

VICTIM

by

Abe from LA

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DARKNESS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That your blood all over you?

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, LARGE ROOM - NIGHT

TRAVIS LAKE (25) and his wheelchair sit in a dark, windowless room. A flashlight on him, he lowers his face.

He's a bony man with stringy hair, wearing a blood-soaked baseball cap and jacket. Hands cuffed behind him.

Being interrogated by an unseen man: DETECTIVE COYLE.

MAN'S VOICE/DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Girl's name was Justine Mark.
I'd say your brother raped
her, filleted her, then high-
tailed it out of here. Left
you with her blood. And my
God, there is a lot of blood.

TRAVIS
No, not true.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Eye witness saw a man with
Justine tonight. A man in a
wheelchair. That's you,
Travis. Your brother used you
to lure the girl, didn't he?

TRAVIS
I didn't do nothing.

DET. COYLE
Of course you didn't. You
don't have any working parts.
You're like a gas pump with no
pump.

TRAVIS
Don't... don't you say that.

Travis holds his rage. Shakes in his wheelchair. Det. Coyle
whispers to somebody O.S. Then back to Travis.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
They found Justine all torn
apart in a tree. Up the road.
(MORE)

DET. COYLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No head, no hands, sexually
mutilated. Jesus pieces, what
kind of monster would do that?
(softer)
Bet'cha it was the family
monster. Right, Travis? Your
big brother. Wade Lake.

Coyle's watch BEEPS. Travis jumps. Looks around.

TRAVIS
Uh-oh, the witching hour. I
gotta be home.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Nobody goes home till we get
some answers. Besides, the
roads are flooded. No trick or
treat tonight, so get
comfortable.

A CRACK of lightning. Coyle whispers again to somebody O.S.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
(to Travis)
Guess what I found out? The
girl pulled from the tree
wasn't a girl after all. She
was trans-gender. But you
already know that. Cause
that's what made Wade snap? He
found out he was making
whoopee with some guy. Went
all psycho. Cut him with a
hunting knife. Am I warm?

TRAVIS
You're saying it backwards.

DET. COYLE
Backwards my dick. Your
brother killed somebody.

TRAVIS
She... she killed Wade.

Thunder RUMBLES and the room walls shiver.

FLASHBACK.

EXT. FARM HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

A driving rain. Lightning cracks and turns the land white. Illuminates a dark car, parked in front of the house.

Thunder RUMBLES.

INT. FARM HOUSE - SAME

WADE LAKE (30) carries a woman across a living room. The woman is slung over his shoulder like a gunny sack.

Behind them rolls Travis in his wheelchair. He stops. He holds a flashlight. Looks around the room.

Old furniture. Broken window, ancient curtains. Cobwebs.

WADE

I need a bed. I can't do it
without a bed.

Wade disappears with the woman into a bedroom.

The house inside illuminates. A CRASH of thunder outside.

Travis turns and rolls back toward the front door.

There is no door to this house. Travis stops at the doorless doorway. Faces the rain outside. He trembles.

TRAVIS

Uh, Wade. Wade! Get out here.
Something's happening.

EXT. FARM HOUSE

Car headlights blaze. Wade's black car drives away slowly.

PORCH

Travis rolls slowly out of the house. Stares into the rain.

From inside the house, a woman's SCREAM.

Travis jerks. He spins around. Something stumbles toward him in the semi-dark from inside. Then out of the house.

Wade is stocky man, early 30s. Minus his shirt. Moustache and beard. Round face with a knife scar. He looks bothered.

TRAVIS

Wade?

Wade pops a cigarette in his mouth. Lights up. Blows smoke.

WADE

She's dead.

TRAVIS

Who's dead?

WADE

Miss America.

Travis points toward the black beyond.

TRAVIS

Your... your car —

Wade isn't paying attention. He rubs his eyes.

WADE

Her neck snapped pretty hard.
Did ya hear it? Dumb bitch. I
told her to behave and it'd be
all over in no time. But no,
not this bitch.

TRAVIS

Your... car is gone.

Wade looks at Travis. The news hits him. He stares into the night. He tosses his smoke.

WADE

What the fuck?

TRAVIS

I tried to tell you. It got
stolen.

WADE

Who stole my car? Huh?

TRAVIS

I used my flashlight.

WADE

Yeah, so who stole my car?

Travis aims the flashlight into darkness. Wade eyes follow the beam.

TRAVIS
Didn't see no one.

WADE
You sat there and let somebody
steal my car? And you didn't
see no one? Jee-zus Christ.

Wade pulls a gun from his waistband.

Puts the gun to Travis' head.

Doesn't pull the trigger. Instead whacks his brother across
the face with the butt of the gun.

Knocks Travis out of the chair, to the deck. Travis cries.

TRAVIS
I'm sorry, Wade. Travis not a
bad boy. Please. Don't hit me
no more.

Wade turns back toward the house. Hammers the butt of the
gun against the wall. Over and over.

WADE
Mother fucker.

Wade catches his breath. Regains composure. Glances at
Travis, who cowers and weeps.

Wade lifts the wheelchair.

Picks up his brother. Helps him back in the wheelchair.

WADE
You dumb skunk. Sometimes you
just piss the --

Travis wipes his tears. Looks out into darkness. Squints.

TRAVIS
Your car. I see it.

Travis points. Wade looks up. Sharpens his eyes.

WADE
(chuckles)
Well, hallelujah.

He steps off the porch into the rain.

TRAVIS
Don't leave me.

WADE
Go in the house and wait for
me. I'll be right back.

A CRACKLE of lightening. Thunder GROWLS.

TRAVIS
I'm scare.

WADE
You go in the house like I
said.

He slogs toward the car.

MUDDY FIELD

Wade get hits with torrential rain. Trudges through water
and sludge. Wipes his face to clear his vision.

Sees his car up ahead, near a tree.

He pushes toward the car. He bends over to cut the wind.
Thirty feet from the car... twenty feet.

He reaches his car, then stops. Looks mortified. Snaps a
longing glance back at the house. He blinks back rain.

FARM HOUSE PORCH

Travis sits and waits with his flashlight. Stares into the
distance.

POP, POP, POP... gunfire from Wade.

Travis jerks with each gunshot. Then a horrible SHRIEK from
Wade. Travis covers his hears. Lowers his head.

TRAVIS
Did it run out of gas? Huh? It
ran out of gas, right, Wade?

Travis trembles. Then he look up.

His face glows. Reflecting orange, as if from a fire. The
orange color intensifies.

Coming at Travis is a orange glow, flying above the ground.

Travis cuts loose a terrified SCREAM.

End of FLASHBACK.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE, ROOM - PRESENT

Det. Coyle keeps his flashlight on Travis.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
That's it? You saw a witch?

TRAVIS
Yeah. She came in the house.
Saw her go into the dead girl.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Now why would a witch do that?

Travis lifts his head slightly.

TRAVIS
Cause it was warm in there.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
This is what the witch said?

TRAVIS
The dead girl.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
If the dead girl's alive, then
who's body was in the tree?

TRAVIS
Wade.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Wade? I suppose the dead girl
caught a lift back to town?

TRAVIS
No. She's in the room.

A seemingly long moment before the detective responds.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Game's up. Nice try, asshole.

A police handgun is trained on Travis.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Wade Lake, you're under arrest
for the murder of Justine
Marr. And the murder of your
brother, Travis Lake.

Travis lifts his head up, looks into the flashlight.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
I knew you weren't Travis from
the get-go.

TRAVIS
You still got it backwards.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Wade Lake, you have the right
to remain silent. Anything you
say can and will be used
against you in a court of
law...

TRAVIS
I told you. Wade's dead.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
... you have a right to an
attorney. If you cannot afford
an attorney, one will be
appointed for you.

TRAVIS
But Travis is here. Up there.

Coyle's flashlight beam swings upward.

Stapled to the ceiling is the twisted, broken body of

TRAVIS LAKE

Coyle GASPS. Drops his flashlight. It hits the floor. He
retrieve it, but the light is dead.

DARKNESS.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
This is Detective Coyle. Do
you copy?... come in.

STATIC.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
(to Travis)
Don't you move.

Coyle taps the flashlight and the light returns.

The angle from behind is blinding.

Against the bright flashlight beam is the

SILHOUETTE OF TRAVIS

He brings his hands from around his back. The handcuffs
slide from one wrist, jangles to the floor.

He removes his baseball cap. Peels off his bloody jacket.

Stands.

OUTLINE OF something strange. Human but also otherworldly.

DET. COYLE (O.S.)
Halt!

BEEP. Coyle's watch alarm.

TRAVIS/WITCH
Is must be the witching hour.

The light dies. Darkness again.

BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM. Gunshots ring.

A moment of quiet and then a gruesome SCREAM from Det.
Coyle.

FADE TO ORANGE.