

Three Kids and A Corpse

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

KIDS make their way home after a long day of school.

KYLE (12), a lanky young rebel, stomps home dragging his pest of a brother TOMMY (9) along by the arm. Tommy is unable to match Kyle's pace, quickly becoming a burden to his impatient older brother.

Finally fed up, Kyle breaks his clasp and pushes forward at his own pace. Tommy quickly fades behind.

TOMMY
(calling out)
Kyle, slow down.

Kyle doesn't need to look back to respond.

KYLE
Tommy, shut up.

TOMMY
But, mom said you have to hold my
hand the whole way.

Kyle releases a frustrated breath before going back for his annoying little brother.

KYLE
Fine, you happy?

Tommy's attempt to conceal a smirk is vain.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I swear, you act just like a baby.

TOMMY
Don't call me a baby.

KYLE
Or else, what?

Kyle punches Tommy in the arm.

TOMMY
Ouch.

Tommy pouts and rubs the injured arm, trying to relieve the pain. His eyes moisten. He clinches them shut to fight back his tears.

KYLE
Is the little baby gonna cry?

TOMMY
I'm gonna tell mom.

Tears fall down his reddening face.

KYLE
Dry it up, I barely hit you.

BRAD (13), a spiky-haired social deviant appropriately nicknamed "Bad News Brad" smashes the brakes to his six-speed bike, cutting right in front of Kyle and Tommy.

Tommy quickly runs the hem of his shirt over his eyes.

BRAD
What's up, Kyle? I see you're still dragging around the old, ball-and-chain. You two, make a cute couple.

KYLE
Shut up, Brad.

BRAD
Well, you do.

Tommy pulls the hem away from his face and snuffles.

BRAD (CONT'D)
What's his problem?

TOMMY
(sniffling)
Kyle, you're not supposed to be talking to Brad.

KYLE
So?

TOMMY
So, I'm going to tell mom--

BRAD
Hey Tommy, you wanna see something really cool?

Tommy seems to be taken by the prospect, but shakes his head "no". Brad shrugs it off.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Fine, suit yourself. I'll catch you later, Kyle.

Brad and Kyle pound fists.

Brad starts to pedal off.

TOMMY

Wait.

Brad stops and looks back.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I want to see it.

Brad cracks a devious smirk. He winks at Kyle then gestures his head in the direction he was pedalling.

BRAD

It's right over here.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

The boys hover over an indistinct object in a sea of dried, brown grass. This lot, where a home once stood, is now overgrowth littered with broken-down furniture and used tires.

CLOSING IN, it is clear that the boys are standing over a CORPSE -- which only a keen eye from afar would be able to tell apart from the garbage that is strewn throughout the lot.

The corpse is fresh with a huge gash in the back from which, blood gushes freely. The corpse, due to poor handling, has ripped through the garbage bag it's been stuffed into.

Kyle and Tommy stare down at it, mouths agape.

BRAD

Cool, right?

KYLE

This the coolest thing I've ever seen.

Tommy turns away, clamping his eyes shut. He tugs on Kyle's backpack.

TOMMY

Let's, go. I'm telling mom if you don't take me home right now, Kyle.

BRAD

Stop being a baby.

TOMMY
(screaming)
I'm not a baby. Kyle, let's go.

Kyle stands, dead to the world -- his jaw hangs. After a moment...

KYLE
How do you think he died?

The grinding of the hard rubber wheels against the poorly-paved asphalt rattles the metal frame of a slow-moving shopping cart.

Startled by the noise, the boys turn to see...

RUSTY (45), a full-bearded, old but sturdy homeless man, as he pushes all his worldly possessions towards the boys. His baggy overcoat hides his large build. The layers of filth that cover him add to his ominous presence.

Tommy stands still, frozen with fear.

Brad and Kyle snicker, but Tommy doesn't. His eyes never stray from Rusty.

RUSTY
(with a raspy voice)
I'll tell you how he died.

Tommy forces a gulp of spit down his dry gullet.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
I killed him. And do you know why I killed him?

Tommy shakes his head "no". Tommy's heart beats through his chest.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Because he was a snitch, Tommy.
Just like you.

Tommy tries to run but Brad and Kyle hold him in place.

The homeless man pulls a long, jagged-edged BLADE from his overcoat and brings it to Tommy's stomach.

Tommy's face goes pale. He tries, but can't force a sound through his trembling lips.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
So, I stabbed him with my big,
sharp knife, until he couldn't take
anymore.

Tommy drops to his knees, accepting his impending doom.

Rusty drops his blade and quickly snags Tommy's throat with
both hands. Tommy's eyes nearly burst from his skull.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Then I snapped his little neck like
a twig.

At this moment, a rush of adrenaline ignites Tommy's survival
instincts.

Tommy yells out a battle cry and springs to his feet.
Bewildered, Rusty drops his grip on Tommy's throat. Tommy
rips free from Brad and Kyle's grip and releases a blood-
curdling scream as he runs away, arms flailing.

Brad and Kyle look at each other and erupt in laughter. Rusty
laughs along.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
How'd I do?

KYLE
You were awesome.

Rusty takes a bow, and recovers his knife from the floor.

BRAD
Did you see the way he ran off,
crying like a little girl? It was
priceless.

Brad and Kyle pound fists.

RUSTY
So, where's my fifty bucks?

Kyle wrestles a wad of cash from his pocket and slaps it into
Rusty's filthy hand.

Rusty holds each note to the sun to inspect their legitimacy.

Kyle eyes the corpse in amazement.

KYLE
So, who's the actor?

RUSTY
(still inspecting the
notes)
What actor?

Kyle gestures toward the body.

Rusty glances down, then a moment of realization hits.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
Oh, no-- He's no actor, that's just
some guy that owed me money. He
didn't pay me, so I took care of
him. Talk about killing two birds
with one stone.

Rusty turns to stuff the bills into a tin can sitting at the
front of his cart.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
You boys can't say a word about
this to anyone, okay? I'd really
hate to have to gut you, too.

He turns to get confirmation from the boys, but their figures
fade in the distance as they run for their lives.

RUSTY (CONT'D)
(calling out to them)
Don't worry about it. I'll just
clean this up, myself. I guess,
I'll just catch you boys around,
then.

Rusty wipes the blood from his blade with his coat. As he
does this, he notices Brad's bike is still lying by the
corpse. Rusty grabs the bike and stuffs it into his shopping
cart.

An OLD LADY walks by, reading a NEWSPAPER. She glances over
at Rusty and freezes in her tracks. She compares his face to
the sketching of a man on a WANTED POSTER inside her
newspaper. They're identical. He's wanted for over seven
murders.

The Old Lady grows pale as she looks down at the corpse lying
in the grass.

Rusty, still wiping the blade, slowly inches towards the Old
Lady like a predator stalking his prey.

The Old Lady backs into a LIGHT POLE. As Rusty closes in, he
raises the knife to her throat.

RUSTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you had to see this.

The Old Lady's eyes grow wide. She gasps, then...

OVER BLACK:

She lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

FADE OUT