

JUSTICE AT SUNDOWN

OVER BLACK

The sound of duct tape being unraveled and torn.

FADE IN:

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A photograph is held against a sheet of glass and secured to it with a single piece of tape.

It's a picture of two women, early twenties, a huge smile on each of their faces. They wear academic gowns and hats.

COLIN (O.S.)
Why are you doing this?

The sound of duct tape being unraveled and torn continues.

A badly beaten COLIN, thirties, wouldn't look out of place on a street corner, begging for change, sits in a sturdy wooden chair. It's securely bolted down to a concrete floor.

He struggles in an attempt to break free but it's no use. His hands are tied firmly to the arm rests and legs even firmer to each other.

Colin is in the centre of a large greenhouse.

It seems to of been erected for this occasion. Not a plant pot in sight and no signs of life outside apart from a pick up truck in the near distance.

A man with his back turned continues to tape photographs to the glass. He wears a sharp suit and expensive looking shoes.

The photos are of men and women in their late teens. Around fifteen in total, the majority of which are women.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Where am I?

The man is oblivious. He continues to tape the photographs.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Is it money you want? I can get you money.

The man stops briefly to check his watch and is right back at it.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I won't tell anybody, I swear.
Please. I have a family.

This stops the man dead in his tracks.

He pauses a moment before pulling one last picture from his pocket and taping it dead centre above the door.

It's an old, wallet worn photograph of JULIEN, mid thirties, not overly attractive but has a certain warmth about her.

She is cuddled up next to her daughter, EMILY, eleven, adorably shy. She doesn't like having her picture taken and it shows.

The man slides the door open and casually walks outside.

Colin watches him leave. The man walks up to the pick up truck but only his legs are visible due to the photographs now covering the front top half of the greenhouse.

Colin glances around the room, then at the ropes around his arms. He bows his head and attempts to gnaw the rope but it's no use, he can't reach.

He looks down at his legs and manages to move them back and forth a little.

He stops and looks up to the sound of a heavy object being dragged across the bed of the truck.

He turns back to his legs for a brief moment until his eyes are drawn towards the doorway.

The man enters carrying a small rectangular dining table and places it in front of Colin.

Colin freezes as a realization hits him. He knows this man.

COLIN (CONT'D)
You don't have to do this.

The man heads back outside.

Colin seems more panicked than before. Even more so when he hears the truck door open briefly and slam shut.

He rubs the rope around his legs against the blunt chair leg but stops suddenly as the man approaches.

Colin's eyes widen as a small, brown briefcase lands on the table in front of him.

COLIN (CONT'D)
No, please.

It's opened to reveal a thick, black, almost leather like piece of string next to an unusually large sewing needle.

COLIN (CONT'D)
I'll do anything, anything you want.

DENNIS, late forties, sports a jet-black, side slick comb over and wears thick rimmed glasses which cover his pale, almost ghost like skin, leans into Colin's face.

Colin turns his head to avoid eye contact but Dennis swiftly grabs his jaw and forces it forward.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Please.

Dennis stares into his eyes a moment and lets go. Colin bows his head and sobs.

Dennis reaches inside his suit and pulls out a creased up, front page newspaper article.

He unfolds it, places it next to the briefcase and leaves.

Colin studies the article. The title reads 'Suspected "Stitch and Hitch Killer" Walks Free'.

Below the caption is a picture of a suited man leaving court. He has short black hair but holds up a small, brown briefcase to conceal his face.

Colin looks up. Dennis stands in the doorway, a sinister grin upon his face.

Colin shakes his head.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Do you really think this will make things right?

Dennis exits.

Colin watches as best he can through the glass but with a thick layer of condensation building and the light fading fast Dennis is now nothing more than a blurred figure.

After the sound of a lighter being sparked, he sees a faint light come to life. It flutters next to the glass outside. Then another a few inches apart. Then another.

Colin turns his attention back to the rope around his legs. He again tries to rub it against the chair leg but soon gives up.

He lifts one leg up and tries hard to keep the other firm on the ground. With great effort he manages to move one side of the rope from his calf to his shin.

He looks around. More lights. They almost surround the entire greenhouse.

Colin tries and almost succeeds to remove his shoe until the sound of the pick up truck door opening and closing distracts him.

He quickly slips the shoe back on just enough to go unnoticed and sits motionless.

Dennis returns with a silver cross pendant necklace in his hand. He stands in the doorway and stares at Colin a moment.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You don't have to do this.

Dennis lets a short burst of laughter slip. He checks his watch, turns around and hangs the necklace from the door frame.

Colin's fear turns to bitter rage. He lets out a deafening groan and pushes his torso back and forth in a hopeless attempt to break the chair.

COLIN (CONT'D)

If you really are a man of God. You better start praying to the cunt that I don't get out of this fucking chair!

Colin sucks up phlegm and spits at Dennis, hitting the back of his suit.

Dennis casually takes off his suit jacket and throws it outside. He turns, storms towards Colin and strikes him hard with a back hand across the face. He instantly regrets this.

Colin is out for the count. Dennis shakes and slaps him softly in an attempt to wake him but Colin's limp head just falls from side to side.

Dennis checks his watch and hurriedly walks outside.

He returns with a short length of rope with a neatly tied noose at the end.

He reaches up to tie the rope to a metal ring at the ridge of the greenhouse but can't quite reach because of the table.

He drops the rope on the table and drags it back a couple of feet. He picks up the rope, walks around the table and underneath the ring.

He reaches up and begins to fasten the rope.

Colin springs into action. He wraps his now free leg around Dennis's waist and pulls him towards him.

Colin lunges forward and sinks his teeth into Dennis's throat. A vast amount of blood spurts from his jugular.

Dennis struggles briefly but Colin's grip is too strong. Dennis's body begins to spasm as he gasps for air.

Colin lets go. Dennis falls to his knees. Colin spits a large amount of blood on the floor and pulls Dennis closer to him.

He leans into Dennis's ear as blood drips from his chin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

If you would of done your job properly your family would still be alive. Did you really think I was gonna let you get away with it?

Colin glances up at the photograph of Julien and Emily above the door and smiles.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I don't normally do kids. But that daughter of yours, her smile was way too perfect.

A solitary tears falls from Dennis's eye.

COLIN (CONT'D)

The only regret I have is stringing that shit-cunt of a wife of yours up first. I would of loved to of made her watch.

Colin releases Dennis who slumps to the floor like a lump of meat. A steady stream of blood still pouring from his neck.

Colin moves his tongue around in his mouth like he's picking the last remains of Christmas dinner from his teeth.

He spits a small amount of skin and flesh at Dennis's body and laughs.

Colin composes himself and looks around. The candles that surround the greenhouse burn bright.

Darkness is creeping in. Steadily smothering all remaining natural light from the air.

Colin kicks away the rope from around his feet. He looks up, startled as he hears a groaning noise closing in from a distance.

It's faint at first, but steadily builds. As it gets closer it sounds more like a hum than a groan.

Panicked, Colin raises both legs and swings his heels back as hard as he can.

They strike the chair legs but cause minimal damage. He repeats this several times but the chair doesn't budge.

He stops, takes a breath. The humming noise is close and loud. He flexes and leans forward in an attempt to break the rope around his arms.

The hand of Dennis's lifeless body begins to twitch. Colin is too busy trying to escape to notice.

The rope has loosened slightly. With great effort Colin manages to pull back his right hand. It's almost free until a loud bang beside him steals his attention.

Colin's jaw drops. He freezes, perfectly still as if he's just stepped on a land mine. You can almost hear his heartbeat over the deafening hum which now surrounds the entire greenhouse.

Colin slowly turns his head forward. Dennis stands in front of him, a gaping hole in his neck and most of his blood mass soaked into his shirt. He stares at Colin with piercing black eyes.

Colin stares back, unable to come to terms with the situation. The terror only builds at what he sees next.

Julien and Emily emerge from behind Dennis and stand either side of him. They look different from the photograph above the door.

Their eyes are as black as coal which stand out all the more against their flaky, bright white skin.

They each have a rope mark engraved around their neck but the most notable difference is the thick, black string that their lips have been stitched together with.

Colin breaks down into tears.

COLIN (CONT'D)

No. No. This can't be happening.

Loud banging noises begin to overpower the humming. Colin glances around, bows his head and wails.

Surrounding the greenhouse are around fifteen people in a similar state to Julien and Emily. They violently bang their pale white hands against the glass.

Colin looks up as Dennis steps towards him, the small brown briefcase with the needle and thread in his hand.

COLIN (CONT'D)

(hysterical)

No. No. Please. No.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

A balloon with a grinning pumpkin on glides across the grass. Colin's agonising screams and pleads fill the air. They are muffled slightly then continue, more painfully than before.

FADE OUT.