

THEY BURN

Written by

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FADE IN:

ON BLACK:

SUPER: 'NORTH CAROLINA 1974'

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- AFTERNOON**

HUBERT LEMMINGS, fat 50-something man, thin black slicked hair, rough stubble with a thick goatee, sits on one side of a table.

Light bulb flickers, it buzzes.

Hubert looks around, his hands cuffed to the table.

In steps, DET. RANDALL HORTON, Slim man in early 40s, thick brown hair, handlebar mustache around his stubble, wearing a jazzy 1970s styled suit.

Randall looks Hubert up and down.

The two share a look.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
(Smiling faintly)  
So, we oughta' speak, hmm, sir?

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
(Giving a stern look)  
I guess we ougta'.

Randall advances to the seat opposite Hubert, sitting once there.

Randall adjusts his cuffs.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
Lemmings. Evidence has you pinned for the murders of ten young girls aged between sixteen and twenty, hmm? Also the murder of a middle-aged man, all of these spanning between years nineteen-sixty-eight and nineteen-seventy-four, I'd like to ask you a few questions.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Ask ahead, Detective.

Randall pulls out a notepad.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
We, the police have evidence, photographs of you...  
(MORE)

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
You burning previously said male in  
an undisclosed area as he is  
strapped to a table. You are a man  
of God correct, Hubert?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
(With a smile)  
Ah yes, I am a man of God,  
Detective, I am.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
Then why commit such sin, harming  
your fellow man?

Hubert wafts his fat hand.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
With permission from Jesus, my  
friend, sacrificing few to cleanse  
this land is what I believe is  
needed to be done.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
So you say your killings are in  
God's will? How 'bout I question  
god then?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
You wish to communicate with God,  
sir? Why tell me your message...

Randall stares at Hubert whom has a faint smile on his face.

Randall edges closer.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
My... Message to God is this... If  
you wish to sacrifice some for the  
cleansing of a mostly clean  
world... Why bother? Why kill? Why  
break the rules you set in place  
just to wipe the world clean of  
only small amounts of sin?

Hubert edges closer also.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Because no amount of sin is too  
small to be ignored.

Randall smirks, letting off an uneasy laugh.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
(Chuckling to himself)  
You wanna' know what I think?--...

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
 (Also chuckling)  
 I do!

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
 (Still with a laugh)  
 I think you don't believe in God, I  
 think you use his name to get what  
 you want-...

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
 (Smirking, his fists  
 tightening their clench)  
 Ahh, no! I am a man of God, a  
 prophet, a saviour!

Both men share an uneasy laughter as they stare at eachother.

Pause.

Randall draws a breath as the laughter settles.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
 Tell me... Prophet... What can  
 possibly cleanse this world?

Hubert looks around the room, a smile on his face.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
 You wish to be enlightened?

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
 (Sarcastically)  
 Indeed! Enlighten me!

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
 Why, Jesus Christ our lord himself  
 spoke to me in whispers. He spoke  
 of me, raising an army to bring out  
 his created being. See... Jesus  
 never died, he's been alive,  
 creating a beast which he calls...

The two share a look.

HUBERT LEMMINGS (CONT'D)  
 The cradler... A beast which will  
 come through these lands, ravaging  
 that which is full of sin, leaving  
 the believers, the unwavering souls  
 alive and free to have a world with  
 no sin, no anger or hate... Only  
 love and the word of Jesus and  
 God...

Hubert relaxes in his seat.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
That's very interesting, say  
Hubert, how do you and your army  
find and bring out this monster?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Ahh, with sacrifice. See, we must  
find the beacons that signal the  
beast from it's station, somewhere  
in this country it lays, waiting  
for us to summon it. We use the  
power of fire, of blood to draw the  
crosses, to summon the whispers of  
Christ who will lead us...

Randall nods, he smiles.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
I see but... Does Jesus agree with  
your acts of sex. Your lust? See,  
we had a former member of your  
'army' come to us saying she ran  
away because she was a 'Special'  
one, one locked in your house, used  
for sexual pleasure only...

Hubert licks his lips, he sighs.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
A lost soul. Her only purpose is to  
deface my reputation as a savior of  
the devoted, Sir. She probably  
couldn't fathom the importance of  
our mission of God. She left and  
tried to bring us down but again...  
We arise.

Randall throws his notepad away, not using it. He becomes  
serious.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
Arise you say? There's still some  
of you left?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Of course...

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
Hmm. Of course...(Randall rubs his  
chin) Say... You're probably  
wondering why I haven't let you get  
butt-fucked in the corrections  
facility already, right?

Hubert pulls a face in an act of disgust.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Such graphic language, sir.

DET. RANDALL HORTON

Right?

HUBERT LEMMINGS

I know why you're keepin' me alive,  
Detective.

Randall strokes his mustache.

DET. RANDALL HORTON

Good... So feed me some  
information.

HUBERT LEMMINGS

I believe I've fed you plenty, sir.

DET. RANDALL HORTON

(Tone raised)

More. Where's your followers? We  
came upon you alone, where's the  
others?

Hubert shakes his head.

HUBERT LEMMINGS

I don't-...

DET. RANDALL HORTON

(Protesting loudly)

Bull-fucking-shit!

HUBERT LEMMINGS

(Answering back loudly)

I do not know where my people may  
be, DETECTIVE but I know that even  
if you did find 'em they would  
shoot you down. Armed to the  
fuckin' teeth, ready for you,  
Detective.

Randall gets close to Hubert's face.

DET. RANDALL HORTON

You think I won't kill 'em? You  
think I won't kill women and  
children? You think I won't kill  
you... Right here. This is the  
south, boy, we do as we please, I  
could drag your dead body through  
the fuckin' department and every  
dickhead with a badge will turn a  
blind eye, Mr. Lemmings... Now.  
Comply with me...

Hubert reaches his tongue out and licks Randall on the nose,  
proceeding to chuckle after doing so.

Randall smiles.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
Ah-hah. Didn't think it would come  
to this.

Randall rubs his chin with one hand, with the other fiddling  
in his pocket.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
Come to what? What, Detective  
Horton?

Randall pulls out some brass knuckles, fastening them onto  
his fist.

Randall begins walking around to Hubert's side of the table,  
brass scraping against the table top.

BRRUUGH. A buzzer sounds.

Randall looks over to the door of the room. It's unlocked.

Randall sighs, walking over to the door at a quick pace.

INT. POLICE STATION- OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE, chubby, tall, middle aged man, wearing a  
shirt and tie loosely fastened, has a mean look on his face.

Randall shuts the door behind him, also looking frustrated.

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
(With a raised tone)  
What in God's name are you doin'!?

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
(Matching Henry's raised  
tone)  
Listen, Henry, you want some  
fuckin' answers or not?

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
You're doin' it because he licked  
you, he's in your head more than  
you are in his!

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
I ain't put no fear into him yet,  
that's why. Let me do my job,  
sergeant and you do yours.

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
How you gonna' explain his busted  
ass face then, Detective?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- AFTERNOON

BANG! Hubert's face slams into the table as Randall kicks the chair from underneath him.

Randall looks to the one-way window.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
You get that good on tape, Sarge?

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
(O.S)  
(Over the speakers in the  
room)  
Yes.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
Alrighty.

Randall grabs Hubert's head and slams a punch into his jaw, cracking some bone and sending blood flying from his mouth.

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
He-he! Motherfuckin'...

Randall cracks Hubert in the left eye.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
Point your fat fuckin' finger on  
that map as to where your people  
are, Hubert.

Randall groans, dragging Hubert's heavy body up.

Hubert spits on a map of North Carolina in front of him on the table.

Randall slams Hubert's head into the map, spilling more blood onto it.

Randall then mops the blood off with his free hand.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
I don't wanna' kill a man of God,  
Hubert.

Randall grabs Hubert by the hair, turning his head towards himself.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
Look in my eyes, Hubert. You see  
morality?

Hubert head butts Randall, breaking his nose clean.

Randall steps back.

Punt kicks Hubert in the face.

Randall goes mad with rage, pounding on Hubert's face.

BUZZ. BUZZ.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
Don't you open that door!

Randall slams Hubert's head into the side of the table, his face is all swollen and bruised now.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
You point where these motherfuckers  
are, right now!

Hubert slams his fat finger onto a desolate green area of the map, just outside Oak City, NC.

DET. RANDALL HORTON (CONT'D)  
Oak city?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
(Blubbering due to a fat  
lip)  
They burn! They burn, Mr. Horton!

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
What the fuck're you talking about?

HUBERT LEMMINGS  
(Still blubbering)  
They burn for the lord, Detective.

Randall lets go of Hubert's neck, letting him flop onto the floor. He holds his head, his hands full of blood.

BUZZZ.

The door opens, the Sgt. Mayville walks in. A solemn look on his face.

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
(Solemnly)  
Reports of a fire outside Oak City,  
ahm... I-...

Randall stares at Henry. Blood running down from his nose, blood dripping off the side of his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OAK CITY- NORTH CAROLINA- DAY

A house burns violently, it's windows blown out, flames surrounding it. Firefighters fight the flames. News reporters film the incident and police and ambulances swarm the area.

Randall watches the scene, sat on his vehicle's bonnet. His left eye bruised, a bandage around his broken nose.

Sgt. Henry stands next to him, sighing.

DET. RANDALL HORTON  
I tried, Henry.

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE  
I guess...

Randall lights a cigarette. He smokes.

SGT. HENRY MAYVILLE (CONT'D)  
There's enough smoke here, Randy.

Pause.

The fire burns.

Randall sighs, turning away and into his car.

MUSIC: Bad Moon Rising- Creedence Clearwater Revival begins to play.

Randall's car starts.

Turning. Leaving.

NEWS ANCHOR

(V.O.)

The flaming building outside of Oak City. More reports on this tragic incident are to come but we're getting news that there was up to twenty-five people inside of the building when it was burning, of course firefighters are still battling the flames but we hope that there are in fact survivors that can give an explanation to this very sudden tragedy.

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH CAROLINA COURTHOUSE-DAYS LATER

The large Hubert Lemmings is walking through the court, cuffed and being escorted by two even larger guards.

Randall sits staring at Hubert.

The two stare at each other, Hubert's face practically fully black and blue due to the beating.

Randall keeps a straight face as he sits on the back bench on his own, legs crossed, his arm slinging over the back of the bench.

Randall smiles as he watches Hubert being sentenced.

JUDGE

(V.O.)

I hereby sentence you, Herbert  
Lemmings to death.

CUT TO BLACK:

MUSIC PLAYS THROUGH AS THE CREDITS ROLL.

The end.