

A Killer Concept

By

Greg Thomson

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INT. SHED - NIGHT.

The sound of fingers hitting a typewriter fills the room.

Stuffed animal heads adorn the walls. A harpoon and shotgun are grandly displayed on antique weapon racks.

The writer, and inhabitant of this shack, replete with black turtle-neck sweater and horn-rimmed glasses, is JOHN MEACHEN, (50's).

He types manically - puffing furiously on a cigarette, stopping only to fill his whisky glass.

JOHN (VOICEOVER)

Killing your wife is never how it looks in the movies.

John stops writing and looks pensively out the glass door towards the house.

JOHN (VO CONTD)

Or how I used to write it in my novels.

A pile of old horror hardbacks gather dust on the table - titles like BLOOD CURLER, SILENT NIGHT, RAVENOUS LUST - all written by John W. H. Meachen.

JOHN (VO CONTD)

But my wife was right about one thing... I should have bought a bigger freezer.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EARLIER

John opens the deep chest freezer and stares into the bloody mess. It's hard to tell what's animal meat and what's wife meat.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - CONTINUED

John stubs out a cigarette and lights another.

JOHN (VO CONTD)

There's no real preparation for a thing like that.

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John holds his head in his hands, then reaches for the bottle.

JOHN (VO CONTD)  
One of the first things you learn  
is that you should have considered  
clean-up.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLIER

John frantically tries to soak up the pool of thick arterial ooze from the lush white carpet.

His wife's hacked up body lies in several places around the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - NIGHT

John savours the cigarette.

JOHN (VO CONTD)  
The next thing you learn is that  
you killed her at three o'clock in  
the afternoon and your daughter is  
coming round at three thirty.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLIER

John's daughter, MELISSA, (20's), opens the front door and skips along to the living room.

MELISSA  
Hey Mom, Chad's coming over tonight  
and I told him we could...

Melissa stops dead as she sees her Dad wiping up pieces of her Mom.

MELISSA  
Daddy...?

Without hesitation, John rushes towards her, axe held aloft - and brings it crashing down on her neck.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

John opens the freezer - it is full to the brim with his wife.

He takes the bags full of his daughter...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

...and drops the binbags at the end of the driveway, next to the dustbins.

As he walks back into the house a neighbour sticks his head over the fence.

This is A.J, (40's).

A.J  
Heya, Johnny, how goes it? Wanna play some x-box?

JOHN  
Not tonight A.J, I've got things on my mind.

A.J  
No probs Johnny boy, I'll come over tomorrow to pick up that twenty you owe me.

John considers this for a moment.

JOHN  
Hey, A.J, on second thoughts, why don't you come over after all? I think I've got time for a little game.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

John has fresh blood stains on him and carries another pile of binbags out to the end of the drive.

JOHN (TO BINBAGS)  
We'll have to make it an I.O.U on that twenty, old buddy.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - NIGHT

John stares at the freshly cleaned axe hanging on the wall.

JOHN (VO)

And you sure as hell learn who your  
friends are. But do you know the  
most important thing you learn...?

John takes one long, glorious puff on the cigarette and  
smiles.

JOHN (VO)

...That it's gonna make one hell of  
a story.

John turns back to the typewriter, grinning manically as he  
writes his masterpiece.

FADE OUT