

ONE TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

A colonial cabin sits nestled among the dense birch trees. A hitching post stands in front of a worn wooden porch.

Crimson rays of sunlight pierce the trees illuminating the still hanging fog.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A rooster CROWS in the distance.

NATHANIEL, 38, strong, prim and proper, rises from his four post bed. He dresses himself in breeches, a shirt, and stockings before sliding his feet into buckle shoes.

He walks to a plain dresser with a pitcher and bowl on top, pours some water into the bowl and splashes his face.

He grabs a bar of shaving soap, works up a lather, and spreads it on his face.

He retrieves a straight razor from the dresser drawer, closes his eyes and raises it to his throat.

He glides the razor up his neck. Precise. Methodical.

He brings it back down. Glides it up...

A woman SCREAMS in the other room.

Nathaniel doesn't flinch, and continues his ritual.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Embers glow in the hearth. A cast iron cauldron hangs from a metal rod overhead.

A cupboard stands across from a long wooden table with benches on each side. A bowl on the table holds carrots, wild onions, garlic, potatoes, and chives.

Nathaniel ladles a spoonful of broth from the cauldron and tastes it. He SPITS it out. Rancid. He pours it out.

He looks to the opposite corner of the kitchen.

Three small metal hoops hang from hooks in the rafters, attached to each hoop is a rope. The ropes all lead down to the wooden floor where they disappear through a tiny hole.

Nathaniel walks to the ropes and looks down.

Two metal handles flank the hole in the floor where the ropes disappear below. A SLIDE BOLT holds the hatch shut.

He listens, tilts his head to the side, then STOMPS his foot on the floor.

The ropes SNAP taught. Muffled whimpers float up from below.

He stares at the hatch for a moment then looks back at the dying embers. He opens a window next to the ropes.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Nathaniel exits the front door and shuts it behind him.

He walks to a small stable where a silky black stallion waits for him, slips a harness over its head, and leads it to the kitchen window.

A rope with a metal hook attached to one end hangs off the horse's harness. He ties the free end of the rope to the horse and drops the end with the hook through the window.

He walks to the side of the house and collects six sticks of firewood from a cord meticulously stacked to perfection.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nathaniel builds a perfect log cabin fire atop the glowing embers under the cauldron. The fire crackles to life.

He walks to the ropes, slides the bolt, and opens the hatch.

Three WOMEN huddle together in the hole below, covered in dirt and a sanguine paste. Their hands bound by ropes in front, and their feet tied to the ropes that lead up to the hoops in the rafters.

Nathaniel surveys the lot. There's a skinny white woman, a strong black woman, and a FAT woman with a beak nose.

He holds his finger out in front of him, sweeping it back and forth. Who's it going to be?

His eyes lock on the fat woman. A sinister smirk creeps up.

The fat woman screams, the other women push her away. No sympathy for the dying.

Nathaniel grabs the fat woman's rope and unhooks the hoop from the rafters. He feeds the rope through an open faced pulley hanging above the window, then hooks the hoop to the rope attached to the horse.

He whistles, the horse marches forward and pulls the rope tight, yanking the fat woman's feet out from under her. She rises into the air upside down.

INT. CABIN - HOLE - CONTINUOUS

The fat woman screams and claws at the other women. They club her with their tied hands and crouch to evade her grasp.

The hatch slams shut. Streaks of light sneak into the dark hole. The women below look up through the slats.

The fat woman sways in and out of view, screaming.

Nathaniel's FOOTSTEPS approach.

The scream becomes a hissing GURGLING groan. Blood rains down through the slats, caking the women in a fresh coat.

They SCREAM.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - LATER

Nathaniel stands before the fat woman, still hanging upside down, his arm buried in a hole in her abdomen as he digs and delves around inside, searching.

He freezes. Found it. He yanks, and yanks, AND YANKS.

It's free.

He slowly retracts his bloody arm from her belly and extracts her still beating heart. Blood seeps from the veins and spurts the last bit of life from the arteries.

He walks to the cauldron with his prize and drops it in. It SIZZLES as it hits the hot iron.

CATHERINE (O.S.)

That smells wonderful, sir. By chance would you have any wild onions or carrots? Those would be delightful additions to your meal.

Nathaniel looks to the hatch, then to the table.

INSERT - BOWL

The bowl on the table holds wild onions, carrots, garlic, potatoes, and chives.

BACK TO SCENE

He pulls the onions and carrots from the bowl chops them.

CATHERINE

Do not cut them too big, sir, as they will not cook properly.

He pauses. He's chopping them too big. He cuts them smaller.

CATHERINE

Nor do you want to cut them too small, sir. They will mush as they cook.

He pauses. He's chopping them too small.

He looks at the hatch.

INT. CABIN - HOLE - CONTINUOUS

The bolt slides. The hatch opens. Nathaniel stands over the women with a knife in hand.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CATHERINE, 22, strong black woman, stands tall in the hole, locks eyes with Nathaniel. The white woman cowers.

CATHERINE

If it pleases you, sir, may I?

She nods her head toward the table.

Nathaniel ponders her request. He taps the knife on his leg.

He lunges forward, clutches her bound hands, lifts her from the hole, tosses her to the floor, slams the hatch shut, and bolts it in one fell swoop.

She lands face down, her dress flies up revealing her naked legs. Before she can react, he's on top of her, knife to her throat.

She shuts her eyes.

The knife slides away from her throat and traces across her shoulders, down her back, across her buttocks, down the inside of her thigh to her bound feet.

The knife slices through the rope, freeing her feet.

Nathaniel backs away and stands by the doorway.

She stands and stares at him.

He waves his hand toward the table.

Catherine, frozen for a second, wills herself to move to the table. She looks at the corpse hanging in the corner by the open window. Nathaniel blocks the doorway to the other room. The sizzling heart cooks in the cauldron.

She swallows, grabs the carrots, scans the table for...

A KNIFE stabs down on the table next to her. She jumps.

Nathaniel releases his grip from the knife and backs away.

Catherine wrestles the knife from the table and starts cutting the onions.

She skillfully chops the onions and makes quick work of the carrots.

CATHERINE

Do you have any mushrooms, sir? I
would be happy to fetch some.

She steps toward the doorway. Nathaniel blocks her.

CATHERINE

Of course, sir. Apologies.

Puzzled, Nathaniel gazes at her, then strolls to the cupboard, always keeping an eye on her. He retrieves something, then saunters to her side.

He sets some mushrooms down on the table.

She reaches for them and freezes mid reach.

CATHERINE

Thank...

Her eyes lock on the MUSHROOMS.

She looks at Nathaniel. Back to the mushrooms. To Nathaniel.

CATHERINE

Death Cap.

She shakes her head, "no".

Nathaniel releases his grip on a knife tucked into his waistband at the small of his back.

He motions for her to continue.

MONTAGE

- Catherine chops up the chives and potatoes.
- She fillets some flesh from the back of the fat woman.
- Pounds the flesh.
- Seasons the flesh with salt and chives.
- Nathaniel watches intently.
- She sears the flesh on a spit over the open fire.
- Adds the potatoes to the cauldron.
- Ladles some stew into a wooden bowl.
- Garnishes the stew with chives and slices of the fat woman.
- Serves it to Nathaniel.

BACK TO SCENE

Nathaniel sits down at the table. He picks up a wooden spoon and stirs the stew. It looks delicious.

He lifts the spoon from the bowl. A large chunk of meat and fat swim in the broth. He brings it to his mouth, then stops.

He holds the spoon toward her and motions for her to eat it.

His stare pierces her.

Her face drops, chin quivers. Tears well up in her eyes. She swallows hard and steps to the spoon.

She stares at it. The fat glistens in the light of the fire. Steam rises from the grilled flesh.

She closes her eyes to hold back the tears as she opens her mouth and takes in the flesh.

She gags but fights through it as she gnaws down.

She swallows and opens her eyes.

Nathaniel is transfixed by her reaction.

He waits. She's not dying.

He attacks his bowl like a wild animal and scarfs down his meal, savoring every last morsel, then licks the bowl clean.

He looks down at the empty bowl, then locks eyes with her.

She waits for a reaction.

A grin stretches across his face.

NATHANIEL

More.

FADE OUT.