatever thing is perfect for you  
mate. That's the thing you should  
do.

TIM  
I have to forage.

MIKE  
Mr. Frog says let the stars guide  
you. They know.

TIM  
I'm foraging!

Tim charges into the bush.

**EXT. NIGHT SKY**

Transition shots: Clouds passing over the moon and stars,  
bats flying, tree leaves fluttering slowly in shadowy light.

**EXT. BACKYARD (TREE) - NIGHT**

Mike sits in a low branch of the tree, still holding the frog  
statue. Still having a conversation with it.

MIKE  
Are you tripping too?

Intercut ECU shots of the frog statue's head, eyes, mouth.

FROG  
Of course I am. How else would I  
be able to talk to you? You think  
you're some kind of frog whisperer  
or something?

Mike adjusts himself in the tree, cradles the frog statue.

MIKE  
Are you my friend? I'd like to be  
your friend.

FROG  
Of course! Let me tell you  
something.

(MORE)



FROG (CONT'D)

Did you know the universe is so big and infinite, that somewhere out there another frog is sitting in a tree losing his mind talking to a little concrete statue of a man with a cane and top-hat?

MIKE

No way.

FROG

Way. Way way.

Mike ponders this. Swats at a mosquito on his arm, pulls his hand away - he missed.

FROG

Whoa! Hey! You shouldn't be killing animals you know. Unless it's for food.

MIKE

I am an animal. You are too. A cosmic one.

FROG

We all are. Let me ask you something. What if I killed you?

MIKE

Could you even do that?

FROG

Totally. You never heard of poisonous frogs?

Mike drops the statue to the grass.

MIKE

Arghhh!

Angle down at the frog statue staring straight up at Mike.

FROG

It was a joke! Totally? Toad-ally? Get it?

Mike jumps down to the grass, pokes at the statue cautiously. Then, tentatively, he stands the statue back up and sits next to it.

MIKE

I thought you were a frog.

FROG

I'm just messing with you, but seriously. Leave the skeeters to me. Them's my dinner.

**EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Bats fly across a moonlit sky.

Elvis sits cross-legged in his hole. He uses the message stick and his hands to dig and build up little sections of dirt walls all around him.

ELVIS

These are the parapets of my personality. I build good things about me up.

Elvis raises a section of wall higher than the rest.

ELVIS

And knock bad things down. Selfishness! I knock it down. Away!

Elvis knocks a section of wall down with the back of his hand in a sweeping motion.

ELVIS

Gone. And cockiness. This wall represents all the times I've been like that.

He sweeps away another section of dirt wall.

ELVIS

Gone. Now I will no longer be cocky. All my bad personality traits are gone.

Elvis builds up a section of wall, thicker, taller.

ELVIS

Kindness. Friendliness. Even to dickheads.

He builds up another section.

ELVIS

I am so generous now!

And another.

ELVIS  
 (gasping with joy)  
 And creative!

He starts rocking back in forth, raising and lowering his arms in front of his body, defining his personal space.

ELVIS  
 I'm in my zone. This is my zone.  
 I am reborn. I am authentic! I am  
 going to reach my full potential in  
 life! In my zone. My zone.

Elvis digs up an earthworm, pulls it out of the dirt. Brings it close to his face, above his nose, practically in his eyes.

ELVIS  
 Is this your zone too? It's OK, we  
 can share.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - DAY**

Next morning.

Elvis is crashed on the lounge, covered in dirt.

Mike is under the coffee table snuggling with Mr. Frog.

Sunlight wakes Elvis and Mike.

They wake up to see Tim sitting stiffly on his lawn chair (now moved indoors). He's wide awake, staring straight ahead, possibly still tripping, or in shock.

MIKE  
 What the F happened to you?

Elvis snaps his fingers in front of Tim's face.

ELVIS  
 You missed it dude. I changed my  
 whole personality. And homie here  
 got busy with a gay toad.

MIKE  
 He's a frog.  
 (points to Tim)  
 And he's tweaked.

TIM  
 I found a leprechaun.

Elvis and Mike exchange a WTF look.

ELVIS

Yeah? Like a lucky, lil green fella?

TIM

He wasn't lucky. Or green. In fact he was kind of an ass.

MIKE

Is that even possible? An unlucky leprechaun?

TIM

I tried to make him lucky.

ELVIS

What did you do? Polish his rainbow?

TIM

No. I made one for him.

ELVIS

You made a rainbow?

Tim nods, solemn, serious.

ELVIS

Oh-kayyy...

MIKE

Hang on. How can there even be such a thing as an unlucky leprechaun. I mean, they have pots of gold. So even if you find one was kind of an arse, that's still pretty lucky hey?

TIM

Yeah well this one wasn't. You know how if you capture a leprechaun, they're supposed to grant you three wishes to let them go? This guy wouldn't hook me up.

MIKE

So, no gold?

TIM

I don't know mate. I didn't see any.

ELVIS  
But you did see a leprechaun.  
Damn, Hal hit you hard bro.

TIM  
Whatever, at least I didn't make  
out with the floor or crater the  
lawn.

MIKE  
No. You made a rainbow. Come on.  
We need a feed.

Elvis and Mike get up to go. Elvis puts his arm around Tim,  
points to the rules on the fridge.

ELVIS  
See what happens when you don't  
follow the trip rules?

Tim makes a "very funny" face.

**EXT. HOUSE (FRONT YARD) - DAY**

They walk outside.

ELVIS  
So anyway, I'm like a completely  
different person now. Totally  
sorted out my personality. Way  
more creative, kind, generous.

MIKE  
Cool. Then you can pay for brekky  
unless homie remembers where he  
stashed the leprechaun gold.

TIM  
Will you shut up about the gold?  
There's no gold.

ELVIS  
I mean it. One hundred percent  
different person. Better person.  
Can't you tell?

MIKE  
Totally.

Tim stops to pick up an open briefcase off the lawn. Looks  
around, real fear on his face.

TIM

No.

ELVIS

Whatever. What life changing advice did Mr. Toad give you?

Tim follows a trail of random personal items that lead to the garage door - business papers, files, reading glasses, broken bottle of aspirin and scattered tablets.

TIM

No. No way.

MIKE

He's a frog! And we had a great chat. We're both cosmic animals.

Let me freak you out for a sec. What's another name for mushroom?

Elvis thinks.

MIKE

Toad stool.

ELVIS

I thought you said he was a frog.

TIM

No way!

Elvis and Tim notice Tim standing in front of the garage, then the trail of stuff on the ground. They walk over to Tim.

MIKE

Since when do you have a briefcase?

ELVIS

You have a little accident?

Tim rolls up the door.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Inside is a very angry little person with a ginger beard. He may have once resembled a businessman, but now he's tied up, gagged, spray painted green and soaking wet.

A flashlight is rigged up and pointing in his eyes, through the rainbow mist from a lawn sprinkler.

He's got paper four-leaf clovers pinned to him, and a handmade paper stove pipe hat on his head, tied under his chin with twine.

He kicks at his restraints.

DWARF  
(through his gag)  
Get me out of here!

**EXT. GARAGE - DAY**

The dudes all stare at the unfortunate little person.

Tim rolls the door back down.

ELVIS  
We gotta lay off the caps.

On the garage door. Inside we hear the unlucky leprechaun groaning, things falling, crashing.

**INT. HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT**

INSERT: ECU NOTEBOOK PAGE

One rule is now circled and one new rule has been added.

Trip Rules

1. Trust the Trip Leader
2. Don't hit someone with a stick
3. While you're up...
4. If you don't like where you're at, leave
5. But don't leave the group (circled)
6. *Leave the leprechauns alone!!!*