

**MIDNIGHT RACKET**

Written by  
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT 1

Opening title sequence:

The setting is a seasoned and dirty factory-loading yard, a place close to the waterfront where big crates come in and out. The entire facility is enclosed between tall metal walls. Dirty tools, large metal shipping crates, and heavy machinery are strewn about the vast dark cemented plain.

Inter-cut with the filthy and wet surroundings are close ups of various occurring injuries such as arms and hands being sliced with KNIVES, BATS breaking knees, CHAINS breaking elbows, SLEDGEHAMMERS breaking skulls, as well as punches and kicks. In the center of the yard is an office building; on the outside of one of the windows a flicker of light dances around from a flashlight that's in the room on the other side.

2 INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 2

The room is lit only by the ambient moonlight coming through the window. A man (Jeff Fortune, early 40's) is ransacking through all the desk drawers while holding a flashlight in one hand. Every now and then he pauses from his frantic raid to hold one of the numerous disordered papers close to his face to read it with the flashlight, however each time it's not what he's looking for so he throws it aside with a verbal curse.

He then decides to try two large filing cabinets that are lined against the wall, but he finds that their drawers are locked. He grabs his CROWBAR that has been lying on the desk and uses it to pry open the locks. He then dives into the files flipping through them with manic speed all the time getting more and more frustrated and frantic as he goes. He finally slams the draw shut angrily and reaches in his pocket to retrieve his cell phone.

Jeff dials and waits in silence with the phone to his ear. On the other end Dave Foster (late 30's) answers.

DAVE (O.S)

Jeff.

JEFF

Yeah listen I don't know where the fuck it is. There's fifty million fucking papers around me, I can't read them all.

DAVE (O.S)

I told you it's gonna be in it's own file just look for something that says, "Harbor Way Pipe Lines".

JEFF

Yeah no shit you fucking asshole but I'm gonna be here all night trying to find this thing, where would it be?

DAVE (O.S)

Well it's not something that they're gonna keep with their regular shit, and it's probably in something unmarked that your going to have to open and look into.

JEFF

Oh my God what the fuck Dave! They are gonna fucking catch me in here and then I'm fucked, don't you understand that?

DAVE (O.S)

Hey this was your idea too, but if you don't find those files then we're. You know the subpoena's going out in the morning and there's no way to stop it now.

(beat)

Look just calm down and keep looking there's no one there so just relax and find the damn thing.

3 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, GATE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

3

The mechanical gate opens emanating screeches of heavy metal and the loud hum of the electronic motor. Brad Dennings (mid 30's) then crosses the threshold and goes over to the inside gate operating post.

CHET (O.S.)

Brad.

Brad looks up to see the approaching figure of Chet Marsh (mid 30's).

BRAD

Is that you Chet?

CHET

Yeah.

Chet joins him on the other side of the gate then Brad turns his key and the foot thick steel door moans back into its position resealing the perimeter of the loading yard. Side by side both men begin to walk.

CHET

So what did this guy tell you again?

BRAD

He told me that you and I are on a list of people that are getting subpoenaed to court tomorrow morning.

CHET

What the fuck?

BRAD

Yeah we're gonna be ordered to appear somewhere for the first of a series of depositions.

CHET

What are you talking about man? Who the fuck is this guy?

BRAD

I told you he's one of Joel's friends that works in the D.A.'s office.

CHET

You didn't tell me shit okay. The only thing you said was that the fuckin' SEC is coming down on us for "confidentiality violations and some other shit."

BRAD

"Illegal trading practices" is the other shit, and that's not all of it. There's more.

CHET

What the fuck are the depositions for?

BRAD

So they can grill the shit out of us and to try to get us to give shit up that'll help they're case.

CHET

Oh Jesus. What else did this fuck say?

BRAD

Nothing, that was all he knew.

CHET

Well what did Joel say?

BRAD

He was fuckin' pissed, he thinks it might have something to do with Harbor Way.

CHET

What? Oh my God!

BRAD

Listen nobody knows anything for sure, but we're just gonna be safe and get those files that we have from them out of there.

4 INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

4

Jeff is continuing his search in the unconventional sections of the office.

DAVE (O.S.)

Look I have to go, I have to get to the train station and tell Jill that we're coming. Just go straight to my apartment when you find it and then I'll meet you at her house.

JEFF

What!? Your not gonna wait for me!? Why the fuck are you changing the plan, how the hell do I stash this shit if your not there!?

DAVE (O.S.)

Look it's better if we're not on the same train over there. I'm leaving the door unlocked and the keys are gonna be inside, you know

where the safe is. I'm making the call to Palmer in exactly an hour and a half so text me right when you find it.

JEFF

Wait but I still don't know where...

Jeff stops himself in mid sentence because he knows Dave has just hung up. He slaps his phone shut.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Fucking bastard.

He then continues to look in unusual places for the documents. He checks on top of the high filling cabinets and on the bottom of large piles of stacked up files.

5 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

5

Brad and Chad have reached the heart of the loading yard; they are about twenty yards from the office building.

CHET

This is fucking bad man. How much do you think they know? And how the fuck could anybody know anything?

BRAD

I don't know, Joel thinks that someone's trying to bury us by giving them information; and I think he's right, there's no other way anyone could have grounds for an investigation.

CHET

But they don't really have anything right? I mean, nothing's down on paper.

BRAD

Nothing besides the shit that we're getting right now is, but you'd be surprised by what these bastards can pull in court.

CHET

Fuck man, this'll ruin us, the whole company.

BRAD

That's the least of our worries we could go to jail for the way we sold off all that stock before Harbor Way tanked.

The two men reach the office building and continue towards the door.

BRAD

Oh shit! I think I was looking at some of their manufacturing specs in the trailer office.

(beat)

I have to get them.

CHET

All right let's go.

BRAD

No, I will. I wanna get the fuck outta here as soon as possible so you go up and get started and I'll meet you up there.

Brad turns and begins to walk away in the other direction then pauses and faces Chad.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Remember pull everything that says "Harbor Way Pipe Lines".

6 INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

6

The top sheet of about twenty printed documents is in full view and is illuminated by the hard spot of Jeff's flashlight. The bold black text reads HARBOR WAY PIPE LINES. Jeff is holding the winning lottery ticket that he came for.

JEFF

Yes! Thank you God!

Jeff quickly sends a text message to Dave telling him that he found the files and then he looks down at the open drawer and sees that there are more identical files. He grabs two more of them and is then shocked by what he finds lying underneath. Lining the bottom of the drawer are reams of hundred dollar bills.

Jeff swallows but chokes on it, he then quickly starts loading the money into his messenger bag along with the

files. He finishes packing it in, zippers it up and stands up towards the door.

Just then the light in the room clicks on. Jeff sees Chet standing in the doorway and Chet sees Jeff standing in the room by the file cabinet.

Neither man can breath.

Chet looks around at the raided office, this is a glance that is not unnoticed by Jeff. Both men then again lock eyes and jointly understand why the other is there.

CHET  
(shaky voice)  
Do not move.

Jeff stands silent, his mind trying to catch up with his racing heart. The tension is now mounting at an alarming rate. Chet still stands in the doorway clueless on how to proceed.

CHET  
Just stay right there.

Chet then reaches into his pocket for his cell phone. Jeff begins to react, he sees his life crumbling before his eyes as Chet opens the phone and keeps it low as if trying to dial discretely. Jeff begins to shuffle, inside his nerves harden. Chet feels what's coming.

CHET  
Listen just don't...

Jeff dashes towards the doorway, the one Chet is still standing in.

CHET  
No don't! Don't...

The two men clash. Jeff tries to get out the door but Chet grabs him around the body and drives him back.

CHET  
(scream)  
BRAAAD!!!

Jeff breaks the hold and throws a right hook across Chet's face. He then tries for another break towards the door but Chet receives him and pushes him back. Chet then comes in with a straight kick to the abdomen followed by a crushing head-butt right into Jeff's face.

Jeff tumbles headlong to the floor. He lifts his head and blood pours from his nose onto the scattered papers below. Jeff cough-spits out the blood and reaches into his jacket while his vision returns. Chet jumps onto Jeff's back and tries to pry his arms from underneath him in order to immobilize him completely, but when he does this Jeff whips his torso around and slices Chet's hand with a SERRATED POCKETKNIFE that he retrieved from his pocket.

Chet reels back clutching his wrist and lets out a terrible scream of pain, fear, and anger.

CHET  
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Chet looks at Jeff with a ferocious abhorrence as he rises to his feet with the KNIFE still handy. The thought of fleeing dashes across Chet's mind, his eyes then catch something lying on the desk beside him. It's Jeff's CROWBAR.

After grabbing it with his good hand Chet violently swings the CROWBAR at Jeff's head but misses. The inertia of the swing leads the men to rotate positions. He then swings again and lands a lucky blow that knocks the KNIFE out of Jeff's hand. Jeff lets out a painful yelp and then he charges at Chet. The two men connect before Chet can wind up for another swing; each man is pushing against the other with all their body strength. Still holding the CROWBAR in his good hand Chet grips at Jeff's face and throat with his sliced hand, blood smears all over his face from the wound. Then with all the might in his body Jeff starts to drive Chet backwards across the office towards the window, Chet tries to stay on his feet so the two of them just gain more and more momentum with every step.

7 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

7

Brad exits the trailer office flipping through a number of papers that he's holding. He's heading towards the office building, just then a body comes smashing out of one of the three-story office building windows and plummets down to the ground in front of him.

8 INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

8

Jeff looks down out the window and loses his breath.

JEFF  
Oh Jesus.

He then turns away from the window and picks up his knife on his way out of the office.

9 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

Brad is horrified at the sight of what he knows is his best friend's broken body laid out on the cement before him. He sprints over to him in utter shock.

BRAD  
Chet! Oh my God! Chet...

Chet is hurt badly but is amazingly still conscious. Brad assesses his injuries. His right collarbone is severely broken and is protruding through the skin; his arm on the same side is also broken. Despite this Brad can tell that there is apparently no fatal head injury.

Chet is in monumental pain, paralyzing pain, the kind that impedes a person from even screaming.

BRAD  
Just hold on I'm calling for help,  
hold on!

Brad takes out his cell phone and puts it to his ear.

Chet grimaces terribly.

CHET  
FUCK!

BRAD  
What the fuck happened!? Who's up there!?

CHET  
(low labored voice)  
I don't know... a guy, in the office... he's like... robbing the place.

Surprised by this Brad closes his phone.

BRAD  
What do you mean robbing the place?

CHET  
Stealing papers.

BRAD  
What!? Chet listen to me? What did you see up there?

CHET

I don't know... there was a guy.

(beat)

He was taking the Harbor Way papers... I tried to stop him... that motherfucker had a knife.

BRAD

Oh my god.

Brad looks up to the broken window.

Chet twitches with pain.

CHET

Oh fuck man, I have to go to the hospital, I gotta go the fucking hospital man.

BRAD

All right Chet listen to me, don't worry I'm gonna call an ambulance for you, but I have to go up stairs and check the office right now.

CHET

No don't.

BRAD

I have to, don't worry I'll be right back, help is gonna be here soon just hold on.

Brad then rises and notices the CROWBAR lying on the ground a few feet away, it has fallen from the window along with Chet. He quickly goes and picks it up and then runs to the office building entrance.

10 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 10

Brad reaches the front doors and sees that they have been broken into. He stands there for a moment assessing the situation that he's about to walk into.

11 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 11

Jeff is leaning behind a pillar panting. He peeks back and forth at Brad who's standing on the other side of the broken glass door. The fear and panic is apparent on Jeff's face; the front door is the only exit he knows of.

Brad then begins to step in through the smashed section of the door.

Jeff realizes he needs to find another exit so he quietly steps away out of sight.

Ounce inside Brad quickly heads through the lobby to go up to the office.

12 INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

12

Brad runs into the office and heads right to the filing cabinet that is in disarray. Brad frantically looks through the papers and does not find the Harbor Way documents.

BRAD

No, no, no... Fuck!

Brad takes out his cell phone and dials.

13 INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

13

A landline telephone rings until a heavysset man (Joel Palmer mid 50's) walks over and picks it up.

JOEL

Hello.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

BRAD

Joel we have a problem here,  
someone broke into the office!  
They took Harbor Way papers;  
they're gone!

INTERCUT

Joel collapses down into his chair.

JOEL

What?!

BRAD

Yeah, but the guys still here, he  
just broke in. We need to call an  
ambulance for Chet too; he caught  
the guy but the motherfucker  
through him out of the window.

Joel perks back up.

JOEL  
Wait hold the fuck on. The guy's  
still there?

BRAD  
Yeah!

JOEL  
Just one of them?

BRAD  
I'm pretty sure; Chet surprised  
him in the office.

JOEL  
Hold on, your telling me that he's  
still there, like you can stop  
him.

BRAD  
I think so but I don't know.

14 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, BATHROOM - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 14

Jeff is in the bathroom washing the blood off his face. He then looks at himself in the mirror and reflects on the situation that he's gotten himself into.

15 INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 15

JOEL  
Listen you have to stop this guy.  
This is exactly what I was afraid  
of. If those papers get out we're  
dead, you hear me! We're  
convicted.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT

BRAD  
I know I'm gonna go right now.

INTERCUT

JOEL  
Okay hold on, Jesus, just let me  
think for a second.  
(2 beats)  
All right, I'm sending Ralph and  
Steve over there to help you; I'm  
calling them right now.

BRAD

Good, tell them I'll meet them at the gate. He won't be able to get out while I'm there, but I gotta get Chet outta here.

JOEL

You worry about the guy that's tryin' to get you fuckin' locked up! Then you can worry about your friend. Okay!

(beat)

And when you catch that motherfucker make sure you hold him tight. I wanna see who this bastard is for myself.

Brad slaps his phone shut uneasily and runs out of the office.

Joel hangs up and dials a different number.

16 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

16

Two men (Ralph Stiller and Robert Gates, both late 30's) sit at the bar each with a drink in front of them. They are both focused on the TV above the bartender's head.

Ralph's cell phone rings from inside his pocket. He looks at it to see who's calling and then answers while still sitting at the bar.

RALPH

Joel, what's going on?

JOEL (O.S.)

Hey Ralph, nothin' listen I gotta talk to ya. Can you talk?

RALPH

Yeah sure.

Ralph gets up from his seat in anticipation to what he's about to be told, Robert watches interested.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT

JOEL

Okay listen, we got a situation over at the plant. Where are you right now?

RALPH

I'm over at the bar with Robert, why what's happening?

JOEL

Robert's over there with you, good we need him too.

(beat)

Okay here's what's going on, someone broke into the office over there and stole some files that could be very fuckin' detrimental to our whole business if they get into the wrong hands.

RALPH

Oh shit.

Robert walks over to where Ralph is standing.

JOEL

But listen he's still there! Brad surprised him and he ran but he's still there hiding out somewhere.

Ralph glances at Robert.

RALPH

Are you serious?

JOEL

Yeah so I need you and Robert to go over there and help him stop this bastard okay. I need you to do this; I'm sending Steve over there too, no one knows the yard like him so he's gonna help. This is the most important thing I've ever asked you to do, if this motherfucker gets away we're fucked okay, the companies fucked and we're all fucked.

(beat)

Can you be there?

RALPH

(beat)

Yeah.

(beat)  
I'm here for ya' Joel.

JOEL  
Good. You're a great kid Ralph.  
I always knew you were. After  
tonight you and Robert can both  
expect to be working on the top  
floor with me all right, forget  
about ever lifting another fuckin'  
crate, but I need you to leave  
right now okay?

RALPH  
(looking at Robert)  
Okay Joel. Thanks, we're going  
right now.

JOEL  
Good, your gonna meet Brad and  
Steve at the gate. Your all gonna  
go in together.

RALPH  
Okay.  
(beat)  
Wait Joel, isn't the night  
watchman there?

JOEL  
Watchman?  
(beat)  
I don't know just get there, and  
go prepared with somethin'.

Ralph hangs up his phone.

ROBERT  
What's going on? Why is Joel  
calling you?

RALPH  
We gotta go do something over at  
the yard. I'll tell you on the  
way there.

The two men motion to leave.

17 INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

17

The loud ring of a landline telephone suddenly breaks the  
silence of a dark bedroom. Two figures rustle awake under  
the covers. Steve Jacobs (early 40's) switches on the lamp

that's on the bedside table. His wife Michelle Jacobs (early 40's) lies next to him squinting from the sudden flood of illumination.

STEVE

I got it.

Drowsily he gets out of bed and walks across the room to his bedroom desk where he answers the ringing telephone.

STEVE

Hello.

INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

JOEL

Steve, it's Joel. Listen somethin' serious is going on over at the offices I need you to go over there and meet Ralph and Brad.

INTERCUT

STEVE

What!? Right now? Why?

Joel is cutting up lines of coke.

JOEL

Look, because there's something going on that they need your help with. Elizabeth's there with you right?

STEVE

Yeah.

JOEL

Right so I can't talk to ya' now. All I can tell you is that there was a break in and you gotta go take care of it with them.

Joel leans down and blows a line.

STEVE

Take care of it? What do you mean? Can't we just call the police?

JOEL

No! Goddamn it. Look, I'm tellin' you to do somethin' and you're being a little fucking prick. Now get the fuck up and get over there, they're waiting for you.

Steven and Michelle share a concerned look. She knows something's wrong.

STEVE

Listen Joel, I'm not trying to be disrespectful but, I don't really think what's going on over there has anything to do with me.

(beat)

I mean, I don't really want to get involved with what they're doing.

Steve nervously waits for a response.

JOEL

Oh it's got nothing to do with you. I see. So you don't have to do anything you don't want to, all right.

(beat)

You know what, I don't think I want to keep paying your fucking ass! You hear me you son of a bitch; you're fired! Now you get the fuck over there now or I'll have you scrubbing the goddamn fucking toilets you piece of shit!

Steve sighs heavily.

STEVE

All right Joel, all right.

JOEL

Jesus fuckin' Christ after all the years I've known you this is how you act! I can't fuckin' believe you.

Steve sighs through the phone.

JOEL

They're waiting for you, now get up and get over there. Okay?

STEVE

Okay Joel.

Joel does another line.

Steve hangs up the phone and stands ashamed in front of his wife. Michelle only stares back feeling very nervous for her husband.

MICHELLE

You have to leave?

STEVE

Yeah, I'm sorry.

Steve walks over to the bed and sits down with a sigh. Michelle then crawls over and wraps her arms around her dejected husband.

MICHELLE

I love you.

With one arm Steve hugs her back. He feels terrible that he has a wife that loves a man with no backbone.

18 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, BASEMENT - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 18

Jeff has reached a back door in the bottom level of the office building. He is silently trying to pry it open so he can escape but the door refuses to budge.

He then turns away from the door exasperated from the intense stress of the situation. His adrenaline is starting to subside which is causing his senses to wear. He has a second thought and in one last attempt he throws a hard kick straight at the door but it stays closed.

He pauses in frustration for a moment. Then from behind he hears a flutter of footsteps on the concrete floor. Brad suddenly comes charging towards him wielding the CROWBAR, he swings with full power at Jeff's head but misses and makes contact with the wall behind. Jeff draws his BLADE and Brad draws the CROWBAR back into his stance.

The men are at a standstill.

BRAD

Just stop now.

Jeff looks into the eyes of the man across from him and knows that he's no match for the CROWBAR and that if he surrenders he's a dead man. Then making no response to Brad's command Jeff turns and sprints in the other

direction. Brad's expression hardens and he takes off in pursuit while screaming curses in Jeff's direction.

19 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 19

The two men enter the lobby. Brad is running at his full speed, him and Jeff are pretty evenly matched. To slow Brad down Jeff rips framed pictures of the wall and picks up chairs and plants and tries to throw them at him. Jeff rips one last frame off of a pillar that's close to the front doors but doing this causes him to slightly trip himself up. This allows Brad to catch up and charge into Jeff right as they reach the slightly broken front doors.

20 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 20

Both men come crashing through the doors in a hail of broken glass and land on the cement ground outside.

Chet, who is still outside starts to scream.

The men wrestle on the ground for a moment then Jeff slashes his KNIFE across Brad's sleeve, this backs him off. Jeff then gets up and takes off running.

Brad gets up and looks at his sleeve and then glances at the still immobilized Chet as he runs by.

CHET

Hey... heeeyyyy!!!

21 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 21

Jeff runs into the labyrinth of shipping crates and knowing that Brad is close on his heels he jumps up and climbs on top of one of them.

Brad comes running through on the same route; a heavy bucket full of metal washers and crate pins comes flying down right on top of him. The bucket sends Brad straight down to the ground. He looks up and reconnects his senses just in time to see Jeff climb down from the crate and take off.

Then while still on the ground Brad here's his cell phone ring. He retrieves it and answers in a grimace of pain.

JOEL (O.S)

Why the hell haven't you been answering your phone?

Brad groggily rolls over.

JOEL

Listen Ralph, Robert, and Steve are on their way there, go and meet them. Also there's another one of our guys there. Apparently we have a night watchman.

(beat)

What the fuck's the matter with you?

Brad sits up with his head aching.

BRAD

Fuck you Joel.

Brad hangs up and sourly rises to his feet.

22 INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

22

Joel hangs the phone up and sits back with a sigh.

The phone then loudly rings almost surprising him. He loftily reaches back over and picks it up.

JOEL

Hello.

DAVE (O.S.)

Joel Palmer.

JOEL

Who is this?

DAVE (O.S)

You're currently unaware that the SEC has processed judicial actions against you in a court of law. Tomorrow you will be served with a federal subpoena commanding you to appear in district court for a series depositions regarding a laundry list of business and trading violations.

JOEL

(gasp)

Little Motherfucker!

DAVE (O.S)

I have in my possession confidential files containing information that you used to tactically bankrupt Harbor Way Pipe Lines in a successful attempt

to double the stock value of your subsidiary company. I'm sure your aware that these documents are coated with your fingerprints making your possession of them definitive. I'm contacting you now to give you a chance to buy your way out.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave is silhouetted in a blackened room; his features are unidentifiable.

DAVE (O.S.) CONT'D

With out these documents there will not be enough substantial evidence for the judge or jury to convict you of illegal stock market practice.

(beat)

I'm willing to negotiate the price of their purchase, but not now. I'll contact you again tomorrow after the authorities have confirmed this to you.

INTERCUT

Joe processes the information for a second then sits back in his chair.

JOEL

I see. So you have these files right now huh? You got 'em right in front of you, is that right?

DAVE

Yes.

JOEL

Well you seem to know a lot about me, it seems like you even know a little about my business.

(beat)

You know I've been in business for thirty years, thirty good years. I've had a lot of fun, come across a lot of funny guys in that time, but you know what, it's still the clueless little two-bit fuckin' punks like you that make me laugh

the most. It amuses me, the  
stupidity.

(beat)

And at the end of those  
entertaining days, the ones when I  
encounter someone like yourself,  
all the comedy gets capped off,  
when I get to watch your kneecaps  
get folded in on each other.

DAVE

Huh?

JOEL

Shut the fuck up. I got news for  
you you dead little motherfucker!  
You have shit; your guy ain't out  
yet! And when I catch him, I'm  
gonna make him sing like a fucking  
canary. And you know what, the  
last thing he'll here himself say  
before I stick a fuckin' ice pick  
in his ear is where I'm gonna find  
you!

Dave quickly hangs up the phone and keeps his hand on the  
receiver. The pace of his breath has sped up with fright.

Joel hangs up the phone and gets out of his chair.

23 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, FRED'S LAIR - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 23

Jeff is running full speed through the maze of shipping  
crates trying to find his way out. He runs by an alley that  
has been formed by big crates and decides to go through it.

On the other side he stops short in front of a confusing  
sight. On the ground is a weather torn passenger seat that  
was pulled out of a van, next to that is a dirty table  
scattered with trash and wrappers. A portable radio also  
lies curiously on the table.

Jeff looks quizzically at these things for a moment then  
continues past them.

As he rounds a near by corner he is suddenly attacked by a  
loudly barking, chained, rottweiler. The dog bites onto  
Jeff's ankle and starts thrashing it around in its mouth.  
Jeff let's out a terrible howl and tries to kick the  
ferocious animal off but his efforts are to no avail.  
Charged with pain Jeff has no choice but use his BLADE in  
self-defense. Jeff stabs him ounce in the throat and then

drives the KNIFE right into the animal's temple instantaneously killing it.

The dog collapses and Jeff reels from the pain as he removes his leg from the animal's mouth. He stiffly gets up with a mix of pain and disappointment on his face.

JEFF

Goddamn it.

Jeff reaches down and pulls his weapon out of the dog's skull. He then briskly starts to walk in the other direction looking down as he cleans his knife. He looks back at the dog one final time and turns to start to jog.

Just then he collides with a man (Fred Green, early 50's), both recoil down to the ground. Jeff jumps back up to prepare to fight but he is repulsed by what he sees before him. The man still on the ground begins to rise; his appearance is beyond grotesque. His face is burnt beyond human recognition, half of it is swollen with scar tissue and the other half is thin and stretched from skin grafts. The man's nose is missing. Gauss is wrapped around his face to stop infection from entering the open orifice. He is wearing boots, jeans, and a dirty flannel shirt; he has an old baseball cap that got knocked off his head in the impact. He lifts the hat off the ground as he rises.

JEFF

Jesus Christ!

The man motions towards him and makes a sound of undistinguishable vocalization, Jeff then runs in the other direction back through the makeshift alley that he came through.

24 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

24

Jeff runs around a corner and climbs on top of a smaller shipping crate and presses his back against it trying to hide from what's behind him. He swallows in between rapid panting and winces with pain. He looks down at the bleeding teeth marks in his ankle, it's a wound that must be covered.

25 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD GATE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

25

Ralph and Robert are waiting at the front gate. Ralph is holding a BASEBALL BAT, and Robert has a broken POOL QUE. They can see Brad approaching from the distance.

RALPH

That's best place to play pool in town.

ROBERT  
They'll let us back in.

RALPH  
Yeah sure they will.

ROBERT  
You know what, it's a pool hall.  
They're not gonna miss one little  
stick.

Brad reaches the gate; he's clearly in a frantic state.

ROBERT  
Jesus. What the fuck have you  
been doing in there?

Brad turns the key that initiates the loud electric gate motor and the two men on the outside cross the threshold to approach him.

26 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, FRED'S LAIR - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 26

The old worn-out boots are walking across the cement ground until they come upon the dead rotweiler. A moment passes and this freak of a man collapses to his knees, he places his hands on his slaughtered dog in grief. The mutilated man then starts to let out sorrowful and painful sobs.

27 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 27

Jeff nervously looks up from dressing his wound when he hears the echoes of the cries. Perturbed by them he hastily returns to wrapping his ankle.

28 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD GATE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 28

Ralph, Robert, and Brad, stand by the gate lever.

BRAD  
Where's Steve?

STEVE (O.S.)  
I'm right here.

Steve reluctantly comes in from the darkness.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I was hoping you guys would just  
walk off with out me. Now what  
the fuck is going on here?

Brad takes a step back to debrief his new recruits.

BRAD

Okay the three of you listen up; I don't know what Joel told you on the phone but the SEC's coming down on us for insider trading. Right now there's a little fucking rat of a man running around in here with Harbor Way documents that he stole from the office.

(beat)

If he gets out they'll use them in court and then we're all out of the job and probably worse.

RALPH

How do you know he's still here?

BRAD

Because this is the only way he could have gotten out and he hasn't come this way.

(beat)

Right Steve?

STEVE

Well yeah, there's no way to clear the walls. He might be able to get out underground, but even I wouldn't be able to get around down there.

BRAD

Okay let's go; we're the only ones that have a chance to stop him so it's up to us.

Brad turns to walk in the other direction.

STEVE

What about Fred?

Brad turns back around.

BRAD

What? Who the fuck is Fred?

RALPH

Yeah Fred, that's his name. He's the night watchman right?

STEVE

Yeah but...

BRAD

Night watchman? Why the fuck didn't I know about this? Where the fuck is this prick?

STEVE

Wait. There's a reason you don't know him.

29 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, FRED'S LAIR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 29

Fred is on the ground cradling the dog; his faint sobs are audible.

STEVE (V.O.)

He's only here at night.

(beat)

He's a burn victim, he was in an accident years ago and the company let him stay on as the night watchman, I think he brings his dog with him every night.

Fred then bursts into a rage. He knocks his possessions off the table and starts trashing his area. He takes the CHAIN from around the dog's neck and starts collecting the length.

STEVE (V.O.)

From what I understand he suffered severe post-traumatic stress, the kind that you're just not the same after. But at some point, I think his mind just started to go.

Fred then continues his tirade in Jeff's direction; the thick CHAIN is clutched in between his grasp.

30 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 30

Jeff finishes covering his ankle and sits up; he then strikes his Zippo and ignites a cigarette with the bright flame.

STEVE (V.O.)

It's best if we handle this ourselves.

31 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, GATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

The men take in the information.

BRAD

Right, well whatever, just be aware of him; otherwise the guy that's in here right now is an intruder in our home, and it's our job to do something about it, let's go.

Brad turns and starts walking. The other men follow his lead.

Robert walks up next to Steve.

ROBERT

Hey, what are we gonna do to this guy when we catch him?

STEVE

I don't give a fuck, all I wanna do is get this over with and go home. When we stop him I'm handing him off to you and that's it. You guys do whatever you want with him, it's got nothin' to do with me.

Robert accepts this and continues silently.

32 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

32

Jeff is slowly creeping around the shipping crates; his KNIFE is poised and his cigarette is still burning. He's been circling around to avoid his pursuers.

He puts his KNIFE away and tries to climb on top on one of the crates like he's done before but he slips on some oil and tumbles down to the ground.

JEFF

Shit!

A moment passes and then Fred comes from around the corner. He makes an attempt to lift Jeff up with one hand; the CHAIN is in the other. Fred has the intention of throwing Jeff out of the yard but he is unable to verbally communicate this. All Jeff hears is a series of frantic muffled sounds coming from this wretch that has his hands on him.

JEFF

Whoa man, take it easy... calm down... take it easy...

Jeff then not entirely intentionally burns Fred's hand with the cigarette that he's still holding.

Fred reels back with a terrible shriek as he holds the burn on his arm.

Jeff frighteningly looks at him.

Fred's senses start going haywire, flashbacks of searing pain start blazing through his mind. All of the sudden his mindset is back to that horrible night of his accident where all he knows fiery anguish.

JEFF

Jesus... I'm sorry? Who are you?

Fred shoots a piercing stare directly at Jeff and the only thought he could manage is that of rage.

Fred charges at Jeff in full berserker mode and lashes the CHAIN right at him.

JEFF

Holy shit!

With a quick move to the side Jeff avoids the hit. Fred swings again aiming for his head but Jeff ducks and runs in the other direction. Fred gives chase continuing to whip the CHAIN around violently. The two run past a couple more crates, then Fred throws a lash that gets the CHAIN caught on one of those heavy metal latches that lock the crate doors, but with brutal strength he rips the latch clean off and continues.

33 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

33

While trying to evade Fred, Jeff runs into a clearing; a wide-open area of the docking yard. He slows for a second to keep his lungs from bursting and in the distance sees the group of men that are hunting him, and sure enough they see him too. With that the four of them are off in a full sprint towards him.

JEFF

OH FUCK!

Jeff takes off in the opposite direction and goes in between a length of crates.

The pursuers are half way through the clearing.

BRAD

GO THAT WAY!

Ralph and Robert break apart from Brad and Steve and the two groups go in separate paths through the crates.

34 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 34

Ralph and Robert are running full speed through the crates. They can see Jeff ahead of them and they're gaining on him.

Just then Fred appears and tackles Robert, the rough collision takes Ralph down as well. All three men are sprawled on the cement.

In an instant Fred is on top of Robert furiously pummeling him with the heavy CHAIN. The rampage is astounding.

Ralph rolls over and is utterly paralyzed with fear as the CHAIN begins to grow wet with blood. He can only watch as Fred continues to bring the CHAIN up and down splashing him and the surrounding crates with gore.

When Fred finally brings down the last blow Ralph regains control of his body and flees leaving his friend's mutilated body behind.

35 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 35

Ralph is running in complete panic; blood is splattered across his face and clothes.

As he comes running, a set of hands pry a metal PIPE from it's placing.

Ralph let's out cries in between his steps. All of the sudden he is hit in the face with the metal PIPE and his feet fly out from underneath him and continue over his head in a full flip; he falls flat down onto his front.

Jeff steps out from behind the corner with the PIPE and takes a closer look down at Ralph.

His neck has been broken from the blow. He's lying on his stomach with his head twisted almost completely around; his eyes are still wide open in a state of pure shock.

Jeff has nothing else to see, he drops the PIPE and turns to go back the way he came.

36 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 36

Brad and Steve stop running; both put their hands on their knees to catch their breath.

BRAD

(panting)  
He didn't come this way. What  
should we do?

STEVE

(panting)  
I don't know, I think Ralph and  
Robert went towards the A-crane on  
the other side. If they haven't  
already gotten him they'll drive  
him along the south wall and back  
up towards the gate; we should go  
back up and let him run into us.

BRAD

No, we can't just be there waiting  
for him, that won't work he's too  
quick. We have to get the jump on  
him.

Brad spits and thinks a moment as Steve looks at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You should wait for him at the  
gate and the second he shows his  
face I'll knock the motherfucker's  
head off, and unless they already  
have him right now Ralph and  
Robert will be right behind him to  
back us up.

STEVE

No, we shouldn't split up.

BRAD

We have to, just go up there and  
wait, don't worry; I'll get him  
before he comes near you. Go now.

Brad turns to separate from Steve but Steve grabs his arm to  
stop him.

STEVE

No wait.

Brad shoves him off.

BRAD

Listen you son of a bitch, I said  
don't worry; but this is the only  
thing that'll work.

Brad turns again and Steve again holds him back. Brad looks at Steve furiously.

STEVE

I know, but just hold on I wanna take a second to think this out.

37 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, ENTRANCE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 37

Chet is still lying on the cement ground seemingly unconscious.

Footsteps become audible and grow louder as they reach him. The sound of the approaching person brings Chet back to a cognitive state. He opens his eyes but his injuries limit his ability to look in all different directions.

CHET

(muffled, groggy)

Brad?

(beat)

Brad, is that you?

Fred then steps into Chet's view and drops one end of the CHAIN to the ground; it clinks and slides against the cement as he stops.

Chet reacts to this bewildering sight in a series of sputtering choke-cries.

CHET

(chokes)

What the... Oh my... my God...

Fred looks at him vacantly and lifts the CHAIN up in a full swing; he brings it down hard with all its force against Chet's already crippled body, which causes him to scream in pain. This first blow sets off a barrage of grisly thrashes that doesn't end until Chet is reduced to a pile of wet pulp and smashed bones.

38 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 38

Brad and Steve stand quietly conferring.

STEVE

So as he comes up the west wall he'll have to go between the crates that are lined up for tomorrows load out.

(beat)

If I wait between them and the gate he'll run right into me, then

you can come around from behind  
him and close off the other side  
so he can't go back.

BRAD

Okay, take this. If you get the  
chance, stick it through his  
fucking head.

Brad hands Steve the steel CROWBAR.

STEVE

What about you?

Brad looks around and sees something; he then walks over to  
a crate that has a large industrial WRENCH leaning against  
it. He picks it up and feels it's weight.

A faint smirk surfaces on Brad's face.

BRAD

Let's go.

The two take off to put their plan into action.

39 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, GATE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 39

A set of feet get out of a car and start walking towards the  
gate. They stop at the electric operator and the jingle of  
keys is audible.

Then the familiar mechanical moan of the gate sounds once  
more as it opens. After the gate slides past, Joel enters  
the yard.

As he proceeds he removes a pistol from the back of his  
pants and loads it with a clip, then he cocks it.

40 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 40

Brad and Steve are walking side by side. They look and give  
a nod to each other to symbolize that they're ready and they  
break off in accordance with their plan.

41 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 41

Brad heads down southward along a large pile of crates that  
are going to be loaded up in trucks and shipped off the next  
day.

As he continues towards the spot that he's going to be  
waiting, the very man that he's is supposed to be getting  
the jump on is now stalking him. Jeff is behind a smaller

one of the crates that's about twenty yards away from Brad. He looks over one side of it, and as Brad continues walking Jeff moves along with him and peers over the other side of the crate that he's hiding behind. Jeff's KNIFE is poised in his hand and he's ready to make use of it.

42 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD GATE - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 42

Steve gets to the front gate and stops, the nervous agitation is clear from the look on his face. He looks at his watch and tries to calm down but he can't.

STEVE

Fuck.

43 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 43

Joel cautiously moves around the yard with his eyes beaming and his gun at hand. In the distance in front of him he sees something strange behind the base of one of the crates. As he slowly moves forward he starts to discern that it's a hand belonging to someone who is lying behind it. Joel slowly makes his way all the way up to it and uncovers that the hand belongs to Robert's mutilated carcass. He gasps back and recoils in disgust from the sight of the gory lacerations raked across Robert's entire body.

Then in a state of sheer distress Joel points the gun all around him and then looks back at the dead flesh. The harshness of the sight causes him to turn away and vomit. He then recomposes himself and quickly scampers away from the scene.

44 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER 44

Brad lands in his position and looks around to see that Steve is nowhere in sight. He closes his eyes and takes a calming breath, but an alarming thought startles him and he opens his eyes and looks around. Everything in his sight is still and silent. Brad takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Jeff watches him from a different position than where he just was. He then moves around to flank Brad. He lands on the opposite corner of the same crate that Brad is standing next to.

It's now or never for Jeff, he can see where Brad is from the cigarette smoke rising above the crate so he makes his move and bum-rushes from around the corner.

Jeff is however shocked at the sight of the lone cigarette propped up on the metal of the crate.

Then out of the darkness a chunk of CEMENT comes flying and strikes Jeff in the head.

Brad comes running from a couple yards away wielding the WRENCH like a mid-evil battle-ax. Jeff looks up in time to only put his arms up to slightly shield his face as Brad clobbers him across the head.

The hit brings Jeff down to the ground by Brad's feet, he's hurt. Brad lifts the WRENCH up to deliver the final blow but before he can exact victory Jeff rams the KNIFE right into his calf.

Brad stumbles back screaming.

BRAD  
AHHHHH!! FUCK!!

Jeff gets up to his feet, there's a wound on the hairline of his forehead that is gushing blood down his face.

Brad is forced to drop the WRENCH to pull the KNIFE out of his leg; after he does this blood begins to soak his pants.

BRAD  
Shit!

Brad looks up from his wound and looks Jeff in the eyes, both are breathing heavily.

JEFF  
You had enough?

BRAD  
Give me that bag.

JEFF  
No. He's gonna pay for what he did.  
(beat)  
And he's gonna pay for all of this, in cash!

BRAD  
Motherfucker, you don't even need money for a funeral.

The two men dash right at each other and begin going blow for blow like two old time boxers that are going for the knock out in the twelfth round.

After landing a round house to Jeff's blood-blinded eye, Brad takes Jeff's head and slams it into the metal crate

that's next to them. Jeff then reversing the hold and throws a head-butt that connects and brings Brad down. Ounce on the ground Brad sends a vicious punch right to Jeff's crotch. Jeff doubles over and Brad comes up with a fierce uppercut. Jeff tumbles down to the cement. In desperation Jeff kicks Brad's wounded shin and rolls away.

Perturbed only for a moment Brad goes over and starts kicking Jeff in the abdomen as he crawls.

However Brad doesn't notice that Jeff has crawled over to the WRENCH. He sits up with it and slams it into Brad's hip. The impact against his hip bone let's out a clear smack and Brad stumbles back grasping his side.

Brad continues to hobble backwards all the way to the end of the crate. Around the corner of the crate Brad sees something laying on the ground, he leans over to pick it up.

Jeff then sluggishly rises from the ground with the large WRENCH in his grip.

As he does this Brad pulls back towards him and reveals that the object he found behind the crate is a hefty and rust covered SLEDGEHAMMER.

The two rapidly approach each other with their implements poised and ready.

They slow in the vicinity of each other and Brad starts jabbing the head of the SLEDGEHAMMER at Jeff's face. Jeff knocks a few of these away with the WRENCH but when he goes for a swings and misses Brad's head Brad is able to land a jab right to Jeff's mouth.

Jeff stumbles away and spits out his teeth with a mouth full of blood. Brad then follows right up and lands the only hit he can from the distance that he's at which is a SLEDGEHAMMER bash right to the foot.

Jeff screams in pain and crumbles down to the ground for the ten count. It looks like it's all over.

Brad is about to finish him when Steve appears from the darkness.

STEVE

No!! Brad stop!!

Steve reaches the two battered men and places his hands on Brad.

STEVE  
Stop, don't do it.  
(beat)  
Don't do this man.

Brad acknowledges Steve and lowers the SLEDGEHAMMER. He then looks down at the bloodied man for a moment of contemplation; Steve puts one hand on the weapon.

Jeff is writhing in pain on the ground not looking back up at Brad. Brad continues to take a long look at him.

BRAD  
(low voice)  
I have to.  
(beat)  
Get off of me!

Brad shoves Steve to the side and raises his implement up for the deathblow.

STEVE  
NO...!!

Just then Fred's CHAIN comes flying through the air in a tangled ball and hits Steve right in the head sending him down.

Brad sees this in the corner of his eye and it stops him from bringing the SLEDGEHAMMER down on Jeff.

BRAD  
What the fuck...!

Fred then comes right after Brad who barely has time to react. He hits Fred in the shoulder with the SLEDGEHAMMER but Fred is unaffected, he just grabs a hold of the weapon and throws it away. Fred then grabs Brad by the chest and crotch and lifts him fully above his head extending his arms all the way. He heaves Brad's body into a crate. Brad smacks down to the ground with a heavy slap.

Fred then retrieves the SLEDGEHAMMER from the ground and goes back towards him. Brad drudgingly lifts himself up to his knees as he approaches.

Fred stops in front of Brad and looks down at him. Brad then let's out a bloodcurdling scream as Fred winds up in a full swing and releases a blow that knocks Brad's head completely off his shoulders.

His head rolls on the ground making a sloppy wet sound as it goes.

Then Fred goes back over to Steve who is just regaining his senses after being hit with the CHAIN. Before Steve knows what's happening Fred is rapping the CHAIN around his neck. Steve then chokes as Fred lifts him off the ground with the CHAIN; Fred then throws the other end over a low hanging metal bar.

In a horrendous old time lynching fashion Fred then begins pulling down the slack of the CHAIN and lifting Steve up on the other end.

Completely horrified by the brutal act being performed in front of him Jeff struggles up to his feet and painfully limps away on his broken foot.

After he has ample slack Fred ties the CHAIN down to a metal post that's protruding from the ground. He steps away leaving Steve agonizingly hanging to death in mid air.

Then Fred retrieves the SLEDGEHAMMER and follows Jeff in pursuit.

The writhing motions of Steve's body slow and eventually stop, but his corpse continues to dangle back and forth causing a soft creak to emanate throughout the yard as dawn beings to break.

45 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, GATE - DAWN - A MOMENT LATER

45

Jeff is hobbling in excruciating pain and is completely terrified. Not far behind is Fred quickly dredging after him with the SLEDGEHAMMER in tow.

Jeff audibly continues to fight through the pain as he reaches the last 50 yards between him and the exit.

He finally reaches the gate and collapses over the operating post in horrible relief. He lifts himself up and turns the key to finalize his escape from the craziest situation of his life.

As he turns around to look out for the freak one last time Joel appears in the light beside him.

JOEL  
Don't fuckin' move!

Jeff's heart stops at the sight of Joel, he can only stand there at the mercy of the gun pointed at him. He nervously glances to his side to see if Fred is behind him.

Jeff tosses the backpack at Joel's feet, at this point he just wants to get out alive and sort everything out after.

JEFF

We have to get out of here.

Joel looks down at the bag and then looks back up at Jeff. Joel sees the anticipation in Jeff's eyes.

JOEL

I hope you had fun.

With out a final word he fires three shots that explode through Jeff's chest. Jeff slumps to the ground and fresh blood runs down his entire body.

There's a look of anguish on his face as he chokes out his last couple breaths and fades away.

Joel walks over to the lifeless body. He is noticeably perturbed.

JOEL

You stupid fucking bastard! You make me kill your ass! Fuck you!

Just then Joel hears the load metal clank of a SLEDGEHAMMER hitting the concrete. He looks over and sees Fred in the distance, his figure is far but Joel can tell that he's staring directly at him.

JOEL

What the fuck! Who is that? Who are you?!

Fred lifts the SLEDGEHAMMER and starts walking closer. As he approaches his gruesome features become more apparent to Joel.

JOEL

(yelling)  
Jesus Christ, what the hell... Whoa, whoa, stop right their... stop!

Not acknowledging him at all Fred continues to advance on him. Joel fires a warning shot in the air but Fred continues.

JOEL

I said stop motherfucker, stop, don't fucking move!

Joel then blasts two shots into the oncoming oddity.

Fred is brought down to one knee; he clutches his chest and starts furiously screaming from the pain.

Joel is terrified as he watches him go down.

Then while still wailing at the top of his lungs Fred gets up and charges at Joel.

Joel screams as he unsuccessfully tries to fire more shots as well as tries to flee the oncoming beast. Fred reaches him and grabs him by the head, he pulls Joel's face into his own and takes a bite right out of his cheek. Joel shrieks in a loud pitch and then Fred throws him to the ground.

Joel tries to get up but Fred kicks him in the head. He then picks up the SLEDGEHAMMER and brings it up and drives it down right onto Joel's arm smashing it to ruins. Joel screams bloody murder. Fred lifts his bludgeon back up and again comes down this time on Joel's leg.

Blood starts to seep from Joel's visibly crushed limbs, Fred then continues to pound the other arm and leg and also punches a hole into Joel's abdomen.

Joel is starting to lose consciousness he woozily opens his eyes to see Fred bring the SLEDGEHAMMER down right onto his face.

With his appetite for blood satisfied Fred lifts the SLEDGEHAMMER above his head and lets out one final ravenous howl encapsulating his night of fury. He then tosses the SLEDGEHAMMER aside and steps from on top of Joel. In a slow drudging manner he then recedes back into the depths of the yard.

46 EXT. PLANT LOADING YARD, GATE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

46

Two police cruisers and a black SUV roll up on the outside of the gate. They stop and a group of officers get out of the cruisers. Out of the front seats of the SUV step two men in suits, out of the back seat, steps Dave.

They open the gate and enter the complex. The sight of Joel and Jeff's thrashed bodies immediately alert them causing them to pull out their weapons and report on their radios.

Dave catches sight of Jeff lying on the ground and registers him as the one he came in search of.

DAVE

Jeff!

He runs over to him.

DAVE

Oh my God.

Dave looks around and sees Jeff's messenger bag lying on the cement.

Very upset, Dave gets up, walks over and picks it up. He then sourly tosses the bag away onto the cement; it's contents now worth nothing.

One of the police officers approaches.

OFFICER

Jesus, what the fuck did they have going on in here last night?

Not saying anything Dave exits the complex.

FADE OUT:

THE END