

**TRUNK OF DEATH**

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**FADE IN...**

**INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

...ON A SCUFFED-UP LOOKING DOOR.

Door's number plate reads: Apt. #303

A cacophony of SOUNDS: power saw, sawing. Blender, blending. Pounder, pounding---seep out into the hallway from behind the closed door.

The SOUNDS stop abruptly.

MOMENTS LATER

Door's deadbolt unlocks with a CLACK.

Doorhandle spins.

Door swings open.

**GUY**, 20s, an innocuous-looking fella wearing thin-rimmed spectacles, stands center in the doorway.

Cautiously, he pokes his head out to check the coast is clear.

It is.

Guy dips back into the apartment.

Door swings shut with a CLAP.

MOMENTS LATER

Door cracks back open.

Guy jerks and tugs on a large TRAVELER'S TRUNK, dragging it through the doorway, out into the hallway.

He closes the door and locks it. Pockets the key.

Then proceeds to tow the heavy trunk down the deserted hallway--a process seemingly futile for such a scrawny-looking individual.

But Guy remains resolute. A man on a mission.

**INT. HALL - NEAR ELEVATOR - DAY**

Guy tugs and pulls the trunk, inching his way toward the elevator.

But when only feet away from his goal,

A different apartment door swings open, #315, and GARY, 20s, steps out into the hallway.

GARY  
Need some help there?

GUY  
Umm. Nah.

Gary ignores Guy's answer and grabs one of the handles on the trunk anyway. And lifts.

GUY (CONT'D)  
Umm. Okay then.

So the two begin waddling the trunk the rest of the way to the elevator, when...

GARY  
Geez. Whatcha got crammed in this thing, anyway?  
(sarcastically)  
A dead body?

Guy's eyes narrow to a slit with murderous rage.

Gary's eyes widen: 'oh, shit!'

**INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE APT #303 - LATER THAT DAY**

A cacophony of sounds: power saw, SAWING. Blender, BLENDING. Pounder, POUNDING---leak out from behind the closed door.

The SOUNDS quiet.

Door swivels open.

Guy jerks and tugs the large trunk back into the hallway for a second time.

**INT. HALLWAY - AT THE ELEVATOR - DAY**

Guy presses the down button.

And waits for the door to open.

But nothing happens. So Guy pokes the button again.

And again. Nada. Nothing happens.

As Guy reaches to press the button for the third time, the floor's stairwell door pops open---revealing:

EDDY, 20s.

EDDY

Elevator ain't working, Homie.  
Shit, man. (pointing to trunk)  
Thing looks heavy as fluck. Need  
some help?

GUY

Umm. No, it's--

Too late... Eddy latches his hand around the handle of the trunk and lifts.

EDDY

Don't be silly. We'll hafta take  
the stairs, though.

The two lug the trunk over to the stairwell door.

EDDY (CONT'D)

You're lucky you caught me--I'm on  
my way to--geez, what'd you pack in  
this thing? Rocks? Books?  
(sarcastically)  
An ex girlfriend?

Guy's eyes narrow.

Eddy's eyes flare.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - EVEN LATER THAT DAY**

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP of the weighted trunk bouncing off steps as Guy tugs it down the stairs.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DOWNSTAIRS LOBBY - DAY**

Stairwell door swings open. And Guy jerks/wrestles the trunk through the doorway, out into the lobby.

On the other side of the lobby:

the elevator door slides open, and the building's MAINTENANCE WORKER, 50s, steps out.

## MAINTENANCE DUDE

(to Guy)

Elevator's fixed--shit, that looks heavy. Here lemme...

Maintenance Dude grabs the handle of the trunk and helps Guy carry the chest full of bodies the rest of the way over to the exit.

## MAINTENANCE DUDE (CONT'D)

Geez-us, thing's friggin' heavy.

Whatcha packin'?

(sarcastically)

A corpse?!

## GUY

(exhausted-ly)

YES! For god's sake. I'm a psychopathic serial killer, and there are 3 people, chopped up, wrapped in newspaper, stuffed inside this trunk. So go ahead and call the cops, I don't care!

Maintenance Dude looks at Guy, quizzically. Then bursts out into LAUGHTER at the absurdity.

Slapping Guy on the shoulder...

## MAINTENANCE DUDE

Yeah?! Well no shit. Me too!

(then)

You should see the storage fridge in the basement!

Guy cracks a puzzled smile. Then.

The two stare intensely at one another.

Then.

Start LAUGHING manically like two crazy lunatics. Then...

## MAINTENANCE DUDE (CONT'D)

Y'crazy sonuvabitch, enjoy the rest of your day!

Maintenance Guy shuffles off as...

Guy lumbers his way out the front door, dragging his trunk of death along behind him.

**THE END.**