

TWO PSYCHOS

P. Cook

FADE IN:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

A busy place right off the interstate.

People fill up their cars and trucks. A sign points to "The best buffet around".

Hookers strut from truck to truck, looking for lonely drivers in need of companionship.

Off to the side in an unlit area, a sporty coupe is parked.

INT. SPORTY COUPE - NIGHT

FOXY (35), with her long raven hair and tight clothes, her name's a perfect fit. She sits in the dark in the driver's seat. Her sharp eyes on everyone that comes and goes.

A beat-up piece of shit cargo van pulls into the place.

Foxy watches it roll to a stop by one of the pumps.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

WOLFMAN (30) steps out of the cargo van. He's a plain white male. A little awkward. Dorky glasses doesn't help.

He sweeps the place with an uneasy glance.

No one takes any notice of him except for --

INT. SPORTY COUPE - NIGHT

Foxy has Wolfman in her sights. She watches him as he fills up his van.

Wolfman's body language screams insecure. He avoids eye contact with everyone around him.

Foxy grabs a big bag from the passenger seat, then slips out of her car.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Foxy moves in the shadows. Stays out of sight. She circles around the lot, then approaches the cargo van from behind.

She strolls up to Wolfman. Startles him.

They stare at each other for a tense moment.

FOXY

Hey.

Foxy does her best to be foxy. She's good at it. Wolfman's mind races while he takes her in.

FOXY

You heading north or south?

Wolfman hesitates, then sputters.

WOLFMAN

North.

Foxy smiles.

FOXY

Want some company?

Wolfman can't believe his luck. He checks the people around them, but no one pays them any attention.

WOLFMAN

Yeah, sure.

Foxy smiles.

FOXY

Awesome! Thank you so much!

She heads to the van's rear doors. Wolfman tenses, hurries after her.

WOLFMAN

No! Wait!

Foxy grabs the door handle. They stare at each other. Foxy, pretends to be confused. Wolfman's, nervous.

FOXY

I'm putting my bag in the back.

WOLFMAN

No! Keep it with you up front.

Foxy studies him, cracks a seductive smile.

FOXY

You got something in there you don't want me to see?...a Body?

WOLFMAN
No! Of course not!

Foxy tugs on the door.

FOXY
Then what you got to worry about?

She opens the door.

Wolfman's near panic. Looks around at the other people.

Foxy peers inside the van.

Inside the van's cargo space is a tool box. A giant pack of paper towels. Duct tape. Rope. Ten jugs of Clorox. Garbage bags. Plastic sheeting.

Foxy turns to the nervous Wolfman. With a grin.

FOXY
You gotta be kidding! What are you?
(whispers)
A fucking serial killer?

Wolfman's offended. Embarrassed even.

They study each other for a long beat. They both turn more serious by the moment.

Foxy nods slightly. Dead serious now. Wolfman doesn't know what to expect.

FOXY
What's your count?

Wolfman weighs it. Play stupid or be honest? Goes for honest.

WOLFMAN
...Three.

Foxy nods with a shrug, stuffs her bag in the back then shuts the door.

FOXY
Still a newbie then.

Wolfman's utterly confused. She smiles again. A tad more sinister this time.

FOXY
I'm up to thirty-two.

Wolfman's jaw drops.

WOLFMAN

You mean...you --

FOXY

C'mon, better talk while we drive
than airing our soiled laundry out
here.

She heads to the passenger side door, gets in.

Wolfman's dumbfounded, hurries to the drivers side.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Wolfman drives along the interstate. Nervous. Tense.

Foxy sits next to him, relaxed.

FOXY

What's your name?

Wolfman thinks about this.

WOLFMAN

...Wolfman.

FOXY

(smiles to herself)
That's what you want to be
remembered as?

WOLFMAN

What about you? What's your name?

FOXY

You can call me Foxy.

They both crack a smile. Drive on.

Wolfman peers over at her every now and then.

WOLFMAN

How did you know?

Foxy looks him over.

FOXY

Not to be rude or anything, but you
look like a cliché'.

Wolfman eyes her with a scowl.

FOXY

Eighty-nine percent of all serial killers in the US are male. Sixty-eight percent of those are white.

Wolfman scoffs.

WOLFMAN

Millions of people fit that description.

FOXY

Yeah, but how many of those drive unmarked cargo vans and look like they're hiding some big secret. Your body language tells me you're insecure. Socially awkward. You dress like a dork and --

WOLFMAN

Okay! I get it.

They drive on in silence for a while.

FOXY

Tell me about your first one.

Wolfman thinks for a moment, then a smile emerges on his lips. A smile of fondness of the memory.

WOLFMAN

It wasn't planned or anything. It just happened. I couldn't sleep, so I went for a walk and there she was. Drunk as a skunk, squatting in the bushes. I don't know what came over me. I guess in some perverted way, I got turned on.

Wolfman's smile disappears. Foxy watches him, amused.

WOLFMAN

And I attacked her.

FOXY

You raped her?

WOLFMAN

I guess I was going to, but she started screaming and I panicked. All I wanted was her to stop. It seemed so loud. I thought everyone in the whole world could hear her.

FOXY
You strangled her?

WOLFMAN
I punched her first, but that
didn't do nothing...so yeah, I
strangled her.

FOXY
How did it feel when she died.

Wolfman gazes at Foxy. Their eyes meet.

WOLFMAN
It was amazing. I could feel her
life drain out of her body and
enter mine...I've never felt so
alive in my life.

FOXY
Then what did you do?

Wolfman turns his eyes back on the road.

WOLFMAN
I made love to her.

Foxy cocks an eyebrow.

FOXY
Made love?

WOLFMAN
Yes. It was a beautiful thing. She
was so warm and soft and --

FOXY
-- dead.

WOLFMAN
Yeah, well...

FOXY
What you've just described to me is
what is categorized as the
disorganized lust killer.

Wolfman looks at her, confused.

FOXY
(ticks them off on her
fingers)
You acted on impulse. You didn't
plan ahead.

(MORE)

FOXY (CONT'D)

You preyed on someone close to where you live and you had sex with her after you killed her.

He shoots her a challenging glance.

WOLFMAN

What about you? What type of killer are you?

FOXY

I'm an organized revenge killer. I plan ahead. If I have sex with my victims, I do it before I kill them. I hide the body and evidence. Bring my weapons and tools to the scene. High IQ. Successful. Less likely to get caught.

Wolfman mulls this over.

WOLFMAN

What about your first one?

Foxy shrugs.

FOXY

Just some asshole at work. He was asking for it. Couldn't keep his eyes off my ass.

WOLFMAN

What did you do?

FOXY

I stripped him naked, tied him to the bumper of my car and drove for thirty-five miles. I would have never guessed a human would last that long. Talk about road rash. By the time I got to Waynesville, all that was left of him was a foot long piece of his spine.

Foxy laughs. Wolfman stares at her with a tinge of horror.

WOLFMAN

Jeezus!

FOXY

I was a little less organized back then.

A road sign zips by outside. Foxy points to an exit ahead.

FOXY
Let's get off here.

WOLFMAN
Why?

FOXY
I have a kill planned for tonight.
When I spotted you, I thought, what
the hell, might be fun to do one
together.

Wolfman grins. Really? He flips on the turn signal.

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

The cargo van pulls into the near empty parking lot. A BMW
sits in a reserved spot.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Foxy gestures at the BMW.

FOXY
Park next to that beemer.

Wolfman does.

FOXY
Turn off the car.

He does as told.

WOLFMAN
What are we doing here?

Foxy leans back in her seat, relaxes.

FOXY
The man who owns this place is my
target.

WOLFMAN
Who is he?

FOXY
He's a real asshole. A no good
cheating bastard. Mean as fuck.
Beats his wife and his dogs. Steals
from his employees and don't pay
taxes.

Wolfman furrows his brow. Expected something exciting.

FOXY

I'm kind of like Dexter. I need my kills to have a purpose. My victims need to deserve it.

WOLFMAN

I liked that show.

FOXY

His wife has a million dollar life insurance on him, so I figured I'd be doing her a favor.

WOLFMAN

Sounds kind of boring though.

Foxy turns to him with a wicked grin.

FOXY

Oh no, Wolfman. This is going to be anything but boring. It doesn't matter what your target is like. What matters is what you do to them. We're gonna go medieval on his ass.

Wolfman's excited. Looks like a kid at Christmas.

WOLFMAN

What are we gonna do?

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Foxy and Wolfman get out of the car. She opens the rear doors, grabs her bag.

FOXY

You always want to come to a kill prepared. And you got to know your subject. Know his routine.

She checks her watch.

FOXY

This guy always closes up at two am. We've got twenty minutes. Pay attention to what I'm going to tell you.

She hands her bag to Wolfman.

LATER

HARRY (40s), simple looking man with a troubled face, exits the roadhouse. He carries manila folders in one arm. Looks like a boring accountant. He locks up the place.

Harry notices the cargo van parked next to his car in the now otherwise empty lot. He walks up to his BMW with caution as Wolfman approaches him.

HARRY
Sorry. We're closed.

WOLFMAN
I know.

Harry's car beeps as it unlocks the doors. Harry grabs the door handle. About to open it when Wolfman forces a rag over his nose and mouth.

Wolfman gets Harry in a choke hold. Harry flails about.

Further away, hidden by some shrubs, Foxy records everything on her cell phone.

Harry passes out, sags to the ground.

Wolfman drags him over to the van, rifles around in Foxy's bag. He pulls out a gag ball. Fumbles to get it fastened to Harry's head.

When finished, Wolfman breathes a big sigh of relief. Exhausted from the adrenaline rush.

Foxy hurries over, opens the rear doors to the van.

FOXY
Get him in here quick.

They lift Harry into the cargo space.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The van turns down a dirt road into a secluded area. It comes to a stop at a tiny meadow. The head lights left on.

Foxy and Wolfman get out. They drag Harry out of the back of the van, dump him on the ground.

Harry moans as he comes out of his drugged stupor.

WOLFMAN
What do we do now?

Foxy smiles at him.

FOXY

Whatever you want Wolfman. Whatever you want.

Harry blinks, tries to get his bearings. He sees Foxy. His eyes widen. He stares at her. Tries to say something.

Foxy looks down at him with glee.

FOXY

Go ahead. Go as crazy as you want.

Wolfman opens up Foxy's bag, roots around inside. He pulls out a blow torch. He turns to Foxy with a questioning look.

Foxy shrugs.

FOXY

Some days, I'm more creative than others.

Wolfman puts the blow torch back in the bag, pulls out pliers and a scalpel. He looks at Foxy.

WOLFMAN

What do you think I should do first?

FOXY

Why don't you start by taking his clothes off.

Harry stares in disbelief at Foxy.

Foxy leans against the van, watches Wolfman and Harry.

Harry moans through the gag as his clothes are being removed.

FOXY

Are you going to rape him?

Harry's eyes pop wide. Wolfman glares at her.

WOLFMAN

I'm not a homo!

FOXY

Rape has nothing to do with sex, Wolfman. It's all about power...You have a healthy human being here at your mercy. Seems a shame to let an opportunity like that go to waste.

Wolfman gives it a thought.

WOLFMAN

I don't have any condoms and I
don't want to leave any evidence
behind.

Foxy shrugs.

FOXY

You could always inject him with
some chlorine.

WOLFMAN

(embarrassed)

I don't have any needles...

Foxy rolls her eyes.

FOXY

Not into his veins!

Wolfman's confused. Gets it after a quick think.

WOLFMAN

Oh.

Everything that happens to Harry from here on takes place off
screen to the sound of horrific screams.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- Wolfman pulls a crowbar out of Foxy's bag. She nods with
approval.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Blood sprays into the air. Foxy wipes droplets from her face.

-- Wolfman pulls out a hammer from the bag.

CRUNCH! CRACK!

-- Wolfman inspects a pair of long reach needle nose pliers,
with glee.

-- Bits of flesh, bone and other goo fly through the air.

Foxy takes pictures of the action with her cell phone.

SUPER: TWO HOURS LATER

Foxy leans against the van, smokes a cigarette.

Wolfman staggers to his feet. He's drenched in blood and...other stuff. He's out of breath.

WOLFMAN
I think he's dead.

FOXY
You did good. He lasted two hours.
That's not bad for a newbie.

Wolfman smiles. Proud of himself.

WOLFMAN
What happens now?

Foxy glances at the gory grounds around them and the splatter on the van.

FOXY
You have a lot of cleaning up to do. I think I'll just walk. Hitch a ride back to the truck stop.

WOLFMAN
What about us?

FOXY
What do you mean, us?

Wolfman's confused.

WOLFMAN
I thought we were getting along great. Don't you want to do this again?

Foxy makes a face of disgust.

FOXY
Fuck no! I hate this kind of stuff.

Wolfman does a double take.

Foxy laughs.

FOXY
Jeez...

WOLFMAN
What are you --

FOXY
C'mon. I've never killed anyone in
my life.

Wolfman stares at what's left of Harry.

WOLFMAN
But, you said --

FOXY
(shrugs)
I lied. I'm a crime writer.

WOLFMAN
A writer?

FOXY
Don't act so fucking offended. I
taught you a lot of stuff, didn't
I?

Wolfman gestures at Harry.

WOLFMAN
Then, who's he?

Foxy gathers up her tools, puts them in her bag. Grins.

FOXY
I appreciate you taking care of him
for me. He's my husband.

Foxy winks at him, then strolls into the darkness.

Wolfman watches her leave. Dumbfounded.

FADE OUT: