

M.W.C.

by

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DRAFT 2
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Name
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1.

FADE IN:

EXT.-STREET- NIGHT

The sidewalks are still wet from the rain as people walk past and old building with a sign that reads " THE HUNGRY SOUL'S RESTAURANT".

INT.-THE HUNGRY SOUL'S RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Three men sit at a table in a silent restaurant talking back and forth. COREY the man with black hair with stubble on his face wearing glasses. CHASE is the tallest of the group and very clean shaved. NATHAN is the biggest of the three with kind of curley hair. COREY raises his glass in the air as do the other.

COREY

This is the five year anniversary of
the greatest night of our lives. May
we remember it for many years to come.

They tap their glasses together and you notice a matching set of wedding rings on each persons hand. They all drink as NATHAN waves the waiter over.

NATHAN

We need three shots of whiskey and
three beers. Pronto!

The waiter nods his head with a half smile on his face. NATHAN turns back to the others as the waiter walks away toward the bar. CHASE leans back in his chair and crosses his arms and looks at COREY.

CHASE

So..Dr. Toes, how goes the business?
Still up to your ass in stinking feet?

They all laugh at the lame joke about his occupation. COREY leans in closer positioning his elbows on the table looking around at everyone.

COREY

Actually business is going quite well
and i love my job. You two might find
feet disgusting but i find them just
as beautiful as any other body part,
considerably more so in some cases.

(CONTINUED)

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NATHAN

Theres no doubt that all of us here are a little fucked up but that foot fetish thing. That's just a bit of overkill isn't it?

COREY looks in NATHAN'S direction.

COREY

(smiling)

For someone who keeps their hand up a toys ass all day. Your not exactly in line to be calling me fucked up.

NATHAN

As you know im doing William Shakespeare's "A mid summers night's dream".

CHASE

(gesturing his class)

With marionettes! I think he's been sticking more than his hand up there.

The waiter walks over and distributes drinks all around and walks away.

NATHAN

Okay. Okay. Look at you two assholes. CHASE with your mason business and you with your clinic. I still remember you two working night shift at the junkyard.

CHASE

I've moved up. I'm laying foundations for houses. I'm the top guy. But, COREY im surprised you left. You were Mr. Junkyard dog.

NATHAN

Yeah. You used to moonlight out there while you did your residence. You did that for years.

COREY

(with a grin)

I do have a fondness for the old scrap yard as you know. All the best memories' took place there.

The three smile at the statement. The table becomes quite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COREY pulls a an aged yellow envelope from his coat pocket sliding it to the middle of the table.

COREY

Now. The reason we are all here. I received this letter from THE POSTMAN last week.

NATHAN and CHASE lean in closer.

The three look around to see if anyone is listening.

COREY

(pointing at the letter)

According to this. we have to relocate everything. THE POSTMAN can only keep things clear for a couple of days.

NATHAN and CHASE lean even closer in and begin to talk in a whisper.

CHASE

(In a hushed but angry tone)

How the fuck are we suppose to get this done by then. Getting mine moved is practically impossible.

NATHAN

(with a grin)

You should have thought about that before. You got to plan ahead. I did. Mines portable.

CHASE leans back in his chair and rubs his hands down his worried face.

CHASE

Fuck you.

COREY

Alright. We will go first thing tomorrow. It should be clear and if NATHAN and I get done early we can come help you.

CHASE

I'll need it.

The bartender rings the bell at the bar. Getting everybody's attention. The three look in his direction.

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CONTINUED: (3)

BARTENDER
Last call! Last call!

NATHAN, COREY, and CHASE rise from there chairs pulling on there coats. COREY grabs the letter from the table sliding it in his pocket as he lays money down. The three head for the exit.

EXT.- THE HUNGRY SOUL'S RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The three stumble out on to the sidewalk. They all go there separate ways. In the background a dark figure leans against the wall dragging on a cigarette watching.

FADE TO BLACK.

In the darkness you can hear voices.

GIRL
(V.O. in a soft voice)
Where are we going?

COREY
(V.O. Also in a soft voice)
Just set back. Its going to be a surprise. Im going to show you something majestic.

GIRL
(V.O. Continued)
Okay. I trust you.

Then you hear aloud SCREAM and a GUNSHOT.

INT.- VAN- JUNKYARD- NIGHT

COREY bursts awake breathing heavily as he looks around at his surroundings. The dashboard in front of him is aged to a dull yellow. The windshield is cracked formed by a hole in the center. COREY raises slowly from the seat as he looks through the window seeing masses of cars stacked and crowded side by side around him. He tries the door knobs with no prevail moving to the back of the van he notices the stained carpet under his feet. As he raises his head you can see a look of confusion and horror as he bursts to the back doors. He slowly reaches for the door knob as he peers through the window he sees a girl in a wheelchair under a lamp post facing the opposite direction in the distance. He hears a voice behind him.

GIRL (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
I trusted you.I trusted you.

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He turns his head around to see the radio is on and screaming static. He turns back around to notice the girl in the wheelchair is gone. A confused look appears on his face. He grabs the handle of the door. The hinges creek as the door opens bring an unsettling chill down his back. He slides from the van to the outside.

EXT.- JUNKYARD- NIGHT

He looks at the lamp post where she was as he moves closer in a cautiousness manner. The sounds of the settling metal of the stack cars heightens his senses. Looking around in the darkness he can hear the voice again.

GIRL (O.S.)
(in a angry whisper)
You want to see something majestic?

The van doors slam shut as he tries to jump back in the van. He bangs against the doors as he sees the girl in the wheelchair in the corner of his eye back at the lamp post. He slowly begins to turn his head in her direction as his face becomes covered in complete terror. A hand grabs his ankle from under the van knocking him to the ground. He kicks his feet as he pulls himself from the ground and begins to run toward a building down an isle of stacked cars. Hes breathing heavy as he passes the cars reaching the building door. Turning the knob realizing it's locked.

COREY
Fuck...fuck fuck.

As he jiggles the door knob.

COREY (CONT'D)
God dammit!

He reaches down and grabs a piece of metal and busts the window open. Reaching through and undoing the lock. He pushes the door open slamming it shut behind him.

INT.- JUNKYARD OFFICE- NIGHT

He locks the deadbolt back as he moves the office desk in front of it. He backs away to the far wall looking around the old barren office reaching in his pocket for his cell phone. The pocket is empty.

COREY
(in a sobbing voice)
Shit!

As he bangs his fists against the wall. He hears his phone ring. He moves closer to the door seeing outside the window his phone lighting up and lying in the middle isle of cars.

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He looks around outside and slowly moves the desk out in front of the door. Unlocking the lock and sliding outside the door.

EXT.- JUNKYARD- NIGHT

Looking around in the darkness edging closer to the phone. Reaching down he grabs the phone. He starts to dial a number into the phone as he hears a low GROWL. A the girls head pops up behind the phone. He face is paste white with a hole in her forehead just before he hairline. The skin on her face is drooping down to a blackened open mouth. He jumps back as he sees the rest of her mangled body. Her legs are amputated with rubber hoses wrapped around as she drags herself closer to him smearing a black liquid in her wake. She screams at him as he runs toward the building. Reaching the door he is tripped and she pulls herself on top of him as he screams.

COREY
(screaming)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

She puts her mouth on to his as she oozes a black liquid into his mouth filling his lungs. Muffling his screams.

GIRL (O.S.)
(in a satisfied voice)
Majestic.

FADE TO:

EXT.- JUNKYARD GATE- DAY

A car drives up the gate and stops. Two men exit the care. The driver is a older man wearing a stained and wrinkled dress shirt with a brown tie. The passenger is a young clean cut guy dressed in a freshly pressed black suit. The two approach the entrance as the older man throws his hand in front of the younger one turning toward him.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(with a serious look)
You ready for this rookie? This isn't
going to be pretty?

The younger one with an confident gesture of sticking his hands in his pocket and looking ahead.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
Yes sir. Nothing i can't handle.

Rocking upon his toes and back down to his heels.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Okay. Lets get going then.

EXT.- JUNKYARD- DAY

Pulling the yellow crime scene tape over his head and walking a head. LANDIS follows suit. They walk forward passing between the stacked vehicles as they wonder upon the forensic team crouched around the entrance of the office. a black haired lady rises up from her position to greet the detectives. MCKEE reaches in his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes nudging one from the package and lodging it in between his lips.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
I'm detective Mckee and this is
detective Landis.

While lighting his cigarette.

DETECTIVE MCKEE (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

FORENSIC'S WOMAN
Where not exactly sure. All we know is
he cam from that direction.

Pointing her hand in the direction of the van.

FORENSIC'S WOMAN (CONT'D)
Seeing how we found his cell phone
lying in the middle of the isle. He
stumbled over to this office.

Walking the detectives over to the entrance of the office.
pointing at the door.

FORENSIC'S WOMAN (CONT'D)
Breaking the glass so he could reach
in and unlock the door. Then went
through all the trouble of moving this
desk in front of it and moving it back
out again.

The detectives lean in and look at the marks on the ground where the desk had been moved. LANDIS looking down at the dead body with a look of disgust on his face.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
(through gags)
Whats all the black stuff all over
him?

FORENSIC'S WOMAN
It's what your blood becomes after
your dead. But, the weird thing is.
It's not his. His lungs are filled
with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pointing at the mans mouth where it is stained.

FORENSIC'S WOMEN (CONT'D)
I don't know how to explain this.

MCKEE taking a drag from his cigarette.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(with a smile)
Maybe he's a vampire? You know
creature of the night and shit like
that.

Everyone looks at him with a puzzled look.

DETECTIVE MCKEE (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding. We will take it from
here.

FORENSIC'S WOMEN
He's all yours. We are done here. Ill
go get the gurney and load him up.

The women waves her hand to the others and the walk off.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
(holding his breath)
Have you ever seen something like
this?

MCKEE kneeling down next to the body.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(in a low voice)
Not exactly.

As he pulls out a ink pin and taps it on the double wedding
band on the mans left hand. looking up at LANDIS and then back
at the body noticing a wrinkled envelope sticking from his
jacket pocket. Sliding the pin inside and lifting the jacket
up and sliding the envelope out.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
What is it?

Moving closer in MCKEE's direction.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(looking confused)
I'm not sure. It does not make any
sense. I'll take this to the lab and
see what we get off it.

Standing and motioning for LANDIS to follow. Tucking the
envelope into his jacket pocket.

EXT.- JUNKYARD GATE- DAY

MCKEE and LANDIS walk up to the car and look at each other from each side.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
I hope your ready for this. I think
this is just the beginning of a very
bad day.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
(intrigued)
You think so? What tell s you that?

MCKEE's phone rings and he answers it.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
MCKEE.okay. where on our way.

MCKEE slides the phone into his pocket and slides into the drivers seat. LANDIS bends down and peers through the drivers side window.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
What's going on?

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Get in. We got another one.

Landis slides in and the car pulls away.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHASE (V.O.)
I got a surprise for you. No... keep
your eyes closed.

GIRL #2 (V.O.)
Where are you taking me. Come on...
where are we?

CHASE (V.O.)
Okay. Open your eyes.

GIRL #2 (V.O.)
What is it? Why did you bring me here?

CHASE (V.O.)
I thought you would like to see what
i've been working on.

GIRL #2 (V.O.)
This is what you have been dying for
me to see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

You can hear a scraping noise and a THUD and slight whimper. a bag is ripped open and what sounds like sand pouring on the ground.

CHASE (V.O.)
You look beautiful honey.

A loud metal blade object smacks against concrete.

FADE IN:

INT.- BEDROOM- NIGHT

CHASE lays a sleep in a big four poster bed. His eyes flutter as he opens them. Slowly rising to a sitting position on the bed rubbing his eyes. He looks around to notice a dusty room with torn wallpaper on the wall revealing the faded yellow chipped paint. Rises to his feet as he moves to the window looking out seeing the woods around.

CHASE
(confused mumble)
Where am i?

Footsteps can be heard outside the door. He moves closer to the source of the sound behind the door.

CHASE
Hello? who's out there?

Moving his hand toward the door knob.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Hello?

He starts to turn the door knob as he hears sobs behind the door.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Do you need help?

Swinging the door open to reveal an empty hallway. He continues through the doorway and into the hall.

INT.- HALLWAY- NIGHT

The hallway is dim litten from the moonlight outside. The floor boards creek as he takes each step. Moving at a slow but steady pace toward the staircase.

CHASE
Is anyone there?

A whisper is heard from the bottom of the stairs.

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GIRL #2 (O.S.)
 (in a whisper)
 Come and see.

CHASE moves closer to the top of the stairs looking down.

INT.- TOP OF STAIRS- NIGHT

CHASE starts to descend the stairs. each step he takes creeks the boards of the stairs. Looking at the bottom sees a shadow pass by. stopping him in his tracks.

CHASE
 (in a stern voice)
 This isn't funny. Show yourself. I'm hung over and am not in the mood for games.

He begins down again foot over foot reaching the bottom of the stairs.

INT.- BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS- NIGHT

CHASE grips his hand around the banister as he leans out to take a look. A living room sets on his right baron and cold. shifting his weight in the other direction he sees a kitchen rusty and gritty. Placing his foot in front of him he begins toward the living room. Peering through the darkness he hears a CLANG behind him. He twists around to make out the source. A pan had fallen from the stove top. He walks steady toward the kitchen.

CHASE
 Who's in there. Come out. I know your there.

Edging closer to the entrance of the kitchen peering in.

INT.- KITCHEN- NIGHT

CHASE sees a medium sized kitchen with wooden flooring. A table decorated with candles and dirty plates sets to his right. He proceeds toward the table. Looking closer he sees a smear of blood on the table top.

CHASE
 What the fuck?

As he leans in for a closer look a rotted wooden door slowly creeks open with nothing but darkness inside. A whisper from the darkness is head.

GIRL #2
 (in a gravely whisper)
 Evelyn.

(CONTINUED)

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CHASE'S face drops at the mention of the name.

CHASE
(stuttering)
No no no. It can't be.

Scraping noises can be heard sliding up the wooden steps as it comes closer and closer. CHASE turns and runs from the kitchen toward the front door.

INT.- FRONT DOOR- NIGHT

CHASE grabs ahold of the door knob looking back at the kitchen entrance. a women covered in solid cement crawling toward him scraping against the floor. He frantically turn the door knob but it won't open. She's right on top of him now grabbing his ankle bringing him to the ground.

CHASE
(through tears)
Get away from me! Get off!

Kicking at her and landing a firm hit to her face cracking a piece of cement off as black goo runs down her face. Halting her approach for a second giving him time to stumble to his feet. He enters the living room.

INT.- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

CHASE slings in to the far wall facing the entrance digs in his pocket for his cell phone. Dialing a number and holding it to his ear.

CHASE
(panicked)
Come on. Come on. Answer your phone
you asshole. shit!

He looks toward the living room entrance and sees nothing and hears nothing. He looks around for a weapon of some sort. he rips the old curtain iron down holding it like a baseball bat. He takes a swing shattering the window. He begins to crawl through as he hears a voice behind him.

GIRL #2
Do i look beautiful?

tears roll down his face as he turns his head around to see her cracked face looking up at him. She pulls him out of the window to the ground.

EXT.- HOUSE- NIGHT

The house is broken down two story in the middle of the woods.

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you can hear cement pounding and cracking as yells emerge from the inside and then nothing.

GIRL #2 (V.O.)
(in a slight whisper)
Evelyn.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT.- HOUSE- DAY

A sign sets into the yard saying "COMING SOON" with a picture of a sub division on it. MCKEE and LANDIS walk past it toward the house.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
What do you think is in there?

MCKEE lighting up a cigarette.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
There's only one way to find out.

Gesturing at the house. The two walk toward the house.
Entering.

INT.- ENTRANCE- DAY

MCKEE and LANDIS step in feeling something under their feet. They both look down to see bits of cement trailing from the kitchen to the living room.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
(confused)
What the hell does this mean?

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Nothing good. Im sure.

Flicking his cigarette out the doorway onto the grass. They proceed into the living room.

INT.- LIVING ROOM- DAY

They see a man lying next to the far window with his head smashed in a bloody fashion. LANDIS puts his hand over his mouth in disgust. MCKEE noticing leans over to him.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Why don't you go see about the rest of the house while I look into this.

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LANDIS nods his head in compliance as he walks away. MCKEE moves in closer to the body kneeling down and noticing the double wedding band on the mans left hand. A look of interest comes across his face. LANDIS walks in the room behind him.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
sir! Your going to want to see this.

Gesturing his hand in the direction of the kitchen. MCKEE looks over his shoulder toward LANDIS.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(annoyed)
What is it now?

INT.- KITCHEN- DAY

MCKEE enters behind LANDIS.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
It's a kitchen. What did you want me to see.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
Not in here. Down there.

Pointing at the basement door. MCKEE walks over to the entrance peering down into the basement. He proceeds downward into the darkness turning on his flashlight.

INT.- BASEMENT- DAY

They both creep down the stairs. Their flashes lights revealing the concrete walls like a storm shelter with can food perched up on the shelves. They both shine their lights at the center of the floor. The cement has been torn up and a trail of broken concrete is laying around leading up the stairs. They both look at each other.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
What the fuck is this? This shit just keeps getting stranger and stranger.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(disengaging tone)
Tell me about it. well lets head up top and see what forensics has to say about this one.

They both head up the stairs.

EXT.- HOUSE- DAY

MCKEE and LANDIS exit the house and walk up to the forensic team.

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DETECTIVE MCKEE

Did you find anything that can help
sum up the shit that happened in
there?

Pulling out a pack of smokes and pounding them against his
hand.

FORENSIC'S WOMAN

Yeah. A little. His head was smashed
in with a piece of stone or something
similar. We also found his cell phone
laying next to him....

Pulling ou a plastic bag containing the cell phone. She
presses a button showing the last call.

FORENSIC'S WOMAN (CONT'D)

This is the last dialed number on his
phone. This number belongs to our
victim at the junkyard. How theses are
connected beats me.

MCKEE looks at LANDIS with a puzzled look on his face. looking
back at the woman.

DETECTIVE MCKEE

Is that all?

FORENSIC'S WOMAN

That's all we got right now. But, if
anything else comes up. you'll be the
first to know.

DETECTIVE MCKEE

Thank you.

MCKEE and LANDIS start walking back toward their car.

DETECTIVE LANDIS

So, what were looking at is a double
homicide? Have you ever had joining
cases in your 5 years of being down
here?

DETECTIVE MCKEE

No. Do you have to ask so many
questions?

DETECTIVE LANDIS

(smirking)

It's my job.

MCKEE turns his head in LANDIS's direction.

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DETECTIVE MCKEE

When i was a rookie. I was just like you. Thinking this is my job. But, trust me. It becomes your life. I hope your prepared for that. Everything you work for turns to shit.

Pulling a cigarette from his pack and lighting it as he walks. LANDIS standing still motionless with a look of worry on his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

You can hear the howling of the wind through the trees. The trees crack from the force of the winds.

NATHAN (V.O.)

Have you ever seen the stars so bright in the sky?

GIRL #3 (V.O.)

No. Never. Why are we out here?

NATHAN (V.O.)

I thought i could so you the greatest so on earth.

You can hear a blade slicing through meat as small gasps for air are heard.

FADE IN:

EXT.- WOODS- NIGHT

NATHAN's burst open his eyes as he tries to move he looks around to notice he is tied up with strings attached in his arms and legs. He struggles letting out a CRY. He goes limp looking at his surroundings. There are chairs with marionettes in them facing toward a wooden chest sitting at the edge of the wood line. His face fills with terror. A cold breeze blows.

GIRL #3 (O.S.)

(in hollow voice)

The greatest show on earth.

NATHAN struggles once again to tear himself loose at no prevail. He looks forward to see the lid of the box start to open. He holds his breath as the creaking of the lid echoes through the trees. He YELLS.

NATHAN

(yelling)

Im sorry! Im sorry!

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A women rises from a bended position into a standing position. Over her face is a porcelain mask stitched to her face. Her body is twisted with her arms and legs stained red from the hooks buried into them. She rises as the strings pull tight into a christ like position.

NATHAN pulls on the ropes with all his strength as he notices the marionettes in the chairs twist around toward him. His heart sinks in his chest as he looks back at the women over the crate.

NATHAN
(in a raspy voice)
I...I'm sorry. Please for...

The women's mouth opens and a loud howling scream protrudes out cutting his apology short. She unhinges her arms and legs and fly's toward him howling. Until she is face to face with him. She whispers to him.

GIRL #3
(low tone)
Show me. Show me.

The ropes tighten as NATHAN screams in pain.

NATHAN
(yelling in pain)
No! Don't do this!

As his arms and legs are ripped from his torso. His head falls to his chest as the life drains from his body. The women screams on more time in his face.

CUT TO:

INT.- OFFICE- MCKEE HOUSE- DUSK

A phone rings LOUD as MCKEE rises his head off of his desk. Looking dazzled. He reaches over and grabs the phone from his coat pocket pressing it to his ear.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
What is it?

DETECTIVE LANDIS (O.S.)
We got another one.

MCKEE perks up from his chair.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Where?

CUT TO:

EXT.- WOODS- DUSK

LANDIS is standing by the NATHAN's body. Holding a phone to his ear.

DETECTIVE LANDIS
The woods at the edge of town. But,
theres more.

Scratching the back of his head.

DETECTIVE MCKEE (O.S.)
(interested tone)
More? what do you mean more?

DETECTIVE LANDIS
We found more bodies. Two women near
the guys. The one at the junkyard was
crushed underneath the van. It looked
like who ever killed her had amputated
her legs and shot her in the head.

CUT TO:

INT.- BEDROOM- MCKEE HOUSE- DUSK

Moving into his bedroom.

DETECTIVE MCKEE
(curious)
And the other?

Kneeling down and reaching under his bed.

DETECTIVE LANDIS (O.S.)
You remember the basement at the
house?

DETECTIVE MCKEE
Yeah.

Still searching under the bed.

DETECTIVE LANDIS (O.S.)
Well, she was in the floor. she was
buried in the concrete. It looked like
her head was smashed open with an axe
or something.

MCKEE pulls a box out from under the bed labeled "cold case"

DETECTIVE MCKEE
You don't say.

Flipping through the box and his eyes widen.

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DETECTIVE LANDIS (O.S.)

Wait... what? Your not going to believe this. We just found another woman. She's in a wooden box. It looks like who ever did this turned her into an living doll. Fuck. We are going to need you down here.

MCKEE moves himself with his back against the mattress of his bed. Facing his bedroom doorway.

DETECTIVE MCKEE

Okay. I'm on my way.

Closing his phone and sitting it next to him. He pulls an envelope from his pocket and throws it on the ground next to the files scattered around. He looks down seeing the three men that had been murdered in the photos. He pulls a cigarette to his mouth as he lights it. Sucking in the bitter taste staring forward. A shadowy figure appears in the bathroom to the left of MCKEE. He takes another drag.

DETECTIVE MCKEE

(exhaling smoke)

I thought you would come.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.

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