Lumberjack

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INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

DETECTIVE BAADAZ, 45, seen-it-all hard, stands from a partially eaten eggs and toast at kitchenette table, coffee cup in hand.

Pistol butt wags from shoulder holster over badge at waist.

Mouth full of food, he kisses forehead of MOM, 70, still eating her eggs and toast, grabs keys towards door.

MOM Stay and finish your breakfast, Dear. It's the most important--

BAADAZ Gotta go, Mom.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

Baadaz spits out eggs and toast into hedge, throws coffee from cup into grass. Hauls ass out of driveway.

INT. BAADAZ'S CAR - DAY

DETECTIVE HEDDY, 40, bully with a badge, slams passenger door shut. Hands over Starbucks and a box of Krispy Kremes. Baadaz sips coffee, looks in near empty box, looks at Heddy.

> HEDDY Get here on time. What we got?

BAADAZ Asshole. Lumberjack's at it again. Number three.

EXT. STRIP MALL SERVICE ALLEY - DAY

Baadaz's car pulls up on several cruisers, ambulance, lights flashing. Dozens of uniforms mill about looking for evidence.

Heddy and four officers look down at the victim while a forensic photographer works. Baadaz stands with them but looks about the scene. Estimating.

HEDDY Where's the rest?

OFFICER ONE

That's it.

Baadaz looks back at Heddy who looks back at him. Both return to their previous viewings.

OFFICER TWO Nothing else. No ID. No missing persons. No notes. No witnesses. No surveillance tape. No blood. No bullets. No bindings. No nothing. Just... that. What do you think, sir?

Baadaz doesn't take his eyes off the surroundings.

BAADAZ I think it's on.

OFFICER TWO

Sir?

BAADAZ It's on like Donky Kong. I'm not gonna catch him. I'm gonna kill him.

HEDDY Okay, Ansel, you're done. Guys, bag stumpy, here. Get 'im to the fridge.

Into a body bag, paramedics heave the naked head and torso of a 30 year old Caucasian male. Arms and legs removed, ragged rope burns around chest and throat.

They zip up the body bag...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT MEN'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... pants fly zips up.

Toilet goes unflushed, Heddy scratches his ass, passes the sink as he checks his hair in the mirror, pushes open the bathroom door to...

DETECTIVE'S BULL PEN

Shouts and hurrahs sound out as PIZZA DUDE, 40, tall and strong, enters, arms loaded with boxes.

Baadaz looks up from his computer, phone to ear, pen in mouth.

HEDDY What the fuck is all this?

PIZZA DUDE A friend of the force just paid for all this. Each with a CD, DVD or something. Guy tipped me pretty good, too, so you guys don't owe me nothin'. You guys have a nice day!

The boxes are passed around the happy office as Pizza Dude leaves.

DVDs taped to each box top are ripped off before slices are shoveled into mouths.

Heddy slides out a DVD from the paper jacket. Reads: LETHAL WANKERS 4.

HEDDY What the hell is this? Some porn promotion. Hey, Sam?! Your wife gonna be in this one, too?!

From across the room, SAM, 40, big iron pumper, reads his own copy of the DVD, flips Heddy the finger, slides the DVD into his computer.

Heddy laughs, slides his DVD into his computer's drive.

HEDDY Coroner get back to you yet?

BAADAZ (shakes head) Coming to the phone, now.

Cheers and hoots sound out as big boobs bounce up and down on the computer monitors playing the DVD. Screen reads "LETHAL WANKERS 4". Heddy laughs.

Actor credits begin to roll. Sam points at the screen.

SAM Hey. Hey! Guys! Look! HEDDY What the fuck? These are our names!

SAM Nah. Our... wives and... parents.

Baadaz's distracted attention narrows at the rolling credits just as voice on his phone cracks.

BAADAZ

Yeah, whadda ya got, Doc... ? Estimated time of death... ? Ten PM. Stomach contents... ? Pizza?

The bouncing boobs cut to old lady boobs.

The camera zooms out, reveals Baadaz's mom rope-tied to a wooden chair and steel lally column. Naked. Crying.

Chords tied around her upper arms are tight enough to make them sickly purple.

A disturbed mix of hushed alarm rages through the bull pen. Pizza Dude's voice talks to mom.

> LUMBERJACK (O.S.) D'you like music, missus Baadaz?

On screen the old lady just sobs.

Officers run out the door Pizza Dude just left from. Others grab the phone and start calling.

LUMBERJACK (O.S.) How about something pretty.

What a Wonderful World by Louis Armstrong begins over mom's cries.

http://www.emp3world.com/mp3/55366/Louis%20Armstrong/What%20A%20Wonder

Lumberjack sits mostly out of camera view.

With a short paring knife he slices deep into her bicep below the binding. Deep red blood oozes like pudding from the huge cut to the bone. She yells.

Heddy runs after Baadaz flying out the door.

From the room of hardened policemen viewing their monitors come gasps of horror. Some turn their head. Some leave.

Moments later what sounds like bone snapping amidst screams makes several officers spew vomit.

EXT. PRECINCT EMPLOYEE PARKING - DAY

Heddy busts through the exit door as Baadaz's car rockets across the parking lot into the street. Heddy chases.

As the car screeches away Heddy almost trips over several pencil lead thin steel wires in the parking lot.

Breathless, he looks down, they zip away fast, snare his ankles, slam him to the ground, drag him screaming through the open parking lot gate, across the street before he disappears through bushes.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

Baadaz's car comes to a turf-tearing stop in the front yard. Pistol drawn, he charges through the open front door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Baadaz races room to room through the house, not finding anything or anyone.

The home phone rings. He snatches it from the wall.

BAADAZ Where are you?!

INT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP

Surrounded by complete dark, two twin 1000W halogen shop work lights illuminate Heddy, naked, rope-tied to a chair and steel lally column.

> LUMBERJACK (O.S.) I have your partner, now.

Heddy pulls against the ropes. Duct tape wrapped around his mouth and asphalt scraped head.

Arms and legs, duct taped to the chair, are deep purple from chord bindings.

BAADAZ (V.O.) Where's my mother?!

The black silhouette of Lumberjack holding a phone strolls past a tripod mounted video camera.

LUMBERJACK Where <u>are</u> your manners, Detective Baadaz? You should be less concerned about the dead than the living... while you can.

Lumberjack steps into the light field, leans down to Heddy's angry face.

LUMBERJACK

Tell you what, Detective. I will either tell you the whereabouts of your mother or let you speak your last words to Detective Heddy. What'll it be?

Heddy's eyes glare at him. Sweat dribbles through bloody road rash.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Baadaz turns about, conflicted, frustrated at massive levels.

BAADAZ

I... I...

INT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP

Lumberjack leans back to grab something from a table. Returns to Heddy with little kids safety-kut scissors. SNIP! SNIP!

> LUMBERJACK Cat got your tongue, Detective?

He opens the scissors an inch, pinches Heddy's purple bicep, but doesn't cut.

BAADAZ (V.O.) Let me talk to Detective Heddy.

LUMBERJACK Wise decision. Just a sec...

Lumberjack lowers the phone to Heddy's ear, clicks speakerphone.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Baadaz paces about looking for any evidence as police cruisers roll up street side, lights flashing, sirens blaring.

LUMBERJACK (V.O.)

Go.

Baadaz comes out the front door violently gesturing for them to cut off their sirens, turns back into the house.

BAADAZ Rick! Rick! Can you hear me?... We, uh... I... You're the best friend a guy could ever have. I've ever had. I'll look after Lisa and little RJ.

INT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP

Heddy's attentive anger stirs with painful resignation to his ill fate.

BAADAZ (V.O.) We're going to do everything-- !

LUMBERJACK

You ain't gonna do shit, Detective Clouseau. That's it. But since you surprised me with your "friend and family" crap I'll tell you where your mom's remains are. Ready?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Baadaz nods his head as he runs through a thicket of patrolmen towards his car.

BAADAZ Yeah! Where is she?

LUMBERJACK (V.O.) Behind the church where she married your father. If you hurry, you might get there before the dump truck does. Detective Heddy? How about a little music?

What a Wonderful World begins again as the phone clicks off, disconnected. Music continues on scene.

BAADAZ Go to the... the... First Baptist Church at Arcadia and Holmes!

-- he yells to everyone before he slams his car door shut. Louis Armstrong sings as...

M.O.S. SERIES OF SHOTS - INTERCUT BETWEEN BAADAZ AND HEDDY

1) Baadaz's car tears up the lawn out to the street.

2) Heddy bounces with futility when Lumberjack pinches his bicep with the saftey-kut scissors.

3) Patrol cruisers depart from Baadaz's street.

4) SNIP! Muscle gives way like playdough. Dark red blood oozes.

5) Baadaz looks out his windshield at the red light ahead.

6) One scissors blade digs deep for a wide open lateral cut.

7) Baadaz blows through the intersection, cars crash behind.

8) Like a dog chewing gum, the scissors work their way through Heddy's thick bicep.

9) A couple of cruisers stop at the accident, others blow through in pursuit.

10) Huge clots of near-black blood plop on the floor, followed by chunks of meat. Muscle.

11) The accident scene diminishes in Baadaz's rear view mirror.

12) A boot on Heddy's shoulder, bare bone bends from force.

13) Baadaz's car cuts a tire-smoking corner down another street.

14) Bone chips fly as Heddy's humerus breaks. Heddy doesn't find it funny. At all.

15) Baadaz zooms past a parked school bus, nearly creams a child crossing street.

16) In shadow, Lumberjack walks past the front of enraged Heddy.

17) Pursuing officers slow down as irate bus driver shakes arm and fist out the window.

18) Lumberjack pats Heddy on the head with his dismembered arm and hand.

19) Baadaz weaves through traffic, cars zoom past.

20) Lumberjack sits down at opposite arm, places open scissors on purple skin.

21) In his way, a forked front load trash truck parallel to a concrete truck keeps Baadaz from passing.

22) The scissors bite in, but the cutting goes difficult.

23) Baadaz swerves into oncoming traffic, advances.

24) Lumberjack tosses scissors onto shadowed table, brings back a long serrated carving knife.

25) Baadaz jams the accelerator down, tachometer races to redline.

26) The carving knife rapidly removes muscle from bone, red meat chunks plop on the floor.

27) Oncoming cars swerve to miss Baadaz.

28) Bone bends before SNAP! Veins in Heddy's red face and neck bulge as he screams behind tape.

29) Baadaz swerves back into the right lane, advances.

30) Lumberjack retrieves from the table in the shadows a circular saw.

31) Tachometer races. Tire spins in a blur. The car rockets forward.

32) Lumberjack guns the circular saw. Puts it back. Retrieves a reciprocating saw. Digs it deep into Heddy's thigh.

33) Baadaz cuts the corner wide onto Arcadia Street, skids all the way into the grassy median, sod chunks and dirt rooster-tail behind.

34) Vaporized quadriceps eject into a dribbling pink cloud toward the floor.

35) Baadaz smashes into the rear of a yellow cab, it pinwheels off to the side smashing into parked cars.

36) Heddy's leg bends down slow before falling to the floor. The blood pool splats strings of clotted gelatin.

37) Baadaz's grits his teeth as he spins the steering wheel wildly to recover.

38) Lumberjack works on the last limb.

39) Baadaz's car ricochets from that accident... into a spin before he crashes into another, stops in front of the First Baptist Church.

40) Heddy's on his last leg... it bends before it falls.

41) Baadaz staggers from his car, runs across the church lawn to the back.

42) Lumberjack puts the reciprocating saw down on the work table, turns back to Heddy.

43) Baadaz rounds the church corner. Mom lies on the ground in front of the dumpster. Naked. Arms and legs removed.

44) Lumberjack reaches for the chords that bind Heddy's thighs. Pulls the knots loose.

45) Baadaz, on the ground, holds mom to his chest, cries to the sky.

46) Bright red blood spews from both femoral arteries, Heddy's life with it.

47) Baadaz collapses.

48) As does Heddy.

EXT. CHURCH SERVICE AREA - DAY

Song concludes as sound returns of Baadaz's cries on the ground.

INT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP

Lumberjack rests on the tabletop, smiling, spent.

LUMBERJACK God. Damn. That was good.

Sirens begin to wail in the background.

EXT. CHURCH SERVICE AREA - DAY

A dozen cruisers, lights flashing, arrive behind the church.

INT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP

He stands, passes through thick black plastic curtains into day lit workshop, opens door to see...

EXT. CHURCH SERVICE AREA - DAY

A murder of officers crowd around Baadaz and mom. Some search around. Some call on cell phones. Some walk away. Front load trash truck pulls up at the scene.

EXT. LUMBERJACK'S WORKSHOP - DAY

LUMBERJACK, 40, tall and strong, takes a seat, smokes, watches with ethereal bemusement. Elderly neighbors straggle to nearby backyard fences for communion at the commotion.

He chuckles to himself.

LUMBERJACK