

CONFRONTATION

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FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

JACK ANDERSON (49) sits in the driver seat of a car at a deserted road. His hair is an aging grey/black and it looks as if he hasn't shaved in a week. His body seems to be in great shape for his age.

He has a bottle of brandy in one hand. The car radio is on.

RADIO

In recent news, The Butcher is back in business and Police Chief Jack Anderson who is head of the investigation has gone missing. One can only speculate that The Butcher has the police chief, and plans to "prepare" him, just like he did to the police chief's wife who died in hospital 2 days ago.

Jack drinks from his bottle and turns the volume up.

RADIO (CONT'D)

This is only one of several reasons circulating around the city. An anonymous source told us their story earlier today. Here it is again for those who missed it.

A distorted man's voice answers from the radio.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Well, why does a person just disappear? It might be because he runs the investigation, but a bit convenient don't you think! This... This so-called Police Chief got cold feet when he heard The Butcher came back. And may I remind everyone that this is the same serial killer who raped and tortured his wife! She died in hospital 2 days ago and the Chief is nowhere to be found!

Jack is furious. He punches the radio and breaks it.

JACK

(looks at radio)
Fucking bullshit!

Jack looks down at his bloody hand. He then looks at the car's time in front of him. It reads "23:29". He stares into the distance of the road.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where are you, motherfucker?

He looks closer. Somebody walks on the road. The silhouette is of a mans. Jack takes one last swig of his brandy which empties the bottle. He throws it in the backseat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Jack pulls out a pistol hidden underneath his car seat and puts it in the back of his pants. The man on the road doesn't seem to have noticed the car. He holds something in his hand.

Jack gets some keys out from his front pocket and sticks them into the ignition. He starts up the car and the headlights turn on.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

A man walks on the deserted road. This man is THE BUTCHER (43). He wears a sweatshirt and has the hood on. He holds a half-eaten arm. He puts it to his mouth and takes a bite.

The Butcher continues to walk while he eats his meal. He notices two lights in the distance and stops. The light's get bigger. It's a car.

THE BUTCHER

What the...

The car approaches The Butcher at max speed. He starts to run the other way but it's no use. He looks back to see it has slowed down but it still chases him.

He continues to eat the arm while he runs. The car finally hits him and he bounces across the roof and ends up on the other side.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack sweats like a pig and his breaths are more rapid. He looks around his car and finds a torch. He pulls the pistol out of his back pocket and takes a deep breath. He turns the keys and exits the car.

EXT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack turns the torch on and points it forward. He rests the pistol on the hand that holds the torch. He cautiously walks behind his car. The Butcher lays there unconscious. Jack walks closer to him and kicks him in the gut.

Nothing happens. He kicks him again, harder this time. The Butcher groans. He is still unconscious. Jack's tension disappears and he returns the pistol to his back pocket.

From his front pocket he grabs the keys and shines the torch at the boot's lock. He searches the keys and sticks one in. The boot opens. A luggage bag rests there. It's looks like it's big enough to fit a body.

Jack gets the bag out and opens it. He carries The Butcher, stuffs him in and zips it back up. With some effort he puts the bag back in the trunk and locks it. He walks back into the car and slams the door shut.

EXT. JACK'S STREET - NIGHT

The street's two storey houses disappear into the darkness of the night. One house distinguishes itself from others by the caution tape that's stuck to the perimeter of the driveway. A car drives up the road and stops at the house.

It's Jack's car. Jack gets out and looks around. There is nobody. He approaches the end of the caution tape which is stuck to his neighbour's fence. He rips it off and gets back into the car. Jack steers the car into the driveway.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack looks around and walks to the front door. He examines the lock but see's no damage. He goes back to the car and opens the boot. The luggage bag is still there but The Butcher doesn't move.

He drops the bag to the ground which causes a loud thud. A dog begins to bark from the other side of the fence. A hillbilly type voice yells out:

JIM (O.S.)

(shouting)

What is it, Buster? Is someone there?

JACK

(muttering)

Stupid, mutt!

Jack tries to push the bag under his car but is interrupted by somebody. It's JIM. He is in his boxer shorts and sleeveless top. He holds a baseball bat.

JIM
(terrified)
Now you get off my neighbours
driveway or I will be forced to--
Hey! Jack!

Jack forces a smile. Jim loosens up and rests the bat behind his back.

JIM (CONT'D)
You had me worried for a second
there, buddy. Where ya been?
Everyone's been looking for you.

Jack doesn't answer. Jim looks at his bag.

JIM (CONT'D)
Oh! You must've been out camping or
something. That bag looks heavy,
where'd you go?

Jack hesitates.

JACK
Out.

Jack puts the bag to its side and starts to drag it to the front door with difficulty.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey, Jim. You didn't see anybody
come to my house in the past few
days right?

Jim thinks.

JIM
Well, there was some cops looking
outside your house this morning but
they didn't go in. All they did was
put them tape thingys there.

Jack stops and looks back at Jim.

JACK
Good, good. Alright, Jim. It was
nice talking to you but I have some
business I need to attend to.

Jim looks discouraged. Jack starts to drag the bag again. Jim looks at it.

JIM

Hey, that looks really heavy, you sure you don't want me to carry it?

JACK

It's alright, Jim. I got it. Just, I don't want you to hurt yourself.

Jack looks back and forces another smile. He continues to drag the bag.

JIM

No, don't worry about me. I'll get it, it's the least I could do for everything that's been happening in the last few days.

Jim starts to walk toward Jack.

JACK

I don't need your help, Jim. Really.

JIM

No, my momma always told me if somebody said they don't need help, they do.

Jim get's closer to Jack and tries to get the bag off him. Jack refuses to give in. Jim rests his baseball bat on the ground.

JIM (CONT'D)

Give it to me. I'll carry it!

JACK

No, I said I fucking got it!

Jim pays no attention. He pushes Jack out of the way. The bag falls to the ground.

JIM

See, that wasn't too hard was it.

Jim gets down and picks the bag up. He starts to carry it to the front door, but stops. The bag just twitched. Jim is horrified. He feels the arms of somebody in there. Before he can turn around, he get's a home run swing to the face.

Jim falls down with half the bones on his face broken. Jack holds the baseball bat. He hits Jim a few more times. Blood spurts onto his Jack's face.

JACK

Shit!

Blood drips from the bat. He throws it away and looks at Jim's dead body. He then stares at the boot of his car. It's still open. He picks up Jim and puts him in there. He closes the boot and locks it.

Jack then carries the bag to the front door and drops it. He unlocks the door and walks in.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack enters the house. He drags the bag behind him. To his left there is a walkway to a kitchen. He heads in that direction. Jack enters the kitchen.

The kitchen is connected to the living room. There is no wall separating them. He continues to walk. Jack reaches the living room. He hears a moan. It's from the bag.

THE BUTCHER

Where am I...

Jack hurries his pace and continues to the end of the living room.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Oh, shit...

The bag moves. Jim is nearly there. He reaches the end of the living room. To his side, there is a staircase. It leads up. Beside the staircase there is a door.

Jack opens the it. There are stairs which lead down. A nail stuck into the wall shines.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

HEY! What the hell?

Jack looks worried. He hears scratching coming from the front of the house. The bag shakes in rhythm.

He looks towards the kitchen and then looks back at the bag. He kicks it down the stairs. The bag bounces down the stairs and Jack runs the other way.

The bag's thuds continue until a rip is heard. Jack doesn't notice.

He bolts down the house until he reaches the front door. He cautiously looks through the peephole. Nobody. The scratching continues.

Jack opens the front door by an inch. It's Buster. He claws at the door. Jack opens it the whole way. Buster notices him and stops.

JACK
What are you doing here?

Buster pouts at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of here!

Jack steps forward in a rapid motion. The dog flinches but still stays there. Jack crouches.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't want me to hurt you,
Buster do you?

Jack gets his pistol out and points it at the dog's face. Jack squints his eyes and waits for a few seconds. He sighs.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Jack gets up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on, Buster.

Jack closes the door and Buster comes in. He follows Jack to the kitchen. Jack looks into the fridge. He takes out a bit of steak and gets a knife from the counter.

Jack cuts the steak in half and puts it on a plate. He lays it on the ground.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here, boy.

Buster digs in. Jack goes to put the knife back but stops and thinks. He looks back to the stairs at the end of the house. He walks there with the knife in hand and reaches the door.

It's closed unlike before. A shadow is seen upstairs. Jack doesn't notice. He opens the door, knife ready. Nobody. He looks down. The bag The Butcher was in is ripped. There's nobody inside.

Footsteps are heard. Jack ducks down and dodges The Butcher's punch from behind him. The butcher stumbles back to the living room's wall.

Jack lunges in to stab him but misses. The knife goes into the wall. He tries to take it out but notices The Butcher's hook that heads for his face. Jack dodges it and steps away from the knife.

The Butcher pulls it out of the wall and swings repeatedly. Each swing pushes Jack's back to the kitchen.

Buster notices and barks like crazy. The Butcher looks at the dog. Jack notices and pulls The Butcher's arm forward with the knife and bangs it on a counter. The Butcher's grip loosens and he drops the knife.

The Butcher follows with an uppercut which connects to Jack's face. Jack's stumbles back. The Butcher smiles. He goes in for another punch but Jack dodges and counters. The Butcher steps back and slips on the steak.

He drops to the ground like a stone in water. Jack takes advantage of this and jumps on him. Jack beats The Butcher like crazy but he defends himself with his arms. Jack gets the plate and smashes it against The Butcher's head.

The Butcher goes unconscious.

INT. JACK'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Butcher wakes up to water being poured on his head. He looks around. Duct tape binds him to a chair but it seems like a rushed job. He is in the middle of the basement with the light that hangs above his head.

The basement is very messy with cardboard boxes that sit at the perimeter. Tools of different sorts lay behind the butcher. They look like they haven't been touched in years.

To his left a staircase leads up to an open door. Jack stands behind The Butcher. He paces around while he holds the knife in his hand.

JACK

You awake?

The Butcher reveals his psycho grin.

THE BUTCHER

Is there a problem... Officer!

He laughs like a maniac.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm just too funny!

Jack punches The Butcher in the face. That shuts him up.

JACK

You know why you're here?

THE BUTCHER

Um... Cause I eat people?

JACK

You think that's funny?

Jack raises his hand and slices The Butcher's face. Blood pours from his cheek and a little bit drains to his mouth.

THE BUTCHER

Jesus Christ! You know how bad my blood tastes?

The Butcher spits it out. Jack looks at him dead in the eyes. Jack gets teary.

JACK

Why her. Tell me!

THE BUTCHER

What?

JACK

My wife! Why did you do it!

THE BUTCHER

Oh!

The Butcher grins.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

That fucking hag!

Jack punches him in the face, a tooth pops out.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Oooo, that hurt!

The Butcher begins to laughs.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You know why I remember her? Cause she wouldn't shut her fucking ugly mouth!

JACK

You badmouth my wife again, and I'll fucking kill you.

THE BUTCHER

Oh! You don't wanna kill me! I've never tasted a police chief before. And anyways! You'd wanna know what she said before I cut her tongue out.

Jack looks at him and grabs The Butcher by the throat. The Butcher says nothing, he strains at the wrist. The tape starts to give in.

Jack lets go and punches him in the face.

JACK

What? What did she say!

THE BUTCHER

Hey, alright. Let's play a game. We both answer each other's questions one by one, how's that?

Jack steps back and thinks for a moment.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

It's only a matter of time before somebody notices that guy's blood outside your house. The morning is nearly here and the police will probably come and check your house soon.

The duct tape begins to stretch. Jack doesn't notice.

JACK

How did you know about Jim?

THE BUTCHER

The blood on your face. It's fresh and I know it's not your blood. Now, you wanna play the game or just be arrested in a few hours anyway?

A few seconds pass.

JACK

Alright...

THE BUTCHER

What was that?

JACK

Alright!

The Butcher laughs and he spits out some blood.

THE BUTCHER

Me first... I wanna know how you found me.

The Butcher is dead serious this time. Jack doesn't answer.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You sure that's how you wanna do it?

Jack sighs.

JACK

Twenty years ago when I first got into homicide, we found half eaten body parts at the same road. The next night I came here by myself because I knew something was up.

The Butcher seems intrigued.

THE BUTCHER

Yeah?

A beat.

JACK

You have a cycle. I know all the locations you go to. I waited here for days waiting for you to come. And guess what? You did.

THE BUTCHER

Oh darn! I thought it would be something more interesting.

A small strip of the tape tears.

JACK

Now! Tell me what she fucking said!

THE BUTCHER

Wait, not yet you grumpy bum. If I tell you, then you'll just kill me.

Jack punches him in the face a few times and steps back.

JACK

Wait. You think you got a fucking choice, huh? You don't have anything you can do to me!

THE BUTCHER

Oh yeah? What the fuck can you do to me? In fact, you have no fucking choice. You're fucked either way. Hoooo! Oh no! Whatchu gonna do! Hit me again!

He laughs hysterically.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

So! You gonna play my little game, pig?

Jack gives him another beating.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I guess that's a yes!

The Butcher continues to fidget with his wrists.

JACK

Alright, here's my question. Why torture her? Why...

The Butcher grins.

THE BUTCHER

Why? Why not? It's just like how you wake up in the morning and you have an erection? I mean why?

Jack's furious. He hits The Butcher in the face and shows the knife to him.

JACK

Anymore bullshit, and I will cut your fucking ears off.

THE BUTCHER

Ok! Calm down!

The Butcher looks up which stretches the tape more. He looks back at Jack.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You know... This isn't something I can help. I tried not to. I did. It's like an addiction.

(MORE)

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

But let me just say this. I cannot break the cycle!

JACK

But why Stacey? Why her?

THE BUTCHER

Nuh, uh, ah. That's another question! It's my turn now. Why did you slow down on the road? Why didn't you just end my miserable life?

JACK

I..

His voice breaks.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wanted to know about my wife... I just needed some answers...

The Butcher is nearly through with the duct tape. Jack looks the other way and walks to the end of the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

I loved her so much...

He begins to cry and falls on his knees. He drops the knife. The Butcher looks at him. The tape finally rips. Jack looks back to see the butcher ripping the tape at his legs.

Jack runs to stop him but he is already out. The Butcher grabs the chair and slams it against Jack's body. The chair breaks and bits of pieces from it drop to the ground.

Jack stumbles back and tackles The Butcher to the ground. Jack begins to choke him with both hands. The Butcher tries to push away Jack but it's no use.

His hand wanders around to the side and try to search for something. Anything. He feels a sharp bit of the broken chair and grasps it. He slits Jack's throat and then begins to cough.

Jack lies there with his hands on his neck. The Butcher gets up and massages his throat. He looks at the knife and then walks towards it.

THE BUTCHER

Hey, Jack. You wanna know what your wife did before I cut out her tongue?

He bends down to pick up the knife.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

She was screaming her all cause I
cut her eyes out and--

A gunshot is heard. The Butcher's face goes blank. He looks back to see that Jack has a pistol pointed at him. Jack shoots it a few more times and The Butcher falls down.

Jack struggles to talk.

JACK

I'm sorry, Stacey.

Jack's grip loosens and he dies. The Butcher crawls towards him which leaves his trail of blood behind him. He reaches Jack and spits out a diamond ring. He starts to lick the blood that oozes from Jack's body.

From the staircase Buster runs to Jack. He joins The Butcher and starts to lick Jack's blood.

FADE OUT:

THE END