

# 'WINTER COVER'

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY INDUSTRIAL MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The winter wind HOWLS at the full moon.

The snow-streaked moon's rays twinkle on the newly fallen snow.

A line of mature fir trees block the view to the service road at an industrial mall's parking lot.

At the base of the burlap and twine wrap of the bulky evergreen, a woman's fancy black high heel shoe lies half buried in the snow.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION - DAY

Paunchy with a dirty ripped shirt, ERIC EDWARDS, 35, bends over the reception desk.

His ample belly sits on the edge of the desk as he bends over and leers into Brittany's low-cut cleavage.

BRITTANY, 25, is dark-roots, blonde hair trash who files her self-applied chipped nail polish.

She leans forward to give Eric an eye-full.

The reception clock states 5:05 p.m.

Brittany sneers in overzealous contempt as the office staff SNICKER, COUGH and make rude under-their-breathe COMMENTS as they pass the two obvious lust-birds.

Office Controller, JAKE WILLIAMS, 40, COUGHS to interrupt the entwined two.

JAKE

Eric, is your wife coming in tomorrow?  
I need her to sign some checks.

Eric winks at Brittany and turns to Jake.

ERIC

Yah, the President of the company should be here tomorrow after her international conference.

His girth moves him back slowly for eye-sex to Brittany's gum popping.

The clock TICKS 5:15 p.m. and Eric and Brittany are at last alone.

Brittany grabs Eric's shirt collar and whispers breathlessly in his ear.

BRITTANY

I'm not wearing any panties.

Wide-eyed, Eric grabs her and pushes her into the President's office behind the reception and kicks the door closed but it stays open a crack.

Eric pushes Brittany on her back on the pristine desk.

She GIGGLES and COOS.

With a lustful grin, Eric undoes his belt buckle with a CLUNK and pulls his zipper down with its SCRAPING metallic resistance.

The office door flies open and amazon ANN EDWARDS, 30, enters with two burly guys behind her.

Ann grabs Eric's arm and twirls him around.

ANN

I think we have all seen enough.  
Boys, you know what to do next.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

EXT. EMPTY INDUSTRIAL MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Police cars and vans surround a line of evergreen trees covered with burlap against the winter cold along the driveway of an industrial park.

A number of officers surround one tree that has a woman's leg exposed.

The leg has been ravaged by animals.

More police cars park in front of 'Lundy's Landscaping'.

Coming out the front door, Ann Edwards is in handcuffs. A police woman escorts her to the back seat of an open police car.

Before getting in, she turns to the two burly men, also in handcuffs, being escorted to a van.

ANN

Guys, I thought you were going to get rid of them far, far away!

One big guy smirks and jerks his head to the other.

BIG GUY

Sorry, Mrs. Edwards. But ma was making our favourite lasagna supper and we were both hungry.

The police officers roll their eyes and shake their heads.

They get into their respective vehicles and drive away.

They veer around some parked vehicles and the tires pass over a metal grate.

The passing blasts away the snow covering the grate to expose a leather glove clutching a metal strut of the grate.

The vibration shakes the glove loose and the finger bones within the glove drop into the gutter below.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.