

WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP

By Reuben Glaser

**ReubenGlaser@gmail.com**

**262-347-5656**

**ReubenGlaser.com**



EXT. TRASH HANDLERS TRUCK PARKING LOT - DUSK

DOZENS OF 'TRASH HANDLERS' GARBAGE TRUCKS are parked in rows on a concrete lot, bathed in the setting sun's orange glow.

The HISS and SQUEALS and GROANING of an accelerating diesel garbage truck gradually grow louder.

SUPER: *"Garbage collecting and hauling is consistently ranked as one of the most dangerous professions on the planet."*

A garbage truck like the others lazily pulls into the only remaining spot and parks. A serene late summer ambiance replaces the truck's loud mechanical racket.

A DRIVER, 50s, ruddy-faced and gruff, wearily steps out. He is exhausted. He looks at his watch and sighs with annoyance.

DRIVER  
Fuckin' route.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The exhausted driver walks to his beat-up CHRYSLER NEW YORKER with his lunchbox under his arm and his hat removed. He wipes the sweat off of his brow with the back of his hand.

SUPER: *"Garbagemen and women face a higher risk of grave danger than miners, construction workers, steelworkers, firefighters...and even members of law enforcement."*

He begins fiddling with his keys, grumbling to himself, but stops when he hears distant PANTING and GASPING.

FROM A DISTANCE, he stands and watches as A WOMAN WITH ONE EYE, 40s, runs through the otherwise empty lot towards him.

SUPER: *"Most of that danger is work related."*

Her terrified gasps grow louder and more jarring until she reaches him. She GRABS his shoulders. He is not sure what to do. He looks at her with an expression of SHOCK and CONCERN.

ONE-EYED WOMAN  
OH GAWD, PLEASE HELP ME. HIDE ME.

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - MORNING

A modest crowd of garbage truck drivers impatiently sit on metal fold-out chairs in a gray, windowless room.

A coffee maker gurgles unpleasantly. The yellowed carafe is nearly full.

MATTHEW LOVELACE, 38, a fat middle-management type with a big bald head and a prickly goatee, pretends to be busy preparing a meeting.

Nondescript COUNTRY WESTERN music plays tinny on a radio.

The drivers wear standard trash collector garb - high-vis vests, blue work pants, boots, helmets, hats, gloves, etc. Lovelace wears business-casual company logo clothing, complete with very baggy khakis. He is not one of them.

He briefly looks up and offers the drivers a curt, impersonal, puckered-up Pan-Am smile before returning to shuffling papers.

LOVELACE

Hellooooo...

An excruciating few seconds of silence elapse until one driver - MICKEY WALKEN, 30s, caves to the awkwardness.

WALKEN

Hey.

Lovelace forces another simpering smile. The overhead fluorescent bulbs begin to buzz oppressively as he holds it.

LOVELACE

We'll give anyone who might be  
running late juuuust another minute  
to show up, 'kay?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FIELD OF SORGHUM - MORNING

A reddish field of sorghum gently sways in the wind. It is mostly silent but for the breeze and some chirping birds.

The morning tranquility is interrupted by a frantic huffing and puffing. The same ruddy-faced driver from before - GUTHRIE - emerges into a clearing. Now he, too, is frightened. After him stumbles out the same ONE-EYED WOMAN.

He is dressed the same as the drivers in the meeting. He should be with them, not here.

GUTHRIE

Hell, lady! What, EXACTLY, did you  
get yourself into 'fore you roped  
me in?? Who is he??

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace continues to lollygag until he becomes distracted by  
the now-full pot of coffee and wanders over to it. He pours a  
company logo mug full and stares at it.

LOVELACE

(to nobody in particular)  
Nectar of the GODS!

EXT. FIELD OF SORGHUM - CONTINUOUS

Guthrie and the One-Eyed Woman wheeze desperately as they  
laboriously trudge onward through the dense crop of 10ft high  
sorghum plants. He stops to double over and catch his breath.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

No, we cain't stop! We gotta keep  
going! We ain't lost him yet.

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace eventually takes one sip of his coffee and burns  
himself. He mouths the word "yowch!" and crabably walks back  
to the sink to dump out not only his mug but also THE REST of  
the nearly-full pot of fresh coffee.

LOVELACE

Too hot.

EXT. FIELD OF SORGHUM - CONTINUOUS

The one-eyed woman is sobbing.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

Come on, now! Come on, let's go!

Guthrie looks at his watch and ruefully shakes his head.

GUTHRIE

(muttering)  
I'm sposed be at the morning launch  
meeting right bout now -

He glares at her.

GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

An' I'm NOT sposed be in a damn field of wheats or cornmeal or whatever with some lady I don't even know! The hell am I doin?

ONE-EYED WOMAN

PLEASE.

POV of Guthrie: he frenziedly looks at all the sorghum plants surrounding him. Tall, repetitive sorghum stalks for as far as the eye can see. It is a labyrinth. WE SEE a glimpse of something WHITE briefly but Guthrie does not notice.

He begins to reply to the One-Eyed Woman but A GUNSHOT from a SNIPER RIFLE cuts him off. Her ONE EYE bugs out in terror as it echoes. She pulls him along by the wrist.

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace (still in no hurry) is finally ready to actually begin the meeting now. He clears his throat excessively.

LOVELACE

*Alrighty-roy, we're gonna get this huddle started now because there's a LOT to do today. Two big things to cover. First, happy Monday.*

Nobody responds.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to let you guys all know that my cover band Matthew and the Loving Lace will be doing a very special Monday show at Ham Hawks tonight. Should be a fun way to start the week...on a high note!

Lovelace winks. The drivers do not care.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

As you know, we do covers of Blues Traveler songs. I play John Popper.

He proudly motions to his face. They do not care.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

AND YOU NEVER KNOW, GUYS, I MIGHT HIT SOME 'HIGH NOTES' MYSELF! COVER IS ONLY TWENTY BUCKS.

Absolutely nobody cares or responds.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Okay then. Second thing - we got eight open routes today and nobody can go home tonight until all the trash is off the ground. Got it?

The drivers immediately grow irate.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Hey, don't fly off the H at me! I'm not the bad guy here. I'm just as cheesed off as you are. And, see, this is the big thing I wanted to talk about before you all head out.

EXT. FIELD OF SORGHUM - CONTINUOUS

Guthrie and The One-Eyed Woman scramble through the sorghum field with their heads down, running for their lives.

LOVELACE (V.O.)

This is exactly the kind of thing that happens when your coworkers decide they have somewhere more important to be than at work!

BLAM! INCHES AWAY from Guthrie's head, a sorghum stalk explodes as it is hit with a bullet. Bits fly everywhere.

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

LOVELACE

From what I can tell, Mike Chavez and Guthrie are today's no-call no-shows. Eric-Michael is also absent, BUT, he has an excuse. Mike Chavez and Guthrie do not, so if you want to jab the finger at anyone, jab it at them and not me. I have no idea where they are. Do any of you know?

A deep voiced driver named PAINE, 50s, from the front row raises his hand and speaks up with a friendly drawl.

PAINE

Hey, my man! Can I answer?

LOVELACE

Please.

He turns to the rest of the drivers to speak earnestly.

PAINÉ

Is everybody here okay with this?  
If I take the lead on this?

No drivers react.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Okay, here goes. Mr. Lovelace, I  
honestly can't say I know where  
they are. But I wish I did!

LOVELACE

That was wholly unhelpful, David.

Paine shrugs. The other drivers stew. A few walk out.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Well, seeing as everybody's got a  
real case of the Mondays today then  
I suppose we can wrap up this  
huddle now. And like I said...my  
show begins at 9 sharp at Ham Hawks  
tonight. If you want to stop by.

An angry, seething silence from the remaining drivers  
commences until Lovelace glances at his watch.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Wait, never mind, that's in less  
than 12 hours from now.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - DAY

Two Trash Handlers employees who had been in the crowd in the  
previous scene ride in a rear-load garbage truck together as  
RURAL GEORGIA SCENERY glides past the windows.

CUTLET, 57, a husky, red-faced good old boy with flowing  
blond hair and an affable nature, is driving. Seated next to  
him, contentedly looking out the window, is his helper -  
ROSCOE KNOX, 48, a lanky, slouchy man with a relaxed air.

EXT. DRIVE-THROUGH RESTAURANT - PATIO - DAY

Cutlet and Roscoe sit on a cement picnic table together,  
working on some hotdogs and amiably sharing some fries. Their  
GARBAGE TRUCK is parked on the street in the background.

CUTLET

You been here how long now, mister?  
Two weeks?

ROSCOE

Yeah. Two weeks tomorrow.

## CUTLET

Well, I'll be damned! That's longer than my last helper lasted 'fore he ran off through the woods on me. One 'fore that walked into a bait & tackle shop and never came back out.

Roscoe looks a bit alarmed.

## CUTLET (CONT'D)

Honey, look - there's been a lot of walk-outs, I ain't gonna lie. As I'm sure you noticed, management is a bit... strict. Not everyone can hack it. But you? I don't see that happening. You're doin' a fine job. So, therefore? THIS dog is on me. And if you make it to Friday, we can all go down to Tony Wilson's. Pitchers on me! Cutlet's treat!

Roscoe nods appreciatively, but clearly really wants to focus on eating his hot dog. He looks down at it with his eyes.

## CUTLET (CONT'D)

Obviously you can see Trash Handlers runs a real tight ship round here. Specially lately. It's really been downhill since our last boss got canned and they promoted Lovelace. But! If you keep your head down like I do and don't run afoul of that sweaty sumbitch, you'll be fine.

Roscoe winks agreeably and begins to take another bite but Cutlet doesn't take the hint and keeps talking and talking.

## CUTLET (CONT'D)

A lot of these newer guys get all flashy. They try to make a name for themselves. Don't do that. Stay in your lane and *do not stick out*. Comes back to bite you right in the ass, 100% of the time. And here's why. You can do a thousand things right in this business, but the very moment you slip up even a little it all goes to hell.

They both nod in mutual understanding and look into the middle distance for a moment. Then Roscoe begins to lift the hot dog to his mouth and is about to take a a bite UNTIL -

Without any warning, a GARBAGE TRUCK from their same company then speeds in from out of nowhere and careens directly into Cutlet's parked garbage truck, TOTALING both of them in a MASSIVE, CALAMITOUS TRAFFIC COLLISION.

When things all slow to a halt, Mickey Walken, polite driver from before, stumbles out of his wrecked truck, uninjured. He surveys the damage and staggers over to Cutlet and Roscoe.

MICKEY

Oh, geez, I made a mistake here.

INT. LOVELACE'S OFFICE - A BIT LATER

Roscoe, Cutlet, and Mickey sit on small plastic chairs like children in the principal's office. From behind his desk, Lovelace looks at a PRINTED PICTURE of the damage to both trucks. Then he looks up at them.

LOVELACE

I can't let you keep working here.

Mickey nods in solemn understanding and resignedly begins to stand up.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Robert...*what were you thinking?*

Mickey freezes at this and lingers in an awkward position midway between sitting and standing. Cutlet is appalled.

CUTLET

Woah, woah, woah. Come again?

LOVELACE

You sure ran afoul of me now, that's for sure! How could you do this?

CUTLET

Do *what?*

Mickey Walken meekly raises his hand.

MICKEY

Well, actually I was the one who -

LOVELACE

After all these years with us, Robert, you go and do this? To us?

Cutlet tenses up more and more. He has an idea where this might be going.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)  
 Mickey, please show yourself out.  
 This is becoming a rather private  
 moment.

MICKEY  
 I'm not getting fired then?

LOVELACE  
 No. Of course not.

Walken looks around confusedly.

MICKEY  
 Cutlet - how do you, do you -

CUTLET  
 Get the heck out of here, Walken!  
 You shrinkin' violet! I love ya,  
 but this ain't for ya!

Mickey scurries out and closes the door behind himself. As soon as it clicks, Lovelace's demeanor changes entirely.

LOVELACE  
 Alright, Cold Cut? Or whatever you like to call yourself? Can we please just speak candidly? You're an old guard Martin Wastman loyalist. We both know this. But I'm the boss now, right? And to be frank, ever since the restructuring I've been trying my level best to cleanse this company of all the criminals and misfits who were grandfathered in from the Martin Wastman era. And, really, it just takes you and other drivers LIKE you slipping up one single time for me to be able to get rid of you.

Cutlet responds with a resentful glare.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)  
 So...you're done. And so is your helper. You can't hide away in Powder Springs anymore and Wastman can't bail you out this time either. Unlike him, I have a set of principles and don't care to employ felons. And I loathe the staffing agency that burdens us with all of you miscreants. So, you both need to be gone by the end of the day.

CUTLET

(fed up)

Oh, get real, you gutless little corporate piglet. And guess what? You can't even fire us anyway! You know why?

Lovelace's sanctimonious expression abruptly turns to a look of nearly homicidal aggression. His face rapidly reddens.

LOVELACE

Don't you fucking say it.

Cutlet smiles impishly.

CUTLET

(annoyingly)

Ya can't fire us because...WE QUIT!

INT. TRASH HANDLERS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We see from the hallway the door leading to Lovelace's office, with a nameplate on the wall indicating this.

After a beat, a sturdy DIE-CAST MODEL GARBAGE TRUCK TOY that had been on Lovelace's desk aggressively plows straight through the drywall. Through the hole we see his red face.

LOVELACE

GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

The door opens and Cutlet and Roscoe hurriedly exit and close the door behind themselves.

EXT. CHEAP FAMILY RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

A very crummy, rectangular restaurant overlooks a cracked, overgrown parking lot with POLICE CAR parked in it.

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S CORPSE sits on a chair, slumped over a table, FACE DOWN in a PITCHER OF CLOUDY WATER. He appears to have bizarrely drowned in the water pitcher or something.

LONNIE FRENCH, 78, a small and tightly wound woman with a raspy voice on the edge of elderly, observes the body. She has a severe black haircut and wears too much makeup and a cheap black seersucker pantsuit that reveals her bony ankles.

With her is JULIA LESSEN, 31, her inoffensive and capable partner. Unlike Lonnie French, she wears a more traditional police officer uniform.

Lonnie hikes up her pants, leans over the body, and without hesitation roughly yanks the corpse's waterlogged head out of the water pitcher by the hair to reveal a beer bottle protruding from the mouth. Lonnie raises her eyebrows.

LONNIE

This motherfucker's got a goddamn bottle shoved right past the fuckin' uvula.

JULIA

It would appear so. But I guess what I don't get is how he is so decomposed already.

Standing with them is a nervous, ethnically ambiguous cook with a mustache wearing an apron. He is named NEFTALI and speaks in an unidentifiable ESL accent.

NEFTALI

Yes, he been here since last week.

Lonnie slams the corpse's face against the table top and throws her arms up animatedly. Zero to ten in a split second.

LONNIE

Oh, what the *fuck*, Chico?! Are you pissing down my throat or are you playing the game straight?!

Neftali looks at Julia with apprehension and confusion.

JULIA

It's alright, Mr. Neftali. Lieutenant French is very passionate about her work and she's just a bit riled up is all.

LONNIE

JUST A BIT RILED UP? Oh, swallow me whole and shit me out! I swear!

Lonnie grabs Neftali by the collar and pulls him close to her. Their noses almost touch. Neftali's eyes dart around.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

You better start pissing out facts freely, Zeppo, because I'm warning you - if you don't tell me why you didn't call this in sooner I'll smack your ass cheeks until they're stop-light red. I DON'T FUCK AROUND

He looks to Julia, as if for protection.

NEFTALI

Miss, he scare me.

JULIA

Lonnie, that's enough.

Lonnie lets him go but does a combative little dance as she backs up. Julia hands her a vape in a similar manner to a mother handing a child a bottle. Lonnie is appeased and angrily puffs away at her vape.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Mr. Neftali, please pardon my partner and just tell us exactly what you know about this. It's okay. You can be honest with me.

NEFTALI

Well, Miss, he come for a party but only one other man with bald come. Then bald leave but he stay and we forget about him.

JULIA

You...what? He's in a reservations only party room and it took you a week to realize he was still here?

NEFTALI

We been busy but also we no get a lot of business.

Julia is too taken aback to notice that Lonnie has stopped vaping and wandered over to the corpse. She turns just in time to see Lonnie ripping the bottle out of the dead man's mouth, which she then wrenches open to look down his throat.

LONNIE

(calm)

There's all sorts a' shit crammed down his tube. Looks like this asshole didn't drown or any shit like that - the scumbag suffocated.

NEFTALI

Yes, he suffocate.

Lonnie shatters the bottle on the table. She's at a 10 again.

LONNIE

Oh, fuck me sideways with a mud-covered two-by-four! Is there a fuckin' echo in here? Because I'm pretty sure I JUST said that!

JULIA

LONNIE! ENOUGH! Compose yourself.  
Get a glass of water or something.  
My goodness! Neftali, Lieutenant  
French is getting unusually heated.  
Even for her. Would you please  
bring her a glass of water and go  
wait outside? We will need to take  
you in for questioning, I'm afraid.

LONNIE

HEY. I don't need that horse fucker  
doting on me! I can take care of  
myself, thank you very much.

Lonnie begins to pour herself a glass of water from the  
pitcher on the table - the cloudy water that the dead man's  
face had been decomposing in. She is on autopilot as she  
pours the water, and is not looking at it.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

You're not wrong, though. I'm  
feelin' hotter than two Santas  
fucking at a foam party and the old  
food hole is parched from all this  
hollerin' at dick-diddler over  
there.

Lonnie sarcastically motions at Neftali with her thumb, whose  
eyes widen in horror as she starts to put the glass to her  
mouth. Julia registers what is about to happen too.

JULIA

LONNIE - WAIT!!

Lonnie gulps a hearty, cheek-expandingly large volume of  
water but stops short of swallowing.

JULIA (CONT'D)

DON'T DRINK THAT!

Lonnie's eyes show she realizes what she has done. She  
warily, cautiously, and meticulously swallows the water  
instead of spitting it out for some reason. She winces.

LONNIE

...it's off. This water's...off.

JULIA

Well, of course it is! That's the  
same water that -

LONNIE  
I REALIZE WHAT THIS WATER IS NOW. I  
KNOW WHAT THE FUCK I JUST DRANK.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - LATER

Emergency vehicles are parked around the restaurant. There is a small crowd of ROUGH LOOKING MEN.

Lonnie and Julia stand by an ambulance. The stretcher with the dead body on it is nearby. The coroner, KELMAN, 50s, is chatting with them. Neftali also stands by them in silence.

KELMAN  
This one will be interesting,  
Lieutenant. What did you say you  
saw in his throat?

Lonnie had been swishing mouthwash and spits it all out.

LONNIE  
Oh, you name it, Kelman. A bunch of  
yucky junk. And that's just what I  
saw with my beady little peepers.  
Who knows what the fuck's all  
actually shoved down there.

KELMAN  
We will...eventually. You'll just  
have to wait for my coroner's  
report to drop in a few weeks. Oh,  
it'll be a doozie.

He winks and walks back to the restaurant.

LONNIE  
Why does that showy son of a bitch  
always get so braggy about this  
shit? He acts like he's Sigfried  
AND fuckin' Roy.

She glances inquisitively on the stretcher.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
And now we gotta wait a FEW WEEKS  
to see what happened here anyway?

JULIA  
It's protocol, Lonnie.

LONNIE  
PROTOCOL can go fuck itself with  
Paul Bunyan's axe! I'm the damn  
lieutenant, ain't I?  
(MORE)

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Actually...you know what? You're a big girl, aren't you? And God only knows that *this bitch fucks*. Gimme a few seconds. I got an idea.

Lonnie turns her attention to a crowd of rubbernecking men.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

HEY! BIG BOYS! HIT THE ROAD! SHOW'S OVER! QUIT FUCKIN' AROUND!

Four of the men are VERY FAT and become instantly combative. The fifth man is a SKELETAL BALD MAN wearing TRASH HANDLERS COMPANY CLOTHING. He does not react.

FAT MAN 1

WHAT ABOUT US THEN? WE WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET MIKEY HERE! HOW ARE WE GONNA MEET UP WITH MIKEY TO EAT IF WE LEAVE? WE'RE ALL REALLY HUNGRY!

LONNIE

Not my problem, tubby! Maybe go find a pile of roadkill bats and take turns swallowing 'em whole!

FAT MAN 3

OH, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. LET'S GO, BOYS. LET'S FIGURE OUT SOMEWHERE ELSE TO CHOW DOWN WITH MIKEY IF SHE WON'T LET US EAT HERE!

The first fat man motions to the other fat men and they all walk away in unison as if they are in some sort of West Side Story gang of fat men.

The bald man remains, staring at the restaurant. He looks very nervous - perhaps he is tweaking out.

LONNIE

You too, Skeletor! He-Man is THAT-A-WAY! GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!

He JERKS HIS HEAD towards her. His eyes are bugging out.

BALD MAN

Cain I go in there real quick like?

LONNIE

NO!

BALD MAN

I forgot sumthin.

LONNIE

Abso-fucking-lutely not! Now you and your slimy bald head need to SCRAM or else I'll stick a fuckin' pogostick up your ass and bounce you all the way to Milwaukee!

He twitchily shakes his head and begrudgingly rushes away.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' nutjobs in this part of town. Just look at that bald motherfucker. Straight from the boneyard.

She looks up. The bald man is a little further away but is now crouched and is obviously still looking at them.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

KEEP IT MOVING! Go!

He scuttles away like a cockroach and this time keeps going.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' creeps, I swear. No class. No tact. Anyway, nobody's looking now. Let's get our hands dirty.

Lonnie pulls the sheet off of the nude dead body and shoves her tiny hand down the corpse's throat the best she can.

She first pulls out a fetid wad of newspaper saturated in bodily fluids and plops it on top of the victim's stomach. She also pulls out a wad of HOT PINK paper. Julia is aghast.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Alright, looks like we got some newspaper. And some pink bullshit? Somethin' reeeeeeal pink.

JULIA

(mortified)

Lonnie. Stop it. This is not our job. Stop doing that. Put it back before Kelman returns.

Lonnie rolls her eyes dramatically and begrudgingly shoves the wet paper back into the corpse's throat.

LONNIE

Anne of Green Gables over here thinks she's a saint, everybody!

Kelman returns and she wipes her disgusting hand on her leg. He saw none of that and is confused why the sheet is off.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

He's all yours, Kelman. Get back to us when you're done slicing this bastard open from his dick to his dome. We wanna know what he's hiding in there. Let us know if you find Jimmy Hoffa or some shit.

She extends her hand for a cordial handshake and he hesitantly grips it. His face grows even more confused.

KELMAN

Moist. Damp. Why damp?

LONNIE

It's sweat.

Kelman walks away wearily.

Lonnie turns to Julia and talks about Neftali, who is now revealed to have seen everything Lonnie just did. She speaks about him like he isn't there with them.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Now whattya say we take that shivering Neftali bitch out for a sandwich on the way to the shop? I scared the shit outta him.

JULIA

You really are good at that.

Lonnie slaps his back and chuckles heartily as they all exit.

LONNIE

Hey, we're both good at what we do! If only that thick-thighed bag of beef Kelman could say the same, then we wouldn't have to wait fuckin' weeks for his report. That milky Milquetoast milksop piece of shit is useless. He's a fuckin' weirdo too, and nobody likes him.

When they are gone we see that Kelman had also heard everything Lonnie said. He stands, trembling, staring intently at nothing. Tears now roll down his face, despite his unchanging expression.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

AUDIO ON BLACK: THE STEADY CRUNCHING OF DRY LONG-GRASS.

LONG FADE TO:

EXT. FIELD OF SORGHUM - TWILIGHT

Cutlet and Roscoe walk steadily through the sorghum like a modern-day Lenny and George. They squint from the wind and it blows Cutlet's hair majestically. Cutlet points forward.

CUTLET

There she blows.

In the distance is an old barn with a faded smiley face and the words "WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP" poorly painted on the side.

ROSCOE

THAT'S the barn we been looking for? Man, hold up. Can you give me a simplified version of WHO this Wastman guy is again?

Cutlet lights up.

CUTLET

Oh, he's an eccentric. Atlanta's answer to Willy Wonka. Snappy dresser, quick with a joke... shit, sweetie, just a legend.

ROSCOE

Yeah, but that don't even answer my question. You already told me that, but otherwise all you ever said is that he's a former boss who opened up a camp for boys and girls on a farm that he had inherited and then he named it after himself. And then you drove us to this field and we started looking for a barn.

A beat.

CUTLET

Well, Roscoe, that's basically it. Once Lovelace forced him out, the last thing he told all of us drivers was that if a time ever came where he didn't treat us right or if any of us were ever down on our luck and needed a steady paycheck or a place to cool our heels for a spell, then we ought to come out to his fun camp and he'd help us out until we got back on our feet. 'Cause he cared about us.

Another beat.

ROSCOE

BUT WHY do we gotta walk through a field to get there?

CUTLET

Because I don't know the right way to get there and I was too proud to admit it!

Roscoe hesitantly nods and the two continue towards the barn.

When they are gone, we hear a GUNSHOT.

ELSEWHERE -

In the same expansive sorghum field, we revisit GUTHRIE and ONE-EYED WOMAN, still terrified and still endangered all these hours later, heads down like soldiers in war. By now they are scuffed up and running on empty.

A LOUD DIESEL TRUCK threateningly revs on and off somewhere within the sorghum field. It stops and stays stopped.

GUTHRIE

You listen to me, lady - I ain't got much left here. We been at this for hours and hours now. We are shit out of luck if we can't find that damn barn.

They stagger a bit further until reaching a freshly beaten path. They stare down it. Finally, in the distance - A BARN.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

Is...is that it?

Guthrie squints into the distance and eventually nods and smirks for the first time, albeit exhaustedly and gruffly.

GUTHRIE

Well, I'll be goddamned - we found it after all. Looks like somebody else was going there too.

She smiles lightly. Finally a break. But it's short-lived.

GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to run straight to that barn and if you hear another shot ring out, keep running. Don't look back. Don't stop. And don't you wait for me neither.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

'Course I'll wait for you. I ain't going' without you.

GUTHRIE

Yes you are. And once you get there, you keep me out of your business. You already dragged me too far into whatever all this is. And I ALREADY covered for you and gave you somewhere to lay low for days. And now I'm getting shot at in a damn field? I got a life to get back to and I've had more'n enough now, you hear me? Now git! Got it? Git!

Her lips begin to quiver. Her eyes water.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

(teary-eyed)

No! I still don't know what in Gawd's name is happening! Help me.

Guthrie softens just a bit - he's only human.

GUTHRIE

I cain't be of no more help to you. Honest. This is as far as I go!

He pushes her along with his arm and she walks a few steps but stops and looks back at Guthrie. Despite her age and been-around-the-block appearance, she is but an innocent, scared little girl in this moment.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

Please. I don't wanna be alone. I need you.

At this, he looks back at her with an expression of empathy.

GUTHRIE

Listen to me, darlin' - it'll all  
be right in the end. Wastman'll  
take care of ya now.

Her jaw drops and she now looks utterly horrified.

ONE-EYED WOMAN

...WASTMAN???

Guthrie's eyes narrow in confusion at her reaction for JUST A SECOND before he is SHOT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HEAD. He falls forward to the ground, IMMEDIATELY DEAD.

The one-eyed woman is devastated and nearly immobilized by fear. BRIEFLY she searches for the source of the gunshot. In the clearing, a SILHOUETTE of a GANGLY BALD MAN stands atop an intimidating WHITE VEHICLE with a rifle.

Plumes of exhaust from the idling truck - an Isuzu N-Series Pak-Rat Garbage Truck - billow upward. He methodically shoots again and misses.

It REVERBERATES. She HYPERVENTILATES. Now, A PURSUIT.

She makes a valiant effort onward with her remaining strength but can muster little. The diesel truck revs - HOWLS - at a steadily increasing volume during this chase through the field of sorghum.

As she begins to lose her breath even more, she is SHOT in the back of the knee. She stumbles and CRAWLS her way forward, never stopping her slog onward, panting and whimpering until she thinks she is safe.

She hesitates and assumes a fetal position. Other than the idling truck, there is silence. Then UNEXPECTEDLY she is caught unawares by a BOOT, stepping on her head and burying it in the soil.

She SCREAMS but the sound is muffled. Some CELL PHONE BEEPS emit from above her.

GRAVELLY MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Finally gotter, boss. I'll bringer  
to ya alive so ya can finish'er  
off. Got a seggon one too - he's  
'ready dead though. I'll scoop 'im  
up ennyway.

With the assailant's guard down, the one-eyed woman manages to wriggle her head away from under the boot. She SPITS OUT CLOUDS OF DIRT and immediately begins SCREAMING bloody murder at the top of her lungs.

GRAVELLY MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh, sonuva! Looks like I might  
 hafta dooyer job after all, boss!  
 But I'll try to keep the bitch  
 alive for ya and I'll callya later.

The silhouette pulls out a rolled up newspaper from his back pocket and hastily starts to ball it up.

GRAVELLY MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Oh, why donchu shut the hell up??

He kneels down, throws her onto her back, and lifts his arm, balled-up paper in hand.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe hear DISTANT SCREAMING - from the field of sorghum they were just in. It abruptly stops.

ROSCOE  
 Man, what the hell was that shit?

Cutlet, spooked, can't come up with a good answer.

CUTLET  
 How should I know, honey? Probably  
 just a kid having fun? This is a  
 fun camp after all. That's a good  
 sign, ain't it?

Roscoe makes a wide-eyed and skeptical expression.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
 Don't lose the plot, babe. Game  
 face, sweetie. Eye on the ski-ball  
 prize, got it? And don't forget  
 what I told you, alright?

ROSCOE  
 Yeah, I know. He's one of a kind. I  
 never met a man like this and he's  
 as good a man there ever was so act  
 accordingly.

Cutlet again shifts to an uncharacteristic seriousness.

CUTLET  
 That's right, honey. This is  
 Wastman's world now, and we are  
 approaching him with our big bushy  
 tails right 'tween our legs. So be  
 on your best behavior.

Roscoe nods grimly. Message received.

EXT. MAIN BARN - NIGHT

Past an rusty ORNATE METAL GATE is the large barn with a smiley face painted on the side.

MALE VOICE (V.O)  
Welcome to Wastman's Fun Camp.

INT. MAIN BARN - NIGHT

Roscoe and Cutlet sit at one end of a plastic fold-out table in a lofty lodge/mess hall type setting that is littered with balls and canoes and is clearly just the inside of a barn that was hastily converted into a catch-all camping facility.

On the other end of the fold-out table sits the fabled MARTIN WASTMAN, 41, modestly well-dressed in white clothing and wearing an obvious toupee, but otherwise a completely ordinary and unremarkable looking man with very low energy.

The voice was his.

WASTMAN  
This...this is it. This is  
Wastman's Fun Camp. Thanks for  
coming. This is my fun camp.

Cutlet looks like a man waiting for a job interview during The Great Depression. Roscoe looks around questioningly.

Wastman nods politely. Cutlet abruptly shifts gears and furtively leans forward now.

CUTLET  
Mr. Wastman, I'll get right to the  
chase. We're in an awful  
predicament. Paint it green, give  
it warts, and call it a pickle!  
See, we are here because we seek  
work. Gainful employment! We've  
come to plead for your generosity.

WASTMAN  
Oh! Okay. Well, I can provide that.  
I told you that if you ever needed  
a job I'd line one up for you.

Cutlet exhales in relief and stands up and paces the room as though he has just passed an important test. Wastman directs his attention to Roscoe.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)  
And you said your name is...Roscoe?

ROSCOE

(rehearsed)

Roscoe Vaughn Jr. sir nice to meet you sir. I'm a hard worker, a go-getter, a do-gooder, a felon, and an all around nice guy who works hard with a smile everyday. My only weakness is a disease called optimism, now God bless you sir it would be my honor to be at your service sir.

WASTMAN

I'm sorry? You said you're a felon?

Roscoe is visibly disappointed that Wastman managed to catch the "felon" part in that deluge of platitudes. He sighs.

ROSCOE

Okay, yes, I must disclose that I was involuntarily an accessory to a murder that took place. Wrong place, wrong time. I was convicted and served time, and while that may be true I am not now and never was a suspect in the actual homicide. I only drove the vehicle.

Wastman looks at him frankly. Roscoe worries that he might have blown it.

WASTMAN

Roscoe, can I level with you?

ROSCOE

Yes, sir.

WASTMAN

I am not what you would call a judgmental man. I believe in second chances. So you don't need to worry. Unlike many others, I will never hold your past against you. Look at Cutlet. He's a felon too!

Cutlet feels a bit called out.

CUTLET

Okay, before you get all high and mighty, Mr. Man, it was just arson. It wasn't nothing more'n a museum, neither. Nobody even lived there.

WASTMAN

And, see? I trust Cutlet in spite of his checkered past. In fact, I'd trust Cutlet with my life. And if Cutlet trusts you, then, heck, I trust you too. So, you're hired!

ROSCOE

(pleasantly surprised)

Oh! Wow. Okay. Thank you so much, Mr. Wastman.

They shake hands. The deal is sealed. They are a team now.

WASTMAN

Now, what happened, you two? What lead you to Wastman's Fun Camp at this particular time? I do have a hunch. Was it...

Cutlet blurts out -

CUTLET

LOVELACE.

WASTMAN

Lovelace?

The two point at each other and smile amiably.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

I KNEW it. How unsurprising.

CUTLET

Yeah! Fuck that guy, right?

Wastman's face grows scarily stony for just a moment but Cutlet doesn't pick up on this brief tonal shift.

WASTMAN

I hate him.

CUTLET

I got the last laugh, though. You know what I said when he tried firing me? I said -

WASTMAN

Y'all can't fire me because I quit?

CUTLET

Y'all can't fire me because I quit!

CUTLET (CONT'D)

How'd you know I's gonna say that??

WASTMAN

Because I said the very same thing.

Wastman then hears a LOUD DIESEL TRUCK outside progressively getting louder in the background and his expression freezes. Only his eyes seem to register his acknowledgement of it. Cutlet and Roscoe pay it no attention.

CUTLET

No kidding? Wow! I bet that shit drove 'im nuts! Got right under that greasy little oinker's skin when I said it. He threw a small truck at my head!

Wastman was too distracted to pay attention to what Cutlet just said and is still too distracted to acknowledge it.

WASTMAN

Aaaaaaaanyway, yeah. You guys are hired. Thanks.

He slaps his hands on his knees and makes dad noises as he gets out of his chair in an exaggeratedly casual way. He makes an unconvincing attempt to conspicuously walk to the door to avoid arousing suspicion. Roscoe finds this unusual.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

Y'all can work out of Cabin A and stay there any time you need to.

CUTLET

Right on!

WASTMAN

(halfway out the door)  
Good talk, fellas, and once again, welcome to Wastman's Fun Camp! You won't have to worry about Lovelace harassing you anymore. This is a safe place. You're home. Wastman will take care of you now.

Wastman hurries out and leaves them sitting in silence. Cutlet buzzes with excitement but Roscoe is puzzled again.

CUTLET

Well, cut me open and call me Sunday Samantha if that ain't the most interesting man who ever walked the Earth. Kind, too. Almost Christ-like, in a way!

ROSCOE

Cutlet, what the hell jobs did we just get hired for?

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRP and the din of late summer ambiance surrounds the campgrounds. A few dim orange bulbs covered in dead bugs do a poor job of lighting the camp ground's main drag.

There are only three 'cabins' (which are just sheds) labeled "A," "B," and "C." The gravel path weaves through them and leads to nothingness at the end. There is no moonlight.

A BUCKET WITH A FLASHLIGHT IN IT hangs on a nail on a post under one of the orange bulbs. A HAND reaches in and fishes it out and clicks it on.

The white ISUZU PAK-RAT GARBAGE TRUCK from before idles in the inky black oblivion at the path's edge, hazard lights flashing - their crimson glow intermittently cutting into the black.

The passenger and driver's side doors are both ajar and the quiet and repetitive DING DING DINGs ring out.

TENSE SILENCE. A rustling noise. ONE SILHOUETTE scurries past where the headlights are shining too quickly for any features to be distinguished. A SECOND SILHOUETTE follows and drags something large.

CRICKETS. The truck's door open chime - DING DING DING. And then, a distant sounding but distinct SPLASH.

Martin Wastman stands watching, nervously holding the flashlight. With trepidation and feigned courage he shines his flashlight in the direction of the truck.

WASTMAN

HEY!

The TWO SILHOUETTES respond by hurriedly shuffling about.

Wastman POWER WALKS in their direction, flashlight shining straight, but with noticeable hesitation.

The silhouettes throw themselves into the truck, slam the doors, and reverse the truck towards Wastman, FULL SPEED.

The tires SQUEAL and KICK UP DUST. The truck SPEWS EXHAUST FUMES, obscuring Wastman's vision. He jumps out of the way JUST IN TIME and awkwardly tumbles in the dirt. His TOUPEE flies off and lands in the dirt.

We catch JUST A GLIMPSE of the driver as the truck peels away backwards down the main drag and past the gates. He is a gaunt, bald skeleton of a man with patchy stubble, cigarette in mouth, the devil in his eyes. We've seen him before.

We DO NOT see the passenger.

Wastman sheepishly gets up - his deceptively nice white clothes now scuffed and tarnished with dirt and grass stains. He picks up his toupee and holds it at his side. He dusts himself off and grabs the flashlight, still shining.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh boy...

He really doesn't want to investigate whatever just happened but he must. He licks his lips. Grimaces. Eyes dart around.

To comfort himself and to calm his nerves, he begins to skittishly hum and mumble-sing an 80s chart-topper - CRAZY IN THE NIGHT by KIM CARNES, or something similar - which starkly contrasts with the terror.

The very frightening path Wastman walks leads towards something undefinable. Only the flashlight shows the way now.

He slowly but dutifully walks towards this thing. His face contorts in a fear of the unknown. CRICKETS. FROGS. FLIES. WASTMAN'S HUMMING. Eventually - AN OLD STONE WELL appears.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

(whispering to self)

Please no. Please not tonight.

As Wastman creeps further, THE CRUMBLING WATER WELL slowly comes into FOCUS. For a moment only the water well is definable. Wastman GULPS. He knows where this is going.

As he approaches further he sees a pair of FEMALE HUMAN LEGS draped over the far side. Scraped, dirty, damaged.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shoot! Oh boy. No, no, nooooo!

Wastman is becoming overwhelmed. He runs to the well and picks up a CHILD'S TOY TROWEL. He hurriedly paces the scene until he works up the nerve to look at what he already knows is there. He looks down the well and shakes his head.

Being supported only by a WOODEN BUCKET attached to a GNARLED OLD ROPE is the contorted corpse of THE ONE-EYED WOMAN. A rushed attempt had been made to dump her in but the bucket caught her. Her mouth is stuffed with WADDED UP NEWSPAPER.

Wastman winces - begins to sweat - loosens his shirt buttons.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

(bleary-eyed)

I'm sorry - I'm sorry.

He shines the flashlight down the well past the ONE-EYED WOMAN and now sees the TORTURED EXPRESSION of the corpse of GUTHRIE lightly bobbing in the well water. His eyes are OPEN and GLOSSY. The OPEN EXIT WOUND on his forehead OOZES.

With notable hesitation, Wastman proceeds to awkwardly lift and push the one-eyed woman's corpse into the well with the child's trowel, making sure he doesn't touch the corpse. Her legs fall in - 2 SECONDS OF SILENCE - a SPLASH.

Wastman lowers his bald head in sorrow.

EXT. MAIN BARN - CONTINUOUS

The BARN now has its door open. Bathed in the triangle of light coming from it stands Roscoe. He saw everything.

ROSCOE

The fuck was that shit?

Cutlet breezily strolls out to join him. Roscoe acknowledge him - he just stares down the main drag.

CUTLET

What's the matter, baby? You look like you just saw one of those fat-assed North Georgia Bigfoots pissin' in your cornflakes.

ROSCOE

Shut the damn door.

Cutlet is concerned now. He closes the door carefully.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

We're gonna walk over to Cabin A and let ourselves inside like we don't know SHIT, a'ight?

INT. CABIN A - NIGHT

Roscoe and Cutlet enter and close the door. The shed is dark. Roscoe illuminates the room with his phone. It looks like something out of Friday the 13th. He turns to Cutlet and angrily whisper-argues with him.

ROSCOE

Man, what the fuck kinda shit you gettin' me into here? I ain't working for that fuckin' guy!

CUTLET

SURELY you don't mean Mr. Wastman. He's a GOOD MAN, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

A GOOD MAN? That ain't the shit I just saw! All I saw was some Scooby-Doo-And-Shaggy-I-Would-Have-Gotten-Away-With-It-If-It-Weren't-For-You-Meddling-Kids-ass motherfucker over by some Aesop's fables fox and goat lookin' stone well and then he's got this Blue's fuckin' Clues ass shovel and he's crying and -

CUTLET

Where the hell is this coming from?

ROSCOE

Man, I am NOT stickin' around for ANY of this spooky-ass, murder-ass, backwoods country-ass bullshit. I will not work here. I'ma find me a thousand bucks and the second I do I'm haulin' my ass to Wichita or somethin. Get me the fuck outta Georgia. Shit!

CUTLET

Roscoe, stop! I don't know what you think you saw that spooked ya, but I just need you to take a breather.

ROSCOE

A fuckin' BREATHER?

CUTLET

Just slow down for a minute. Give this place a chance. At least spend the night. Sleep it over. Can ya do it for me? Say, how's about we get some lights on in this sumbitch?

Cutlet turns on the shed's dim and solitary bulb, revealing its scant, mostly unfurnished interior in better detail.

In one corner there is frame for a bunk-bed with chicken wire where the mattresses should be. In the other corner are two black sacks. Or are they sleeping bags? A wooden rocking horse is in the middle...rocking. Roscoe glares at Cutlet.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

Now let's get some shut eye. We had a hell of a day!

ROSCOE

What the hell is even all this?

CUTLET

Roscoe, please. I'm sure we'll find a logical explanation for all of this if we just look for some clues in the morning.

ROSCOE

Man, you and your Jinkies ass, thinkin' there's some magic 'clues' to find and that everything'll be just fine if we do! This shit ain't a cartoon and there ain't gonna be no clues! The shit I saw was real and that's why I gotta bounce! I ain't fuckin around with any of this spooky, macabre-ass bullshit!

CUTLET

GODDAMMIT, DON'T BLOW THIS FOR US. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO OR WHERE TO GO OR WHO TO GO WITH. WASTMAN WAS THE ONLY PLAN I HAD.

The goofball 'Cutlet persona' slips away for a moment.

ROSCOE

Man, don't you pull this shit -

CUTLET

I'm a middle-aged bachelor who pissed away 30 years of his life for a company that just thrust him into a world he no longer knows how to navigate.

ROSCOE

Man, you acting like I'm abandoning you or some shit. It ain't that! Whatever I do next, man - whatever you do next - we can still text and email and shit! It ain't like that.

Cutlet is at a loss for words. He looks truly lost and vulnerable. Roscoe searches for something to say but can't find anything.

CUTLET

I can't even use a computer, Roscoe. I don't know how people find work anymore! Everything's different now and I'm scared as hell. Please don't make me do this all by myself.

An internal conflict plays out in Roscoe until he caves.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

We hauled trash together, baby.  
We're brothers. Come on now. We  
look out for each other.

ROSCOE

Man, fine! Not like I even got a  
choice but to stay anyway, unless I  
wanna walk through a dark ass field  
at night and hope I don't get  
possessed by some Goosebumps by RL  
Stine-ass scarecrow in an old hat  
on the damn way. I'll spend the  
night, okay? Dammit, man. Whatever.

CUTLET

I knew it, babe. A driver and his  
helper ought to stick together.  
I'll go see if I can go rustle up  
some blankets from Wastman now  
before we settle in.

He walks to the door and speaks once more before leaving.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

Nothing else weird is going to  
happen, babe! You can trust Cutlet!

Roscoe shakes his head and Cutlet leaves him alone. He looks  
around the room in disbelief and aggravation. And then - A  
VOICE - a FEMALE CHILD'S - comes from the corner.

FEMALE CHILD

Turn off the lights!

Roscoe is very startled.

ROSCOE

...the fuck?

In the corner, BILLY, 8, freckle-faced with a bowl-cut, and  
SALLY, 8, rosy-cheeked with pigtails, sluggishly emerge from  
the black sacks that apparently are really sleeping bags.

They tiredly scowl at them. These two kids are cartoonishly  
generic - they could be from Leave It To Beaver. They wear  
cliché pajamas. Roscoe almost can't speak but nervously  
manages to.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

And who...who are you, little girl?  
And...your friend? What a little...  
ankle-biter?

Roscoe shrugs helplessly. Turns out he's not great with kids.

SALLY

I'm Sally, and that's Billy - *my*  
*kid brother.*

Billy blows a sour raspberry at Sally and she giggles. *What the fuck is going on right now?*

BILLY

We was tryin' to sleep, mister! But  
you woke us up!

They seem cute and harmless. This is still very weird but Roscoe lets his guard down a little.

ROSCOE

Oh, sorry, children. We must have  
just gone into the wrong cabin.

Billy and Sally nod to say nope.

SALLY

This is the right one, mister!  
Unless you want to sleep on a pile  
of wet hay! All the other cabins  
are used for storage and nobody is  
allowed inside of them.

BILLY

You can sleep over there.

He motions to the nearly unusable chicken-wire bunk-bed.

SALLY

We're gonna go back to sleep now. I  
was having the most wonderful  
dream. Mom was there, Billy!

BILLY

No way! Same as with mine!

SALLY

I was just about to kill Mr.  
Lovelace with a tractor in mine but  
then he woke me up!

She frowns sadly. Roscoe looks horrified again.

BILLY

Wow! I was about to kill him in mine too! But I only had a measly BB gun and I had to shoot it at his eyes until the pellets got through the eyeball jelly to his brain! You had a whole tractor? NO FAIR!

She blows another sour raspberry and then they burrow back into their respective sleeping bags, giggling the whole time. When they quiet down, Roscoe just expressionlessly walks over to the rusty bunk-bed and sits on the edge.

Cutlet returns, holding two burlap feed sacks.

CUTLET

Marty said this was the best he had. Said they came with the place.

Roscoe stares forward, shaken. He's just tired at this point and does not respond. Cutlet becomes uneasy as well.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

Do you want the top bunk? Because it's fine with me if -

ROSCOE

No, no, you can have it, Cutlet.

The two nod too much at each other for too long, then stop, and then briskly crawl into their respective beds. Roscoe pulls the cord to the sole lightbulb in the shed.

MATCH CUT TO:

BLACK.

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - MORNING

Lovelace stands in front of his desk, face blank. Garbagemen sit on fold-out metal chairs, looking bored. There are less in the crowd now than there were last time.

LOVELACE

Happy Tuesday. There's 13 open routes today.

The drivers grow audibly discontent.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

I DON'T WANT TO FUCKING HEAR IT. If you guys don't want to have to deal with this, then tell your fellow drivers to stop disappearing.

Mickey Walken meekly raises his hand. He has a really sweet smile on to hopefully lessen the blow of what he is about to ask. Lovelace is not in the mood.

WALKEN

Say...Mr. Lovelace? Remember how I said I recently became a father?

Lovelace looks at him with disgust.

LOVELACE

The answer to whatever you're going to ask is NO. You've gotta cover McIntyre's old route today. But you know what else? You can have Cutlet's old route too.

WALKEN

Erm...not to be pesky, but I've already been assigned his open route today!

LOVELACE

PERMANENTLY. The Powder Springs route is yours permanently moving forward. Any of you other yahoos have any fucking problems?

They jeer at him he just ignores them and walks out. They also gradually file out of the room, grumpily, ultimately leaving just Walken by himself again, looking overwhelmed.

EXT. TRASH HANDLERS TRUCK PARKING YARD - MORNING

A large lot is filled with a few dozen diagonally parked garbage trucks lined up in rows. Some are being directed by employees in vests as they pull away.

David Paine - chatty driver from before - leisurely strolls to his truck, suited up, lunch pail in tow. He waves at and greets some of his fellow drivers with genuine enthusiasm.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - MORNING

Paine drives his truck. TALK RADIO blares.

RADIO HOST

What're they gonna do next? Ban Carlton from the Fresh Prince show?

PAINE

Gosh, I sure hope not! He's a hoot, and a classic!

RADIO HOST  
THEY'RE BANNING EVERYTHING! WHICH  
IS WRONG!

PAINE  
It is! I agree! They shouldn't ban  
everything!

RADIO HOST  
...so you better do the Carlton  
dance all the way over to the  
voting booth and...

Paine gets out again, chuckling, dumps another totter of  
trash, returns to the truck.

RADIO HOST (CONT'D)  
...next thing you know, it'll be  
Arthur Fonzarelli they'll go after.  
The Fonz, who as you may recall  
actively campaigned for Eisenhower!

PAINE  
No! Not Henry Winkler's iconic  
character! I grew up with him!

RADIO HOST  
We let any more immigrants and  
trannies into this country then  
that's exactly what'll -

Paine turns off the radio with distaste.

PAINE  
(put-off)  
Oh, I'm not sure I'm fully in line  
with his reasoning on *that* one. You  
know, he says some things I don't  
like. He has some crazy ideas. I  
don't know about him.

He reveals has been holding a PTT / WALKIE TALKIE type thing.  
He is pressing a button with his thumb.

PAINE (CONT'D)  
I was always a Dole man, sure. But  
some of this stuff they're coming  
out with lately - geez Louise!

A beat. Presses it again - BLEEP.

PAINE (CONT'D)  
Say, dispatch, are you still there?  
Do you read me?

A crack of static and another BLEEP.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE  
 ...yes, David, dispatch is still  
 here. We read you. Ten four.

Paine smiles and turns on a CLASSIC ROCK station. He is content again.

POV of Paine - view from windshield - a GAS STATION / CONVENIENCE STORE, called "SPEED-E STOP" comes into view. There are THIRTEEN garbage trucks visible in the parking lot.

Paine gets a bit of a mischievous look.

INT. SPEED-E STOP - MORNING

It is lunchtime - the store is moderately busy. We hear the BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP at the checkout line. Inside this store is a CRUMMY BURRITO STATION tucked in the back.

The line consists of a MAN IN A SWEATER at the front, and TWELVE OTHER DRIVERS, fully dressed in uniforms, waiting patiently. Paine eagerly joins them.

PAINÉ  
 Well, hey, everybody!

They are all sincerely happy to see him. He greets them each individually by name, most of which are bizarre.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 Darryl Knox, hello. Jimmy Dexter -  
 hey! Jenks - what's happening?  
 Sidwell, Vinny Myers, Shamika,  
 Windholz, Red Dog, Draper, Chendu,  
 Mr. Huff, Mickey, Breast Rope.

This is quite the motley crew - a pasty white man with a jheri curl, a nerdy looking red haired man, an enormous man with dreads, a man who looks like a 1950s Rockabilly greaser, a wide Hawaiian man with long brown hair, a 4ft tall woman, a handsome and clean-shaven man covered in dirt, a hairless man with grills, a man who looks like a 1800s gold prospector, an absolutely ripped albino guy with skin-tight clothes, a very old man with a stoma and a voice box, Mickey Walken, and a generic man with no notable features.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)  
 Y'all here for the lunch special?

They all nod yes they are.

OLD MAN WITH A VOICE BOX  
 Y E S.

PAINÉ

Say, me too!

The man at the front of the line - the non-driver - is taking a ludicrously long time, which gives the drivers an opportunity to talk.

WHITE DRIVER WITH JHERI CURL

So, Paine, you pick up an extra route today? Most of us did. Your boy DK sure did - I got Chavez's.

DRIVER WITH DREADS

I got Sue's. Gotta cross the damn bridge for that shit.

PAINÉ

Ah, too bad. I got Cutlet's, personally.

RIPPED ALBINO MAN

Yeah, that's right! What happened with Cutlet?

PAINÉ

Honestly, I couldn't tell ya. His helper - that Roscoe fella - didn't show up today either.

MICKEY

Well, I got Guthrie's again.

Paine's expression grows concerned.

PAINÉ

Wait, for real? Guthrie was a no-show again? Two days now? I thought I just missed him this morning.

MICKEY

Yeah, and leave it to Lovelace to give me his route! Oooh, I want to give that man a knuckle sandwich!

4FT TALL WOMAN

(teasingly)

Aw, Mickey, you wouldn't hurt a damn fly!

MICKEY

Well, not a fly, but maybe a yucky cockroach!

Mickey performatively sticks out his tongue and makes a grossed out expression for laughs that don't happen.

P A I N E

Have any of ya heard from Guthrie  
since Frydee? So much as a peep?

They all nod no.

OLD MAN WITH A VOICE BOX

N O .

The man at the front of the line finally gets his burrito and  
the line starts moving again. Chit-chat time is over.

P A I N E

What in the world? Maybe one of us  
ought to check on him a bit later.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE - A BIT LATER

A mailbox out front says "GUTHRIE" on it. A garbage truck  
pulls up to it and parks. Paine steps out. We pull out to  
reveal SEVEN OTHER GARBAGE TRUCKS had already parked on the  
street near the house.

P A I N E

OH HEY, EVERYBODY. THANKS FOR  
LOOKING OUT. I GOT THIS, THOUGH. I  
CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE. I'LL GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THIS.

The wide Hawaiian man sticks his head out the window.

W I D E H A W A I I A N M A N

You sure, David?

The greaser driver sticks his head out of his truck now too.

R O C K A B I L L Y G R E A S E R D R I V E R

Yeah, Dave, I'm on my lunch. I'll  
check it out if you're too busy.

Now the 4ft tall woman almost clammers entirely out of the  
window to speak.

4 F T T A L L W O M A N

We take care of our own!

P A I N E

Naw, guys, I got it. Thanks,  
though! Y'all can take off!

He waves at them as they pull away. One truck slows down.

OLD MAN WITH A VOICE BOX (O.S.)

T A K E C A R E , D A A A A V I D .

PAINÉ

You too, Mister Huff! See you at  
the yard later!

Final truck leaves. Paine is alone. Everything is eerily still and silent but for a SINGLE CHICKADEE, sporadically making its DEE-dee and YOO-hoo calls.

Paine is nervous despite being in a harmless suburban neighborhood at around noon. He approaches the fence and speaks towards the front door -

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Hey, Guthrie? It's me, Dave. Dave  
Paine. Where the heck are ya?

No response. DEE-dee, YOO-hoo. Paine gulps. This isn't right.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

GUTHRIE? Hey, Guthrie? The Guth?  
You there? I'm comin' 'round back.

Paine cautiously traverses the white picket fence. He approaches the back and finds a gate. He absently reaches over it to unlock it from outside and then, A DOG SNARLS.

An ENORMOUS ROTTWEILER charges at Paine and immediately latches onto his hand and RIPS his index finger CLEAN OFF.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

Oh, darn it all!

He trips backwards. There is blood. He manages to get his phone out and laboriously dials it, wincing the whole time.

PAINÉ (CONT'D)

911, come quick!

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - DAY

At a picnic table sits Martin Westman on one side, sitting next to a WEIRD UNNAMED CHILD, 8, who never speaks and whose name we never learn. He looks like a human version of Popeye's Eugene The Jeep character, in a way.

On the other side sits Cutlet and Roscoe and Billy and Sally.

The adults have turkey and cheddar with crackers LUNCHABLES in front of them and are carefully assembling cracker sandwiches as they speak. There's also a pitcher of cloudy water and plastic cups.

WASTMAN

Mm-mm-*mmm!* This turkey is *lean!*

ROSCOE

Mr. Wastman, you said you would tell us at lunchtime about the jobs you hired us for. It's lunchtime.

WASTMAN

Ah, right. I'm glad you asked.

Wastman begins assembling another cracker sandwich again.

ROSCOE

Okay, then tell us!

WASTMAN

It's...kinda hard to explain. Maybe it's better if you taste it.

He motions at the cloudy water. Roscoe looks at it and is immediately wary and shakes his head.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

SO, our water's been a little *off* for a while now. We have well water here, you see, and I've recently discovered that a a few no-goodniks have been dumping contaminants in our well. It's been affecting the water quality.

Cutlet pours himself a glass and takes a swig.

CUTLET

Oh, LORDY! I'll say! Yucky!

WASTMAN

See? Cutlet can sure tell. This is the problem we need to fix. Which is why, Roscoe, you've been hired as Wastman's Fun Camp's official first ever "Director of Freshwater Compliance!" Firstly, congrats -

ROSCOE

What's that even mean?

WASTMAN

It means you'll guard the well at night.

Roscoe's eyes widen unhappily.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

And, uh, Cutlet - your position is a little more complicated.

(MORE)

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

I have hired you to be Wastman's Fun Camp's new "reverse garbageman."

CUTLET

Oh, hell yes! That's almost what I was doing previously.

WASTMAN

Yes, just, the only thing is that instead of going house to house to dispose of trash, you will instead be going house to house TO dispose OF trash.

Cutlet is puzzled.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

I am confident that I have isolated the sources of our water's contaminants and that's my eco-friendly way of disposing of them.

CUTLET

Huh?

Billy and Sally have grown restless.

BILLY AND SALLY

MR. WASTMAN! MR. WASTMAN!

SALLY

The sundial reads noontide! We wish to commence our lessons in target practice at this time!

Wastman glances at an ornate old sundial not too far away.

WASTMAN

Well, I'll be. How the time flies. Say, Roscoe, would you mind taking care of all this? Cutlet, I can show you the packages I need you to dispose of.

Wastman gets up and Cutlet eagerly follows him to walk away. The unnamed child absently walks in a different direction, leaving Roscoe alone with Billy and Sally and all the discarded trash from the Lunchables.

A CROW caws. This is some creepy and bizarre shit.

ROSCOE

Man, what the fuck?

BILLY

Hey, Mr. Roscoe! You ever do target practice before?

ROSCOE

With what? Arrows or some shit? I'm supposed to chaperone you for archery practice?

SALLY

Something like that!

BILLY

Just not with arrows.

Roscoe's face cycles through many emotions but ultimately just ends on a blank expression. Billy and Sally giggle.

EXT. GUTHRIE'S HOUSE - A BIT LATER

Parked behind Paine's garbage truck is a police cruiser. At the end of the driveway, Julia speaks to David, who now has his hand swaddled in something, increasingly soaked in blood.

JULIA

So the dog bit your finger...off?  
And you want me to call an ambulance out here, right?

PAINÉ

Yes, he bit me, but I don't fault him for it. Who needs ten of these sumbitches anyway? So, no, ma'am, that's not why I called.

The dog, who is now calm and sweet, has wandered near them. Paine casually and kindly pets it with his uninjured hand.

JULIA

What? Then why DID you call 911?

PAINÉ

Officer...I called 'cuz of Guthrie. Somethin' ain't right here.

JULIA

Who is Guthrie?

PAINÉ

He's my buddy. He ain't shown up to work in a while now. And his dog? Oh, Guthrie would never have his dog out on a chain at this hour!

JULIA

Oh? So you think he's missing?

PAINE

I'm 'fraid so, ma'am. And I'm worried about him. He's my buddy.

JULIA

Do you have any information that could help us out here in case we can't figure out what's going on?

Paine's face begins to contort with guilt. He is holding something in that really needs to come out.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Sir?

PAINE

Aw, THE HECK WITH IT. I fibbed to my boss, ma'am! Guthrie wadn't here yesterday and Mr. Lovelace asked if anybody knew where he might be, and I told a bald-faced lie! I told him I din't have a clue! But the truth is that I DID have a clue!

JULIA

Oh, that could really help us here!

He extends his wrists as if to be cuffed.

PAINE

I spose I'll tell ya all about it on the way to the station. Mind if I just call Walken real quick? I gotta have 'im pick up the truck.

JULIA

You're not under arrest.

Paine is taken aback, relieved. He lowers his arms.

PAINE

No kiddin'?

JULIA

Yeah, no, telling your boss a white lie isn't a crime. You're okay, Mr. Paine. I just need you to tell me what you know. You said you knew where he was going?

PAINÉ

Well, I have an idea. See, he and me text sometimes.

JULIA

Okay, sure -

PAINÉ

Yeah, so, Guthrie's a bachelor, see? Never found himself a woman. Said he never had time. That's why I was over the moon when he texts me, he says he's with this gal, and he's going to take her somewhere.

JULIA

Oh! So, he was with a woman?

PAINÉ

That's what he said. Said he met her after a botched job interview or something.

JULIA

A failed job interview?

Julie contemplates this. She's on to something.

PAINÉ

Ma'am, maybe I ought to see a doctor after all.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA POLICE STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

LONNIE (O.S.)

So, remember that lardass who got his wind pipe stuffed with weird shit like a Thanksgiving turkey?

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Lonnie sits on a chair, legs spread apart. Neftali is in the room too, for some reason, sitting in the corner patiently.

LONNIE

Still struggling on that one, chief. It's one nut I just can't bust. Buncha dead ends. You know, when that piece of shit croaked he crammed any identifying info about himself right up his shitter as he flopped tits-first down to Hell.

CHIEF NOLE, 60s, silver haired and impressive with a mustache, is taking this all in. He paces behind his desk, hands on hips, leading with his head, only EXHALING from his nose exasperatedly and pessimistically shaking his head.

There is a knocking at the glass door. They look to see Julia, hoping to come inside.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
Ah, look, it's old twinkle tits.  
I'll let 'er in.

Lonnie throws opens the door.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
How ya doing, kid?

Julia sheepishly lets herself in.

JULIA  
Yeah, hi, Lonnie. Er, I mean, lieutenant. And good afternoon to you, Chief. I wanted to tell you directly - I think I have some information.

Chief Nole stops pacing and shaking his head - he looks up at her expectantly, eyes wide, hands still on hips.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
...about the recent strings of murders and disappearances. I think some of them might be...connected.

Prolonged EXHALE from Nole. Julia's hopeful smile fades away. Chief Nole returns to pacing cynically.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I've been thinking about the overweight victim that was discovered in the restaurant. Since Coroner Kelman so abruptly resigned, without an autopsy report there's no way we will know exactly what happened to him any time soon. So it falls on us to fill in the blanks for the time being.

LONNIE  
No shit. We were just talking about that ol' butterball!

JULIA

Yes, him. I've been trying to figure out WHAT specifically that heavysset man was doing there? It wasn't to eat - he never ordered any meal. He didn't order a beer either, so how did a bottle end up in his throat? He only ever asked for water. And Mr. Neftali had said he only remembers one other man going into the room that day. So, what would this suggest?

Chief Nole exhales in a "go on" kind of way.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I thought maybe it was...a date? One that went south? But if it was, they probably would have ordered some food. So then I thought, maybe, it was a job interview?

Chief Nole offers a steely, expectant stare.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Perhaps this man arrived under the impression he would be discussing a job opportunity with a potential employer?

Chief Nole basically EXHALES the word "Huh" now.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Lieutenant? Chief? I am hesitant to say this, but...I think it's possible we might have a potential would-be serial killer trying to get our attention for the first time. Somebody who goes to such extremes as that fits the profile of somebody who will kill again.

Lonnie gesticulates wildly.

LONNIE

Alright, Tess Trueheart, slow your roll. I'm withya. It coulda been a phony job interview. True! We might even have a regular Moses Shithole on our hands.

The last comment puzzles both the chief and Julia.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

WHAT? That's the guy's real name!  
South African serial killer. ABC  
Murders? Ever fuckin' hear of them?  
Had the same MO. He'd lure people  
in for job interviews and kill  
them. Look him up - Moses Shithole!

JULIA

It's just hard to believe that's a  
real name is all.

LONNIE

Well it is! I didn't make it up!  
21st most prolific serial killer of  
all time. What, do you think this  
bitch doesn't hit the books?

The Chief and Julia look kinda guilty.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

I fuckin' read at home. I don't  
just sit around watching Deal or No  
Deal, laughing my ass off at Howie  
fuckin' Mandel, you know. But,  
Julia, my point is - all that shit  
you just said is only  
circumstantial at this time.

Lonnie shrugs apologetically. Julia looks discouraged.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

But do you remember what I always  
told you, Julia?

Julia slowly begins to perk back up. She does remember.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Circumstantial evidence is like a  
ball sack - one lonely nut swimming  
in the scrotum is nothing to write  
home about, but if ya stick another  
in the sack and tie the two  
together with twine, *then* you got a  
swinging pair to show off, and -

JULIA

A swinging pair of testicles  
is what Lonnie wants to see.

LONNIE

A swinging pair of testicles  
is what Lonnie wants to see.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

That's my girl!

Lonnie affectionately smacks Julia on the shoulder and pulls her in for an embrace. Julia smiles gratefully at her mentor.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
Chief, I fucking love this kid!

Nole looks back at the two with a grossed out expression.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
So, Julia, I trust ya got somethin' else for us too then, knowing you.

JULIA  
Yes, I do.

LONNIE  
Whatchya got, gumshoe?

JULIA  
A new missing persons report. I just got back from filing it. A man and a woman. Missing for a few days. Both knew each other, too. And get this - the female, my source tells me, had just gotten done with...a failed job interview.

Lonnie claps her hands once with excitement.

LONNIE  
FUCKIN' WHIM WHAM. THERE'S THAT SHIT! In the fuckin' bag. We got a lead here! What the fuck did I tell ya, Chief? This broad is a whiz. A real "it girl."

Chief Nole gives Julia a "not bad" look and Lonnie rubs her hands together and excitedly turns to Julia.

JULIA  
I also got the name of the bar the missing male was a regular at. Used to drink there all the time with his co-workers. Might be useful.

Lonnie, beaming and overflowing with pride for her protege, is chomping at the bit like an energetic donkey.

LONNIE  
Come on, Julia. Hustle the fuck up. We got somewhere to be!

She motions to Julia to follow her as she strides out the door.

They both leave Neftali sitting on the chair in the corner alone with Chief Nole. They make eye contact. Chief Nole doesn't know what to do in this moment. We linger on this wordless and awkward eye contact for just a moment too long.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - DAY

Lonnie and Julia are walking and talking.

LONNIE

So, what's this fuckin' hole in the wall shit stain bar we gotta dip our dicks into?

JULIA

It's called Tony Wilson's. It's a hot spot for local garbage men, apparently.

LONNIE

Junk jockeys? Why in the fuck would he have been swilling sours with a buncha trash hounds?

JULIA

Well, my source was a garbageman, and so is this missing person.

LONNIE

Adds up. It adds up.

JULIA

The only thing is - on Tuesday and Thursdays it's one of those third shift bars with unusual hours. It's already closed for the day so we'll have to go tomorrow.

LONNIE

Fine then. Bright and early. I like to wet my whistle at the crack of dawn anyway. It's a fuckin' date.

INT. KNIFE THROWING RANGE - AFTERNOON

In a dank, brick-walled underground setting, Billy and Sally casually scan a large collection of RUSTY KNIVES laid out on a table. Roscoe is very uncomfortable.

Sally takes a knife and HURDLES it - BLAM - at a cardboard target. Roscoe is shook. Billy and Sally giggle childishly.

SALLY

I pretend the targets are Lovelace.

BILLY

Me too! And you just killed him,  
big sister! He's dead!

Billy and Sally high-five. Roscoe hates this.

ROSCOE

Alright, are you two gonna ever  
tell me what the fuck this shit is  
all about? Why you want to KILL  
that man? How do you even know him?

The two children now grow quiet and grimly serious.

SALLY

Mommy used to drive a truck for him  
but he fired her, so we lost our  
house and moved to be with Mr.  
Wastman because he was her friend.

BILLY

Mr. Lovelace was MEAN to mommy, but  
Mr. Wastman was always REAL NICE to  
her and he made mommy happy.

SALLY

We woke up one day and mommy wasn't  
here anymore. Mr. Wastman said it  
was because of Mr. Lovelace. And  
Mr. Wastman would never lie to us.

BILLY

He told us mommy went to meet with  
Mr. Lovelace about driving a truck  
again. He said he feels bad because  
Mommy never came back. Mr. Wastman  
visits us every night and tells us  
this. He cries sometimes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

He says WE went to see Mr. Lovelace  
that night too. And that he HIT us.

SALLY

He hit us so hard that we don't  
remember any of it. We only  
remember walking up without Mommy.

SALLY (CONT'D)

He says he misses Mommy too and  
that EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED is  
Mr. Lovelace's fault. He says we  
should blame HIM for what happened.

BILLY AND SALLY  
 AND WE DO. SO NOW WE HAVE TO KILL  
 MR. LOVELACE. TO AVENGE MOMMY AND  
 TO MAKE MR. WASTMAN HAPPY.

Billy throws three daggers at the cardboard target in rapid succession - BLAM BLAM BLAM. Roscoe truly abhors all of this.

ROSCOE  
 (to self)  
 I gotta get the fuck out this  
 bitch.

SALLY  
 So, Mister...we was gonna ask if  
 you would help us!

Roscoe looks at her, then Billy, then back at her in disbelief. He has a harrowed, deeply disturbed expression.

ROSCOE  
NO!

BILLY AND SALLY  
 PWEEEEEEESE.

ROSCOE  
 HELL NAW! AND STOP DOING THAT SHIT.

BILLY AND SALLY  
 WE'RE SORRY.

ROSCOE  
 Are you for real? Two 8-years-old-  
 ass kids want me to help kill a guy  
 because some weird-ass motherfucker  
 manipulated you into thinking he  
 killed your mom? This shit's nuts.

BILLY  
 Mister! Why won't anyone help us?

SALLY  
 We know you have experience!

ROSCOE  
 No, I do not! I was just the  
 driver! How you even know that  
 anyway? And...shit, man...do I  
 really gotta be the first person to  
 teach you kids that killing is  
 wrong? That murder is bad? Mr.  
 Wastman never told you that? Two  
 wrongs don't make a right and shit?

BILLY

Well, we don't want you to be the one to actually kill him...

SALLY

...we need to kill him. You only have to drive!

ROSCOE

You do not *need* to kill a man! I don't care HOW MUCH y'all hate this Lovelace. I don't like him neither but that don't mean I gotta kill him! So no, I ain't drivin' shit or helping you out with this -

SALLY

We'll pay you.

BILLY

A thousand dollars. Cash. We have it saved up specifically for this.

SALLY

We buried it 'neath the Maidenhair tree -

BILLY

- whilst the leaves were a golden hue most dazzling.

Roscoe's demeanor has changed. He is now considering this.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You only gotta take us to him.

SALLY

...we'll take care of the rest.

Sally grabs a machete and LOBS it at the cardboard target and nails it in the face again - BLAM.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING

A GARBAGE truck pulls up. Out steps Mickey Walken. He is already exhausted. He hauls a few cans of trash. He returns to his truck.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EARLY MORNING

A white utility van pulls up on a different residential street. Out steps Cutlet. He walks to the back and uncomfortably opens the door. It is filled with brown taped packages.

He grabs one and places it atop a full can of garbage at the end of someone's driveway. He returns to his van.

MONTAGE:

- Mickey Walken overexerts himself - hauling trash, driving the truck, dumping at the landfill.

- Cutlet works just as hard placing brown packages atop full trash cans as Walken works while disposing of cans. The pile in the van gradually shrinks.

- The streets Walken drives on begin to look the same as the ones Cutlet had been driving on. Eventually there appears to be an overlap, as the streets grow more and more rural.

- Throughout, Walken begins finding the cardboard boxes atop the trash cans. He increasingly looks at them with confusion. He recognizes a pattern and becomes outright bewildered.

EXT. RURAL STREET - MIDDAY

From far away, FOUR RAMSHACKLE FARM HOMES sit alongside one another on a gravel road, all with cans full of trash in out front. The van is in front of the home furthest to the right.

Birds chirp. A cicada drones.

The van drives from in front of the first home to in front of the second. It stops. Then, a GARBAGE TRUCK creeps up behind the van and stops at the first house.

A distant driver - Walken - exits the truck and dumps the first container. He returns to the cab and waits for the van's driver to proceed.

The van moves to the third house - the garbage truck to the second. Walken dumps the can again and waits. This is really slowing him down.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - MORNING

Walken anxiously looks at his watch.

WALKEN

Aw, heck.

He waits, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. The white van moves forward again to the next house, and stops. Walken moves forward one home and gets out again.

EXT. RURAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Walken puts his hand on his hip, and scratches his head in confusion.

WALKEN

What is that fella doing?

He looks to the house ahead. A familiar form gets out - Cutlet? He shadily places what looks to be another brown box, like the others, atop the trash can.

Walken narrows his eyes with suspicion. He assumes the façade of somebody being very discreet. He sneaks back into the cab of his truck this time.

He waits with his head lowered for the van to move to the next house and he moves one house further as well. The truck LOUDLY GROANS AND HISSES as he does. These two houses are closer to one another so he can see the van more clearly.

INT. WHITE UTILITY VAN - MORNING

Cutlet sits in the drivers seat, anxious and skittish, and looks into the rearview mirror. He sees (and hears) the garbage truck. It isn't going anywhere.

CUTLET

(tensely)

Get outta here.

The truck idles. This is a stalemate - a game of chicken. Finally, Cutlet gets out first.

EXT. RURAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet walks to the back of the van, neurotically looking around. He swings open the door, grabs a box from the pile, tosses it onto the top of the garbage can, and shuts the door. As soon as he does -

WALKEN (O.S.)

CUTLET??

Cutlet deflates. He's been caught. But when he sees the source of the voice he is almost relieved that its just clumsy, dopey, harmless old Walken.

CUTLET

Walken?

As soon as Walken knows for sure its Cutlet, he excitedly runs over to him, almost as if to give him a hug.

WALKEN

Cutlet, buddy! What a sight for sore eyes! Lovelace has got me doing your old route now! It's so dang lonely out here!

Cutlet uneasily smiles.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

What the heck are you doing out here? You don't live in Powder Springs! And what's with the van?

He looks to the cardboard box atop the trash.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

...and all these boxes?

CUTLET

I...oh, it's just...nostalgic...?

Cutlet is a bad liar and Walken doesn't buy it.

WALKEN

Cutlet...what is inside all these boxes I've been hauling?

Cutlet shrugs.

CUTLET

Heck if I know! Too much tape! Can't see inside! They're taped really, really well! Lots of tape!

Walken *really* doesn't buy it. But he's concerned more than he is suspicious of Cutlet.

WALKEN

Cutlet, what are you mixed up in? Who put you up to this? Are you in trouble? Do you need help? I can help you. Drivers stick together.

Walken pulls out his company issued PTT walkie talkie device. There is a printed label that reads "M. WALKEN" on it, and he has customized it with a worn sticker on it with curled edges, featuring a 'Far Side' style cartoon.

In the cartoon, a tabby cat with crooked whiskers and snagged teeth stands next to an Oscar the Grouch style trash can holding a fish skeleton in one hand and a pink cord phone in the other. The caption reads "LET'S TALK TRASH."

Walken BLEEPs the radio on.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
This is dispatch.

WALKEN  
Yes, dispatch? I need help. I have  
found a friend in need -

Cutlet swipes the radio out of Walken's hand.

CUTLET  
Hello, dispatch. This is Cutlet!

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
...Cutlet? But you were fired!

CUTLET  
Yeah, well aware of that, sweetie.  
Uh, I just wanted to say - you just  
keep being you, baby! That's all!  
Ten four! Over and out!

He BLEEPs it off hastily. Walken is taken aback.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
Now, Cutlet, what the heck?

Cutlet cannot take any more. He must leave.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
Walken, ya nosy titmouse! Quit  
puttin' your foot where it don't  
belong! Stay out of it!

Cutlet stuffs the radio into his pocket and breaks away from the exchange to rush back to the van. He gets in and turns the key in the ignition. Right before taking off he manually rolls down the window with the crank.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
You're a sweetheart - a dynamite  
family man and a crackerjack  
husband - and this ain't for ya!

Cutlet speeds away, kicking up a CLOUD OF BROWN DUST. Walken remains, rendered speechless. Now he is troubled, and also morbidly curious.

Once the dust dissipates, he walks over to the brown box atop the trash - grabs it - and whips out a pocket knife to cleanly cut through the excessive tape. He peers inside. His face contorts in abject HORROR.

INT. TONY WILSON'S - MORNING

TONY WILSON, 59, a gruff bartender with a mustache, cleans glasses behind a leather-padded bartop. The bar itself is dim, illuminated only by sporadic gold mood lighting.

There is only one patron, slumped down in a chair at the bar. He is asleep. Tony Wilson snaps his fingers.

TONY WILSON

MIKE CHAVEZ! You wake up right now!

The customer is roused. MIKE CHAVEZ, 30s, is frazzled and already drunk for the day.

TONY WILSON (CONT'D)

Are you gonna order anything or are you just gonna spend the rest of your day asleep at my bar? Because we're closing up shop soon and I got a long list of Pinterest boards I wanna browse in peace today.

MIKE CHAVEZ

What else am I gonna do, man? Don't got no job anymore.

TONY WILSON

Yeah, because you chose to quit.

MIKE CHAVEZ

I was just done with it all. If fuckin' Lovelace was your boss you'd understand.

TONY WILSON

Well, he's not. In fact I don't even have a boss and I haven't had one since I spent the 90s as an interior decorator being my own boss. So I don't get it. I also don't get what all of you got against this Lovelace fella either. You drivers come in here and bellyache about him all the time. Why don't you just get a new job with a new boss?

MIKE CHAVEZ

Because Trash Handlers is the only outfit in town, man. They bought out all the competition. I got no other options.

TONY WILSON

Baloney. Somebody looking to hire truck drivers dropped off a stack of flyers just this morning. Marvin Waste Man or something funny.

Tony Wilson points at a STACK OF VIBRANT PINK FLYERS the size of note cards by the door. Mike looks at them.

MIKE CHAVEZ

The pink ones over there?

Mike Chavez, too drunk to walk properly, falls out of his chair and destroys the chair. As he gracelessly makes his way across the room he knocks over three more chairs, smashes several pint glasses, and destroys a neon sign and a table.

He pulls himself up by a JUKEBOX, which tips over on its face and smashes.

Unfazed by the damage he just caused, he looks at the pink flyer. There is an image of Martin Wastman smiling. It reads "WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP! WE HIRE TRUCK DRIVERS. CALL MARTIN WASTMAN TODAY TO SET UP AN INTERVIEW PLEASE!"

Mike holds it up and smiles enthusiastically while waving it at Tony Wilson. As he does so he begins to wet his pants.

MIKE CHAVEZ (CONT'D)

I'm interested, Tony!

TONY WILSON

GO TO THE BATHROOM, MIKE!

Mike absently wanders off to the bathroom.

TONY WILSON (CONT'D)

Treat the bowl like a basketball hoop! Don't miss! Score two points!

EXT. TONY WILSON'S - PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING

The parking lot is cracked and in disrepair. There are only two vehicles parked in it. A police car pulls in and parks.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

LONNIE

Fucking shit, Julia. Looks like nobody's even here. Too early. What did we expect from one of those weird bars with stupid hours? All those junk jerks are still on the clock, out and about!

JULIA

It's open, though. Maybe we'll be able to speak to...Tony Wilson?

LONNIE

And why the fuck would that be?

JULIA

Because the bar is called "Tony Wilson's."

LONNIE

Ya know, I never know where you get these wacky pie in the sky ideas from, but I guess it's worth a shot. I'ma go suit up.

INT. TONY WILSON'S - CONTINUOUS

Tony Wilson glances outside and notices the police car and his expression grows even wearier.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie is now outside of the vehicle. Julia, still looking at the bar, speaks to Lonnie as though she is still next to her.

JULIA

If Tony Wilson is here then he's all we'll need. He'll know more about what goes on here than anyone else, and he'll know who this Guthrie is if he really was a regular.

No response. She recognizes Lonnie is outside of the car now and she gets out as well.

EXT. TONY WILSON'S - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie has disrobed and is wearing only old woman underwear now in broad daylight. She is struggling to get herself into a BOILER SUIT.

JULIA

Woah, woah! Lonnie! What the hell?

LONNIE

Ya never seen a proud broad in nothing but her bloomers, chickie? Big deal. Now help me get into this thing. I'm goin' undercover. Just follow my lead.

INT. TONY WILSON'S - CONTINUOUS

Tony Wilson hears the door open and he glances at it, expecting police, but then becomes visibly perplexed. Lonnie is wearing a BOILER SUIT AND SUNGLASSES. Julia is not dressed any differently.

LONNIE

Top of the mornin,' shit lips. Get me a Colt 45 - no, make it two - and a fuckin' Zima or whatever for the kid.

Lonnie confidently begins to step over all of the things Mike Chavez previously damaged and walks straight to Tony Wilson.

TONY WILSON

Ma'am? Have we met?

LONNIE

I don't fuckin' think so! Unless you also liked to hit up the old trash grabber bar I used to get shit faced at when I was working the last gig, 'fore I got arrested for...murder...and...grand larceny...and...arson...

Tony Wilson looks very troubled by that fake confession.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, don't get your Johnson in a monkey knot - I'll be good. I'm with my parole officer, after all.

Julia shakes her head, both annoyed and embarrassed to be a part of this. Tony Wilson looks at her and cautiously nods.

TONY WILSON

Ma'am.

LONNIE

Enough niceties. I only stopped in here 'cause I wanna keep my cock wet and find a new gig haulin' shit into a big stupid truck. Figured I'd find some leads here. Heard about this joint from a pal. Guy named Guthrie. Know him?

TONY WILSON

Yeah, I reckon I know Guthrie. You know him too? How so?

Lonnie is making this all up as she goes, but confidently.

LONNIE

...met him in an online chatroom. Called..."trash boys nation." He in here? Thought maybe he and I could fuck in the bathroom.

TONY WILSON

Oh, gosh no! None of that! Not here! He w'arn't the type anyhow.

LONNIE

Whattya mean he w'arn't the type? Last thing he said to me was that he was gonna bone some broad he met. He...chatted that to me in the...message board.

TONY WILSON

That don't sound like him.

Tony Wilson places down a Colt 45 and Lonnie shotguns it.

LONNIE

Hey, big boy. Stay with me. I need intel. You never answered my question - where the fuck can a bitch get a job with a truck around here? Who the fuck is hiring! Where can I find work?

TONY WILSON

Lady, I don't even know what your last job was or who you last drove a truck for, but there's options.

Lonnie smashes her Colt 45 bottle on the ground. Tony frowns. His bar is getting absolutely wrecked for no good reason.

LONNIE

THE FUCK you mean OPTIONS?

TONY WILSON

There's a lot of them! They come in here and try to poach drivers all the time. They glad-hand and they leave their flyers by the door

He motions to the table with business cards by the door.

Lonnie walks over to it. There are many different ads for many different companies hiring drivers.

She grabs the Wastman's Fun Camp hot pink flyer and looks at it, likely because it is the brightest, but she thinks nothing of this dopey smiling man or his fun camp and puts it back down. She shakes her head. This is hopeless.

TONY WILSON (CONT'D)

I never know who any of those folks are, neither. In fact, I was just sayin' about how some bald fella with a trash company came in and dropped off a stack this morning.

This registers with Lonnie. Her eyes widen in recognition.

LONNIE

Bald? Did you say BALD? With a trash company?

TONY WILSON

Well...yes. Bald as a bowling ball.

FLASHBACK TO:

THE SKELETAL BALD MAN IN THE CROWD.

Lonnie hazily recalls her brief confrontation with the four fat men and the skinny bald man outside the restaurant. She focuses on the bald man, who had been wearing TRASH HANDLERS COMPANY CLOTHING.

BACK TO PRESENT

Tony Wilson had been talking but Lonnie was ignoring him.

TONY WILSON

Prior to this I was a professional party planner, so trash hauling is -

LONNIE

THAT BALD MOTHERFUCKER!

TONY WILSON

What?

LONNIE

JULIA, WE GOTTA FIND A BALD MOTHERFUCKER. THAT'S WHAT WE ARE LOOKING FOR - A BALD MOTHERFUCKER WHO WORKS FOR TRASH HANDLERS.

Lonnie SPRINTS back to the bar, shotguns the second Colt 45, smashes the bottle on the floor, and sprints out without paying or ever acknowledging or looking at Tony Wilson again. Julie smiles awkwardly at Tony and shows herself out too.

The door swings shut. Tony stands alone, staring in disbelief at all the broken glass and damaged property in his now trashed bar. After a beat, Chavez emerges from the bathroom.

MIKE CHAVEZ

Tony, I got piss everywhere.

INT. LOVELACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lovelace intensely sits at his desk. Scowling. Walken sits before him - in the same tiny plastic chair as last time. He has seen something that has shaken him to the foundation.

Between them is the cardboard box he opened. Lovelace carefully cracks it open - inside is the SEVERED HUMAN HEAD OF THE ONE-EYED WOMAN.

LOVELACE

You say there were dozens of boxes like these? If not hundreds? All throughout the day? All with...body parts in them?

WALKEN

Yes! I didn't think nothing of them! But then I saw Cutlet, and he went running off like that, and my curiosity got the best of me!

LOVELACE

Cutlet. Hmm. Did you tell anyone?

WALKEN

Oh, gosh, no! But I'll call the police - right after we're done!

LOVELACE

No, you WILL NOT.

WALKEN

Sir?

A storm quickly begins to brew in Lovelace. His temper threatens to come out of its dormant state and explode.

LOVELACE

The LAST thing this company needs is something like THIS. And I WILL NOT have you bring this type of would-be scandal directly to my doorstep. You will keep your mouth shut, do you understand?

Walken wilts.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Julia is in the driver's seat. Lonnie is fiddling with a GPS.

LONNIE

Julie, GPS says that the Trash  
Handlers HQ is literally across the  
street! BOOK IT!

EXT. TONY WILSON'S - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The police car squeals out of the spot, U-turns towards the road, and drives across it to the Trash Handler's parking lot. They speed towards the office building.

INT. LOVELACE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WALKEN

But...but Mr. Lovelace! That's  
gotta be from multiple bodies!  
Several people! With families, and  
friends, and favorite foods and  
colors! We might be on to somethin!

Lovelace gets up and looms over Walken.

LOVELACE

Do you have ANY IDEA how many dead  
bodies are buried in each and every  
landfill in the entire world? Just  
like drugs and illegal GUNS and  
ugly secrets, landfills are where  
bodies go to disappear forever.  
Once they're gone, they're gone for  
good. You never should have looked  
in these boxes. You had no right.

WALKEN

Sir, I'm sorry! But we can still do  
the right thing!

LOVELACE

Listen to me closely - this is your  
final strike. One more slip-up like  
this and you will never work as a  
garbageman again. AM I CLEAR?

WALKEN

Yes.

LOVELACE

I am suspending you for the rest of  
the week, effective immediately.  
Leave your truck's keys on my desk.

Walken dejectedly gets up and begins to slink to the door.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

At least now you'll get to spend  
some time with your little family,  
huh? You got your wish in the end.  
You should value it.

EXT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - LOT - CONTINUOUS

The police car pulls into the lot and parks. Lonnie gets out and sprints to the door. Julia follows her at a normal speed.

INT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace follows Walken out while holding the box with the head under his arm. Walken walks like a man in a chain gang. They walk past a door to an office kitchen area. PORN NOISES come from it. Walken keeps walking but Lovelace peeks in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sitting alone at a table with a bag of pork rinds is the nearly bald skeleton of a man who Lonnie is looking for.

LOVELACE

How's 'light duty,' Eric-Michael?

The foul man looks up, his mouth agape. When he recognizes it as Lovelace his thin lips twist into a sickening smile.

ERIC-MICHAEL

Aw, yeah, my, uh...hamster strings  
are still pulled, or my legs or  
whatever the fuck.

More porn noises come from the phone. Lovelace sighs.

LOVELACE

Look, I need you to dump a truck in  
the landfill tonight. I also need  
you to...dispose of some things.

He places the box down on the table and opens it. Staring at Eric-Michael is the severed head. He understands. And smiles.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

There's more where that came from.

ERIC-MICHAEL

Sure thing, boss.

They hear a VOICE FROM THE HALLWAY. Lovelace reacts.

LONNIE (O.S.)  
Have you seen a bald motherfucker  
who works here?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie and Julia are blocking Walken's path. He is so overcome with sadness that he can't even act nervous.

WALKEN  
I'm sorry, officer. I can't help.  
I've been suspended.

LONNIE  
Don't care, sadsack! Just asked a  
simple fuckin' question! Does a  
bald motherfucker work here??

Lovelace steps out of the kitchen and makes an entrance.

LOVELACE  
Did somebody say BALD?  
...mother...fucker?

Lonnie looks at him. This bald man is not the bald man Lonnie wanted and she does not recognize him. Walken continues to shuffle away like a sad ghost.

LONNIE  
Uh, yeah. I did. Who are you?

LOVELACE  
Matthew Lovelace, nice to meet you.  
District Operations Manager for  
Atlanta's Trash Handlers. I'm kinda  
the resident baldie around here!

Lonnie scowls. A dead end...she thinks.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)  
A lot of people say I look like  
John Popper of Blues Traveler. He's  
not bald, though! But, see, I sing  
in a Blues Traveler cover band  
called Matthew and the Loving Lace,  
and what I do is I wear a wig.

Lonnie immediately HATES this.

LONNIE  
Okay, great! Whatever!

LOVELACE

We do a weekly hump day show at Ham Hawks Pub and Eatery. Say, you should swing by tonight! We have a lot of fun. I sing, I play harmonica, I -

LONNIE

HOLY SHIT, WE GET IT.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric-Michael sits with the incriminating severed head in front of him. He eavesdrops on what is being said in the hall.

LOVELACE (O.S.)

We do some original compositions but mostly play the hits. You know, Hook, Runaround, Look Around, Brother John -

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

LONNIE

ENOUGH! ENOUGH ABOUT YOUR STUPID COVER BAND!

JULIA

Sir, it's just that...we aren't, from an investigative standpoint, particularly interested. It isn't pertinent to us at this time.

LONNIE

NO, NOT IN THE FUCKIN LEAST. WE DON'T GIVE A DEAD YETI'S FINAL SHIT ABOUT YOUR COVER BAND, AND WE ARE NOT COMING TO YOUR DUMB SHOW.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LONNIE (O.S.)

OKAY? JESUS CHRIST. THANKS. WE DIDN'T FIND WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR AND WE'RE DONE HERE NOW.

Eric-Michael doesn't think this pertains to him and has grown bored and he returns to watching the porn on his phone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julia instinctively hands Lovelace her card with her number.

JULIA  
 Uh, yes...Mr. Lovelace. If  
 anything...if you see...please  
 feel...you can...

PORN NOISES start coming from the kitchen.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Actually, you know what, forget it.  
 Whatever. Just forget it. I don't  
 even know. Disregard.

The two walk away in irritation as porn noises continue.  
 Lovelace looks down at the card and back up as they do. When  
 they are fully gone, his fake smile drops off completely and  
 becomes a dead expression.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

LONNIE  
 FUCK. NOT THE RIGHT PERSON. NOT WHO  
 I WAS LOOKING FOR. BACK TO THE  
 FUCKIN DRAWING BOARD! THE CHIEF'S  
 GONNA PISS IN MY MOUTH OVER THIS!

JULIA  
 Lonnie, it's alright! We'll just  
 keep trying! I'm sure Trash  
 Handlers employs many bald men!  
 Let's just do a little more  
 research. We can go back too!

Julia's radio BLIPS. Lonnie aggressively grabs it. BLIP.

LONNIE  
 OH, WHAT THE FUCK NOW? SHIT IT OUT.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
 Lieutenant French? Chief Nole has  
 said there is an emergency and you  
 need to hurry back IMMEDIATELY.

Lonnie and Julia look at each other with concern.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING AREA - A BIT LATER

In the area with the holding cells, we see a fatigued looking  
 Neftali sitting behind bars. A VERY ANGRY Chief Nole stands  
 near, flanked on both sides by two FURIOUS LOOKING LAWYERS.

Lonnie and Julia walk in and Lonnie immediately remembers.

LONNIE  
 Oh, fuuuuuck.

JULIA  
LONNIE, YOU FORGOT ABOUT HIM?

Chief Nole EXHALES with fury.

INT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - EVENING

It's getting later in the day. Roscoe is sitting on the edge of the well, looking simultaneously bored and uneasily motion to Roscoe to come join him.

INT. GARAGE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Roscoe and Cutlet stand between the white van and Martin Wastman's blue 2020 ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH. Cutlet speaks to Roscoe in confidence, as if he is afraid he's being watched.

CUTLET  
Babe, you were right. I didn't  
wanna say it because I always held  
Mr. Wastman in such high esteem,  
but there's sumpin' funny goin' on.

ROSCOE  
You don't say.

CUTLET  
There's just things that ain't  
adding up here, you know?

Roscoe motions at the ludicrously expensive Rolls-Royce.

ROSCOE  
YOU DON'T SAY. None of this shit  
makes sense. Like, how the fuck is  
he affordin' this kinda car when  
his only source of income is this  
weird ass camp? I been saying this  
the whole time. How are you only  
seein' this now?

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
Well, I ran into Walken today  
during my reverse garbageman route.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
Wait, you fuckin' serious?

CUTLET  
Well, yeah. I was just running my  
old Powder Springs route 'cuz it's  
all I know, and I guess Lovelace  
has since given Mickey my old route  
in my absence.

Roscoe face-palms.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

And Walken, he seemed mighty shaken about these boxes, and it got me thinkin, "Hey, wait a minute!" You know? "Reverse garbageman" is a peculiar title, you know? And what Wastman's got me doing is also peculiar. You know?

ROSCOE

YEAH, I DO KNOW!

CUTLET

I shoulda known as soon as he told me what my new gig was. He's hidin' something. So, tonight - when the sun sets, I propose we do a little reconnaissance and see what's in that damn well. Can I please have your permission?

ROSCOE

Why...why are you asking me permission?

CUTLET

Because you are the Director of Freshwater Compliance. I just want you to sign off on it.

ROSCOE

Man, yeah! We'll do it together.

Cutlet is touched but tries to hide it.

CUTLET

Good deal, babe. I'll meet you back here at nightfall. Let's get ourselves in that well and figure this shit out 'fore Walken can.

INT. TONY WILSON'S - EVENING

Mike Chavez returns to Tony Wilson's, but he is now dressed nicely and is full of life. Tony looks at him impatiently.

MIKE CHAVEZ

No drinks for me tonight, cantinero! I landed me an interview with that Martin Waste Man, like you suggested!

TONY WILSON

I suppose congrats are in order.

Mickey Walken walks in, looking downcast. He goes to the bar.

MIKE CHAVEZ

Aaaaaayyyyy, Mickey! Get one for Mickey, though! Shots on me all night! Let's celebrate!

Tony Wilson already knows Mickey will order an RC Cola so he pulls one out and hands it to him before he can even ask. Mickey mouths the word "thanks" to Tony and then raises his cola to Mike and smiles courteously.

WALKEN

No thanks, Mike! Not really in a celebratory mood. I got suspended today. Won't be here long either.

He turns back to Tony Wilson, who looks concerned.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

Good to see ya, Tony. Unfortunately I've just got time for one RC tonight. I got somewhere I gotta be later. Just wanted to pop in to steady myself.

TONY WILSON

Where you going that's better than here, Mick?

WALKEN

Believe me, I'd rather be here. But like I just told Mike - I got suspended because I'm in some hot water with the bossman. I'm going to see if I can't make it right. He has a cover band that puts on a weekly show. I figured I'd get the wife and kid all gussied up and, you know, make a night out of it. Get back on Lovelace's good side.

TONY WILSON

Why, Mickey...I'm awfully sorry to hear that. It sounds like a godawful way to spend the night, watchin' this Lovelace I hear so much about doin' a...a music show.

Mike overhears this and staggers over.

MIKE CHAVEZ

Lovelace? Fuck Lovelace! Why we talkin' about Lovelace?

WALKEN

I'm just trying to get square with him after we...kinda butt heads a little.

MIKE CHAVEZ

Mickey, why don't you work where I'm gonna work so you never have to deal with that pendejo ever again? Hey, when I nail this interview I'll even put in a good word for you with Mr. Waste Man!

WALKEN

No need to, Mike! That name you just said sounds made up, and I fully intend to patch things up with Lovelace. I have a plan.

MIKE CHAVEZ

Hey, my friend, if you want to keep working for a DICK like Lovelace, then that's your problem! But me? I'd rather work for somebody else. And I have to meet that somebody in about an hour! Peace out, bitches!

Mike gleefully heads for the door and still manages to break more things on his way out despite being sober. Before he leaves, he approaches a damaged JUKEBOX that we recognize from before.

CU: MIKE'S HAND inserts a quarter and selects a cheerful and decidedly not scary 90s era ADULT CONTEMPORARY or COUNTRY POP song about Wednesdays that would be funny for an adult male garbageman to choose. IT'S ALREADY WEDNESDAY by FREYA, or WAITING FOR WEDNESDAY by LISA LOEB, or something similar.

The song is tonally the POLAR OPPOSITE of the disturbing sequence that is about to play out.

SEQUENCE BEGINS:

Mike Chavez cockily exists through the door.

EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We pan across the landfill - it is bathed in moonlight and speckled with vibrant colors from various types of packaging that had been thrown out.

Eventually we see a REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK with the BACK HATCH still hinged upward with a pile of trash spilled out. Eric-Michael is picking through it like a rodent, and his clothes are filthy.

Next to the large garbage truck is a smaller one - the Isuzu Pak-Rat Satellite Garbage Truck. Next to THAT truck is a small pile of just the brown cardboard boxes.

Eric-Michael proceeds to load the small garbage truck with the little boxes from the pile.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Neftali sits behinds bars, looking crestfallen. Lonnie and Julia walk over to him and Lonnie motions to him that it's time to leave. He perks up.

EXT. TONY WILSON'S - PARKING LOT - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Mickey exits the bar and walks to his parked minivan.

INT. LOVELACE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Matthew Lovelace is in the middle of changing into a new pair of clothes. He is all dressed other than his pants, where he only got as far as his tighty-whities. He looks at the clock.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet prepare to enter the stone well.

Cutlet grabs the old gnarled rope that leads into the well and tugs it to gauge its durability. He seems satisfied. He looks at the almost completely set sun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mickey Walken is dressed way too nice and is pulling on his good shoes next to A CRIB.

TAMMY WALKEN, 39, a bland and inoffensive woman who is all smiles, walks in to join him. She pulls out a child's BOWTIE and tenderly affixes it to a Peewee Herman type suit that their infant son, CODY, 6 months, is already wearing.

She kisses Walken's cheek. He blushes. He looks at his watch.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julia drives, while Lonnie sits in the passenger seat and a relieved looking Neftali sits in the back.

EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Eric-Michael has fully loaded The Pak-Rat with the brown boxes. He picks up the only box remaining - the one with the severed head - and walks over to the driver's side and gets in. The truck sputters on, lurches forward, and pulls away over the rugged, uneven terrain of the landfill.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Mike Chavez is now dressed in a pressed Western style shirt. He checks his teeth in the rearview mirror and gets out.

EXT. CHEAP FAMILY RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Chavez had been parked in the lot of the restaurant that Neftali works at where our last victim was found. He looks at a sheet of paper with the handwritten address and time for a meeting with 'Wastman' and then walks to the entrance.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

Walken and his family are all dressed up now. Walken drives.

EXT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - LOT - CONTINUOUS

Eric-Michael pulls his Pak-Rat truck to the front entrance. He steps out with the box and carries it to the door.

He pulls out his phone and makes a call.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet daintily steps into the well and carefully begins climbing to the bottom.

ELSEWHERE on the camp grounds, Martin Wastman watches this from the shadows. He sees Roscoe step in and lower himself after Cutlet.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie and Julia drop off Neftali from the road. He waves goodbye and they pull away. He enters through a back door.

Julia's radio starts going off. She grabs it and absorbs the information she is given. It seems DIRE. They SPEED AWAY.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace, now dressed to the nines, is in performance mode. He walks to the door to leave with a demeanor almost as if he's in character.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe finish climbing down on the rope. They are waist-deep in cloudy water and are disgusted.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie and Julia diligently speed down the street in their car with the red and blue lights flashing.

EXT. HAM HAWKS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ham Hawks is a hokey, obnoxious family restaurant. The building very well could have once been a Famous Dave's. Walken's minivan pulls in to park.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Wastman continues to stare at the well. Something catches his attention. His cellphone is ringing. He pulls it out and looks at it - UNKNOWN NUMBER.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mike Chavez patiently sits at a table. It is the same table in the same room that the dead fat man was discovered.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Lovelace see an opening in the cavern wall. They point to it and reluctantly proceed towards it.

INT. HAM HAWKS - CONTINUOUS

We see an empty stage, with a drum set and plugged in amps and guitars all ready to go. At the entrance there is a banner that says "HAM HAWK'S WEDNESDAY CONCERT SERIES! ALL DRINKS 1/2 OFF."

Walken and his perfect little harmless family nervously walk in. The interior is gaudy and ham and pork and pig-themed.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Wastman is trying to figure out what is happening on the other line of the phone. HELLO? HELLO? The call is active but nobody is there.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace walks forward, smugly. Showtime.

EXT. TRASH HANDLERS CENTRAL HUB BUILDING - LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie and Julia rush out of their car to the box at the entrance. They look inside and their JAWS DROP.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We are on the other side of the opening in the wall. This room has cobblestone walls and looks like something of a wine cave. Cutlet emerges from the water, soaking wet.

Something immediately catches his attention. His JAW DROPS.

Roscoe emerges next, and as soon as his eyes can focus, his JAW ALSO DROPS.

INT. HAM HAWKS - CONTINUOUS

Mickey and family are in the crowd, clapping. Finally, the performer takes the stage. But it is not Lovelace.

Instead a different performer - JEFF LYRIC, 50s, gregariously walks on stage He is something of a redneck Weird Al and Walken has never seen him in his entire life. His JAW DROPS.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike Chavez sits at the table with his pink Wastman flyer in front of him. Finally the person he is waiting for walks in. But that person is not Wastman - IT'S LOVELACE.

He smiles and pulls out a cell phone - on the screen we see a CALL IS IN PROGRESS to MARTIN WASTMAN. Lovelace delicately places the phone down on the table.

At first Mike Chavez's face is confused, but then Lovelace menacingly pulls out a rolled up newspaper. Mike Chavez's JAW DROPS. Lovelace LUNGES AT HIM.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Wastman finally begins hearing something of note coming from his phone. He quickly figures out what it is. HIS JAW DROPS.

INT. DINGY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Something startles Neftali and gets his attention. He comes to the door for the back room and cracks it open. He peeks in and then HIS JAW DROPS.

Sitting in the same spot as the first dead man now Mike Chavez, wide-eyed, severely beaten and with newspaper rammed down his throat. A wad of PINK PAPER peeks out the top. Lovelace stands before him, speaking into the cellphone.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We pull away from the speechless Cutlet and Roscoe to reveal a room FILLED WITH GRUESOME CORPSES. This room has been used to store them. This is the most heinous thing either of them has ever witnessed.

We pull away from them, all the way out of the well and over to where Wastman is standing, horrified and trembling, with the phone still up to his ear.

SEQUENCE ENDS:

It is now EERILY QUIET. All we hear is familiar LATE SUMMER AMBIANCE. UNTIL, from THE PHONE -

A MUFFLED VOICE (Chavez) is trying to scream.

LOVELACE (V.O.)  
 DON'T TALK BACK! DON'T TALK BACK TO  
 ME! DON'T TALK BACK TO ME, MARTIN!  
 SHUT UP, MARTIN! SHUT THE FUCK UP,  
 MARTIN WASTMAN!

Wastman knows a life is in danger. He tries to intervene but his voice is so thick with fear he can barely speak.

WASTMAN  
 St...stop! St...stop it...now!

The muffled screams get louder and filled with more horror until they climax and then, abruptly, they STOP -

There is another EERIE SILENCE, broken up only by some disconcerting shuffling noises. EVENTUALLY -

LOVELACE (V.O.)  
 There goes another one. Soon to be  
 the newest edition to your well.  
 And it's all your fault.

Wastman's lip is quivering. He is close to tears again.

WASTMAN  
 N...no...you...you did it.

LOVELACE (V.O.)  
 No. You did this when you thought  
 you'd try to get smart with me  
 years ago and claim I couldn't fire  
 you because you quit.

WASTMAN  
 I was...was just being...witty.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace speaks on the phone alongside the dead body of Mike.

LOVELACE

You have been responsible for everything that has happened since. And I'm not done yet. You have a choice you need to make, Martin. And your choice is the difference between putting an end to this or for these murders to continue.

WASTMAN (V.O.)

Tell me.

LOVELACE

Option one is that you meet me tomorrow at the landfill and you let me kill you and finally dispatch of you on my own terms.

WASTMAN (V.O.)

O...o...or?

LOVELACE

The other option is that you don't show up and I just keep killing and dumping the bodies in your well. For years and years. You won't know how to make it stop because you haven't figured out how yet. And this will keep happening until one day - and you won't know when - the walls will close in on Martin Wastman and they will find the bodies in your well. And you will take the fall. You will rot in death row for years and everyone will blame Martin Wastman for all this pain and suffering until the day comes when the state of Georgia straps you down to a table and euthanizes you for the crimes everyone will think you and you alone committed.

WASTMAN (V.O.)

Please...stop. I'm sorry. I get it.

Dreadful beat.

LOVELACE

I don't think you do.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

WASTMAN

...why NOW?

LOVELACE (V.O.)

Because I didn't appreciate your little stunt. You thought AGAIN you could outsmart me - to make a fool of me - and you used a lackey to do so. But I caught on right away, and I've taken your packages and have decided to return them to sender.

IN THE DISTANCE a low roar of a LARGE VEHICLE becomes audible. Wastman's eyes widen expressively.

LOVELACE (V.O.)

6:00pm sharp, tomorrow at the landfill. Park behind the garbage truck. Can't miss it. Give me your life or more innocents will suffer the consequences.

Beat.

LOVELACE (V.O.)

Hell was to rain upon you sooner or later, Martin. At my behest. I was always going to get the final word.

The phone clicks off.

The truck grows louder - it is heading towards the front gate. It is moving quickly and revving very menacingly.

Wastman jerks his neck towards the open gate and then bolts towards it. SMACK IN THE MIDDLE of the gate's opening there is a WHITE SQUARE in the moonlit horizon. It is slowly getting bigger and bigger.

Wastman scrambles to secure the gate doors and close them.

As he haplessly attempts to accomplish this, the truck ominously continues full speed ahead through the field. It comes into full focus and is revealed to be the white Isuzu Pak-Rat Eric-Michael had been driving.

It looks like the face of a relentless locust or grasshopper, honing in on a crop it will devour.

Wastman finally chains and padlocks the gate shut. But the truck does not stop speeding forward. This dawns on him.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet are still processing what they have encountered. Ghastly dead bodies bob in the water around them, most of which have accumulated near the walls.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The Pak-Rat charges at the gate and, without ever slowing down, easily plows right through it. The gates dangerously swing open and Wastman stumbles.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet hear the loud noise and react.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The truck stalls a bit from the impact, which gives Wastman just enough of a window of time to get to his feet and run away from it. It CHASES him, like a WHITE ANGEL OF DEATH, inches from running him over and flattening him.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe hear the commotion get louder.

CUTLET

What in the unholy hell is  
happening up there??

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Wastman is millisecond away from falling victim to the Pak-Rat in its pursuit. He runs up to the old stone water well and, without any other choice, jumps into it.

The Pak-Rat plows through the actual well, LEVELING IT.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe's horrified trance is interrupted by a LOUD IMPACT NOISE from above. They react and panic.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

FROM ABOVE - Wastman is swallowed by the darkness in the well, screaming, followed by stone rubble and dust.

INT. COBBLESTONE-WALLED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe look at the opening in the wall and hear a man screaming on the other side. The scream grows louder for two seconds and is punctuated by a LOUD SPLASH.

Cutlet and Roscoe hurriedly submerge themselves again to exit through the opening they had earlier entered through.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet and Roscoe stand up in the waist-high water again and see ripples in the cloudy water. After a moment, Wastman emerges - almost as if in slow motion - like a monster rising from the depths of hell.

Cutlet and Roscoe, with horror in their eyes, look at him like the serial killer they now think he is.

Wastman screams, almost demonically. He puts his hands on his head as if he is suffering from insanity. He is a soaking wet monstrosity - his white clothing now a sickening green color. He is in this moment a Mephistopheles.

His buckshot eyes open - he stares intensely at them with recognition. Moonlight shines upon him from the circular opening above him like a spotlight. Water drips off of him.

WASTMAN

I knew...you two...would figure  
this out eventually.

They are too scared to reply. Wastman huffs and puffs.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

But...it's not...me. I am not...the  
one...killing them. I am not...the  
one...dumping their bodies down  
this well...

His explanation is interrupted by an empty box falling from above into the water. It's one of the boxes Cutlet had been disposing of, but with the tape cut and the top flap open and fluttering on its way down.

It is followed by a SEVERED HUMAN LEG. Both plop into the water beside Wastman, who grimaces and looks at them with only his eyes.

Then another box falls.

Then a SEVERED HUMAN ARM.

Then several more boxes, and several HUMAN BODY PARTS.

Then an ENTIRE FLOOD AND DELUGE OF BOXES AND BODY PARTS rains down on Wastman, and he instinctively covers his head with his arms and endures the onslaught and downpour of bloody, rotten, human body parts and boxes.

Eventually...everything quiets.

We hear Eric-Michael emit a LOUD REDNECK CACKLE from above. Then the Pak-Rat LOUDLY PULLS AWAY.

There are just CRICKETS and WET TRICKLES now. All three are motionless, in fear of something else happening. Wastman is in a ghastly state - shivering - frozen in place with his arms still protecting his head.

He eventually loosens up just a bit. Lowers his arms. Looks to both sides to observe the contents just dumped on him, and then looks to Cutlet and Roscoe.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not the one dumping these bodies down this well. I'm just one whose been trying to dispose of them and put a stop to this.

Fade TO BLACK.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - MORNING

We see a bucolic public park with a beautiful sunrise in the background. Birds are chirping. Nobody is there.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

From outside, an ALARM CLOCK is heard going off.

INT. MODEST APARTMENT - MORNING

Neftali is waking up. He gets out of bed. He gets dressed for work. He waters his plants. He feeds his pet bird. He leaves.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - A BIT LATER

Neftali walks through the lot, whistling. This is the most relaxed we've seen him. He ENTERS THE RESTAURANT.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

FOUR FAT MEN are already sitting at the counter. They are excited to see Neftali and greet him as though they had been waiting for him. He enthusiastically greets them back.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Neftali diligently makes four VERY BIG BREAKFASTS, including eggs, bacon, toast, sausages, etc.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - A BIT LATER

Neftali proudly brings the four fat men their excessive breakfasts and they cheer him on.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - A BIT LATER

The fat men have finished their meals. They look very content and have food residue on their clothes. They pay and wobble out together. They wave goodbye and Neftali waves back.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Neftali reads a book. He comes to the end of a chapter and puts a bookmark in and closes it. His pleasant expression fades away as he glances at the phone.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - LATER

Neftali nervously stands and behaves exactly as he did when we first met him. He is once again with Lonnie and Julia. The corpse of Mike Chavez now occupies the same spot the fat man's corpse had last time they were here.

LONNIE

Fuck me with Frankenstein's fucking foot. AGAIN? Are you fucking kidding me?

JULIA

Unfortunately, we'll have to bring you in for questioning again.

NEFTALI

I understand.

Julia cuffs Neftali and walks him out. He is cooperative.

LONNIE

What the fuck is going on here?

Lonnie is genuinely perplexed. She approaches the body. She sees a wet ball of pink paper in his mouth.

FLASHBACK TO:

LONNIE PULLING THE PINK WAD OF PAPER OUT OF THE DEAD FAT MAN'S MOUTH.

LONNIE

*Alright, looks like we got some newspaper. And some pink bullshit? Somethin' reeeeeeal pink.*

JULIA

(mortified)

*Lonnie. Stop it. This is not our job. Stop doing that. Put it back before Kelman returns.*

BACK TO PRESENT

EUREKA. She pulls this soggy pink wad of paper out of Mike Chavez's mouth and holds it in her hand like a person holds a bird. She runs out like this.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Lonnie SPRINTS to the police car, arm still extended and with the soggy pink wad still in hand.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Julia drives the police car fast but she isn't sure why. Neftali is in the back again.

JULIA  
WHY ARE WE GOING HERE?

LONNIE  
JUST HURRY UP, JULIA! GO GO GO!

EXT. TONY WILSON'S - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The police car screeches into the lot and parks. Before it even comes to a full stop, Lonnie SPRINTS to the door.

INT. TONY WILSON'S - CONTINUOUS

Tony Wilson is behind the bar as usual, polishing glasses. He is surprised to see Lonnie burst in. She does not greet him.

She scans the multiple stacks of flyers on the table by the door and stops at the Wastman flyer. She grabs it and shoves it in her mouth.

Tony Wilson wordlessly watches Lonnie chewing the pink flyer. The chews are dried, labored, and unpleasant. She struggles to swallow it and then manages to regurgitate it like a seagull into her right palm and studies it.

She extends her left palm with the OTHER soggy pink wad from the victim's throat and compares the two. She nods her head.

She then pulls up an unchewed ad and studies it even more. She sees the information about Martin Wastman and his fun camp. She looks closer at his TOUPEE. Then she looks up with sobering realization

LONNIE  
*Wastman.*

She sprints back out. Tony Wilson just scratches his head.

INT. MAIN BARN - AFTERNOON

Wastman sits in a comfy chair, in clean clothes, hunched over a cup of hot cocoa with a blanket draped over his back. Roscoe and Cutlet are almost babying him. The energy is similar to that a wake.

Wastman dejectedly takes a sip of hot cocoa and burns himself slightly.

WASTMAN

Still pretty hot. Thanks, though.

Cutlet gently takes the hot cocoa and delicately places it on a table. He gives Wastman's shoulder a supportive squeeze.

CUTLET

Mr. Wastman, we had no idea about all of this. Gee, I sure am sorry.

Wastman's face contorts - he's almost crying. He looks to Cutlet and Roscoe with such sadness in his eyes. He behaves like Sydney Carton at the gallows.

WASTMAN

Cutlet, it is I who should be sorry. Not you. This mess should have been mine alone but now I've gone and selfishly gotten you both involved. I promised all you drivers I would take care of you...but look at what I've done now. I have failed you and put you in harm's way.

CUTLET

Shhhh shhhh shhhh. Mr. Wastman, shhhh. Don't blame yourself.

WASTMAN

I do blame myself, Cutlet. For all of this. But this is the price I pay for my hubris. You know, I should have never even entered the trash hauling business in the first place. Never have I ever regret something more. And to think...I only did because of my name.

ROSCOE

Wait, you only got into this line of work because your name sounds kinda like "Wasteman?"

WASTMAN

Yes, Roscoe, yes. I foolishly thought it was the universe's way of saying I was meant to be a waste man. Instead, it was merely the universe's way of cursing me for life. And my life ends tonight.

This REALLY throws Cutlet and Roscoe off.

CUTLET

What the heck are you talkin' about?

ROSCOE

Woooooah, what? You're gonna die?

Wastman gets up and begins to reflectively walk about the room, talking as he does so.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

It's why I've gathered you here today as I enjoy my final indulgence - this hot cocoa. Lovelace gave me an ultimatum last night. He said that if I sacrifice my life I will in turn save innocent lives, because if I don't, he will keep killing. And it is for that reason that I have decided that sacrificing my life is the right and courageous thing to do.

ROSCOE

Why haven't you just told the police about all of this?

WASTMAN

They'd never believe me, Roscoe! The bodies are in MY WELL, aren't they?

CUTLET

There's gotta be another way than you sacrificing your life, Mr. Wastman. This seems drastic.

WASTMAN

I'm afraid not, Cutlet. I was never strong enough to bring an end to this nightmare on my own and now we have reached the natural conclusion. Lovelace expects me in the landfill at 6pm sharp tonight. I fear he may feed me to a garbage truck. But it is a price I am willing to pay.

As Cutlet delivers the following emotional monologue, a police car appears behind him in the window, lights flashing.

CUTLET

Mr. Wastman, you are as good a man as any I know and I would take a damn bullet for you. Listen to me, okay? By golly, we will get you outta this situation. Yessir. Don't know how yet, though. Just need a little more time to figure it out.

At this, the barn door BURSTS OPEN, and Lonnie and Julia appear with their guns drawn. Wastman FREAKS OUT like a shrill, panicked child in a very undignified manner.

EXT. LANDFILL - DAY

A REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK with a dumped a load of trash remains in place, hatch hinged upward. From the pile, the trash thins out to reveal the second half of A FLAT ALUMINUM CAR TRAILER - one nearly big enough to carry two sedans.

The trash has been being used to obscure it but the job is not yet complete. Equidistant from one another on the back are two LARGE, INDUSTRIAL GRADE ONE-WAY TRAFFIC SPIKE STRIPS, welded to the trailer bed.

Lovelace kneels next to one. He pushes the curved, spring-loaded blades downward to make sure they work right. He pushes them forward and they disappear into the strip.

He takes his hand off and they spring up again. He applies pressure to them backwards and they won't budge. Perfect.

LOVELACE

Hey, you! Make these piles bigger. I need the bastard to park his car riiiiight there.

Eric-Michael Cooper-Young reveals himself. He is winded and is being bitchy because he doesn't want to do more work.

ERIC-MICHAEL

It's fine as it is, boss!

LOVELACE

IT'S FINE WHEN I SAY IT'S FINE. You fucking useless idiot.

INT. HAM HAWKS - AFTERNOON

Walken and his wife and son sit at a table.

WALKEN

(browsing a menu)

You think maybe we can sneak in a plate of 'pork fingers?'

He flags down a waitress. She cheerily walks over.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

Hello, ma'am. How long does it take the kitchen to fix up a plate of pork fingers?

WAITRESS

Typically you're looking at about a two to three hour wait on those. Hey, weren't you here last night?

WALKEN

Oh, I see. And yes, I was.

Tammy injects herself into this and speaks like a "Karen."

TAMMY

Miss, I actually have a question about that! We were told a different band would be playing last night?

WAITRESS

I'm sorry?

TAMMY

Yes, Matthew and the Loving Lace. We were here to see them play. Instead somebody named "Jeff" performed. We'd like to understand how this mix-up happened.

WAITRESS

Oh, you must mean Jeff Lyric. He's here EVERY Wednesday night.

She points to a very small corner stage with a single mic stand. Tuning a banjo near it is JEFF LYRIC, 50s, the same musician they saw the night prior. He sees them looking at him and he waves at them in a friendly way.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

He's also here every Thursday, and Tuesday and on Saturday and Sunday. As for Matthew and the loving legs or whatever you said, I have never heard of them. No band with that name has ever performed here.

WALKEN

Ever?

WAITRESS

Never once, sir. Nobody has ever asked about a band with that name either.

Walken thinks about this. He is sincerely befuddled.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

We only allow Jeff Lyric to perform here, and he comes every Wednesday, rain or snow, and has for years. Nobody else is allowed to perform. You must have the wrong place.

They look over at Jeff Lyric once more, and he's tuning a TROMBONE now. He notices again and does a little side wave with his fingers like Groucho Marx with a cigar, and winks.

EXT. LANDFILL - A BIT LATER

Lovelace and Eric-Michael are still arguing about the piles of trash that Lovelace has deemed necessary to his plan.

ERIC-MICHAEL

Nobody'll notice the difference if I leave these piles a trash as is.

LOVELACE

Right, just like how you thought nobody would notice the dead guy in the restaurant that you FORGOT to pick up and dump down the well?

ERIC-MICHAEL

Why you comin' at me? I jus' plum forgot. Happens to everyone. Ain't even my fault. Who're you to judge?

LOVELACE

Who am I to judge? I'M not only the guy paying you to help facilitate my little hobby by cleaning up after me, but I'm also the ONLY guy in Atlanta willing to hire and pay a convicted sex offender as sick in the head as you to work for him. That's who the fuck I am to judge and don't you forget it. I may murder people, but the shit you do is still even worse, you sick pedophile piece of shit.

This cuts Eric-Michael deep. He begrudgingly proceeds to scoop more trash onto the piles with his bare hands. He's being worked to the bone.

Lovelace's phone rings. He sees it is Walken calling.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)  
Oh, what the fuck?

He puts on his phony professional middle-management veneer and hesitantly answers.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)  
Lovelace. I'm Lovelace.

WALKEN (V.O.)  
Mr. Lovelace, my family and I went to Ham Hawks last night to see your show and to support you, but you weren't there! In fact, I am back here at Ham Hawks right now and the waitstaff say they have never even heard of you or your band!

Lovelace immediately sees red. There goes his alibi!

INT. HAM HAWKS - CONTINUOUS

WALKEN  
Somebody named Jeff performed! Is this the wrong place?

LOVELACE (V.O.)  
Oh, you came out to see my show? How kind of you. I am so grateful that I want you to come back to work right away.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace's face is dead and expressionless once again.

LOVELACE  
In fact, we have an open overnight route. Starts at 6:00 sharp. Come right now.

INT. HAM HAWKS - CONTINUOUS

WALKEN  
No foolin'??

Walken is elated, which makes Tammy and Cody excited too.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

Oh, gee, Mr. Wastman! You won't regret this! I won't let you down!

Lovelace just hangs up without saying anything else.

Mickey and Tammy finish slurping their cola with straws and get up to leave. They are all smiles and cheer and celebration and act like they have won the lottery. On their way to the door they walk past the waitress.

WALKEN (CONT'D)

Cancel that order of pork fingers -  
I have to go to work!

He cannot contain his jubilation. She is confused why this man is so excited to go to work but politely nods.

TAMMY

I am so proud of you, honey.

As they leave, Walken and Jeff Lyric exchange a thumbs-up.

INT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - MAIN BARN - LATER

Wastman is seated at a table with Lonnie and Julia. Cutlet and Roscoe stand idly by the side. They all seem casual now.

WASTMAN

(laughing)

So, let me just get this straight. You guys came here to arrest me for serial killing because you encountered my pink advertisements in two different locations? That's the only evidence you had? Ladies, ladies! My flyers are everywhere!

They all chuckle.

LONNIE

(lightheartedly)

Alright, alright, I hear ya. I guess in hindsight that does sound pretty nutty. We just really wanna catch this asshole, you know?

CUTLET

You miss 100% of hockey shots you don't shoot! Dwayne Gretzky quote. We all get it, Lieutenant! Don't beat yourself up!

LONNIE

(amused)

What the fuck kinda two-bit, frick and frack, sam and dan kinda huckle buck operation you running here anyway, Wastman? A fuckin' orphanage, a youth summer camp, or a trash hauling deal?

WASTMAN

Why not...all three?

They laugh some more.

LONNIE

You're an eccentric, bucko! I gotta give you that!

Wastman shrugs playfully as if to say "what can I say?"

JULIA

Mr. Wastman, we are sorry for the mix-up. We didn't sufficiently vet what we impulsively had perceived to have been a solid lead.

WASTMAN

It's okay! We all make mistakes!

LONNIE

Alright, Marty, we'll get outta your hair. But first, a quick favor? I am fuckin' parched! All this yappin' really dries out the ol' maw, you know. Who do I hafta fuck to get a glass of cold water around here?

Wastman breaks character in a million places at this and can no longer play dumb and casual.

WASTMAN

NO! YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT!

Lonnie is taken aback by Wastman's unexpected frenzied tone. She narrows her eyes accusingly. She's suspicious again.

LONNIE

...and why not?

EXT. QUARRY - AFTERNOON

Lovelace peers over the edge of the quarry. He looks back up and sees Eric-Michael walking towards him in a straight line.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
Reggonis straight's an arrow, boss.

LOVELACE  
Nothing blocking the path?

ERIC-MICHAEL  
Negateeve, boss.

LOVELACE  
And the truck's brakes?

ERIC-MICHAEL  
Cut. Thur cut. Once that thing gits  
movin, shain't stoppin.

LOVELACE  
*Alrighty-roy.*

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Walken has dropped off his family at the house and dressed in uniform. He lovingly waves as he backs out of the driveway.

Tammy blows Walken kisses, and baby Cody looks really happy.

INT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wastman stands in front of a sink in a dingy kitchen, holding a glass. He is flanked on both sides by Lonnie and Julia.

WASTMAN  
Nobody wants to drink well water,  
right? I've, uh, got milk in the  
back. That might be better.

LONNIE  
GIVE ME A DRINK OF WATER OR I'LL  
SMACK YOU AROUND! WHAT ARE YOU  
HIDING?

Wastman tears up. His face contorts. He tries to maintain calm as he turns on the sink and pours Lonnie a glass of cloudy water. But tears run down his face as he does this.

He defeatedly hands the glass of water to her. She sniffs it. Her eyes widen with recognition. Then, carefully, she takes a big swig. She swallows.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
I know this taste.

She chugs the rest of the water for good measure. She shatters the glass on the ground.

LONNIE (CONT'D)  
HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK, NOW! JULIA,  
cuff this motherfucker!!

WASTMAN  
(sobbing)  
OH GOD NOOOOOO.

Julia obeys.

LONNIE  
Wastman, I wanna see the source of  
this water with my own two beady  
peepers.

INT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - MAIN BARN - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet begin to hear Wastman WAILING and BAWLING  
from the kitchen.

CUTLET  
Son of a bitch.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace is finally satisfied with his garbage truck vehicle  
train booby trap. He signals to someone offscreen.

LOVELACE  
Alright, everything is in place.  
Take me back.

The white PAK-RAT truck drives over to Lovelace. He hops in  
the passenger seat.

INT. PAK-RAT - CONTINUOUS

LOVELACE  
You got your piece too, right?

Lovelace pulls out a pistol and judgmentally motions his head  
towards it. Eric-Michael sinisterly pulls out a pistol too.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
Yes, boss.

LOVELACE  
Good boy. Now would you pick up the  
pace please and shut the fuck up?  
We have to get there before Walken  
does, and I hate your voice.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 ...yes, boss.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

Lonnie and Julia have Wastman doing a full perp walk now. He is continuing to sob. He is leading them to the opening of the destroyed well like a dead man walking. They stop at it.

WASTMAN  
 It's here.

It immediately looks fishy. There is blood smeared around the open hole as it is. Lonnie and Julia are already convinced he is guilty and that they merely need the smoking gun. Both are behaving soberly and professionally - even Lonnie.

JULIA  
 Down there, sir?

WASTMAN  
 Yes.

LONNIE  
 Julia - flashlight.

INT. MAIN BARN - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet are panicking.

CUTLET  
 Honey, listen up. I'm going to be deploying some tricky schemes here and you gotta trust me fully and follow my lead.

Cutlet pulls out of his pocket the walkie talkie he swiped from Walken. We see the name label and the cartoon with the cat. He presses a button - BLEEP -

INT. CORPORATE CALL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A DISPATCHER, 30s, dressed in business casual clothes is making some copies. This call center has a small smattering of unhappy looking employees at cubicles.

He hears the radio on his desk - BLEEP - go off. He lazily looks back at it.

CUTLET (V.O.)  
 HELLO, CAN YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS  
 CUTLET!

In no hurry, the dispatcher stops what he is doing and returns to his chair with a quizzical expression. He presses the button - BLEEP -

DISPATCHER  
...dispatch?

CUTLET (V.O.)  
Oh, thank God it's you. It's Cutlet again, baby!

DISPATCHER  
Cutlet? It says you're using Mickey Walken's device again. You don't work here anymore, right?

CUTLET (V.O.)  
It don't matter, babe. Here's what I need you to do - now listen closely. In TEN MINUTES TIME, I need you to call me back on this device and say "WE HAVE THE KIDNAPPED CHILDREN IN THE TRUNK AND ARE GOING TO BRING THEM TO THE LANDFILL."

DISPATCHER  
What? No!

CUTLET (V.O.)  
No, no, listen, babe. You have to. It's important. Do it for Cutlet! And say that the license plate on the car is...oh, shit, stand by -

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet is hunched over, outside, hiding behind Wastman's Rolls-Royce. Beyond that we can see Lonnie with Wastman. Closer to Cutlet, Julia exits the cop car with a flashlight.

He inhales, covers his mouth with his hand, and watches her pass by with his eyes. She does not notice him.

He presses the button on his radio again - BLEEP -

INT. CORPORATE CALL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CUTLET (V.O.)  
Dispatch? Do you read me?

DISPATCHER  
Yes, Cutlet, I read you!

CUTLET (V.O.)

Call back in ten minutes - no less than that - and say what I just told you and also add, "OUR LICENSE PLATE IS 'WSTMN1.' Got it?"

The dispatcher does not immediately respond. He is conflicted - this is a big ask. He also has no idea what the reason behind any of it is. All he has is his built-in trust of Cutlet to go off of.

CUTLET (V.O.)

Come on, baby! Ol' Cutlet's done you all sorts a' favors in the past! And now Cutlet needs his favorite dispatcher to do him a favor! Can you do me this favor? It's very important. Can you do it for Cutlet?

A beat. The dispatcher sighs. He presses the button - BLEEP -

DISPATCHER

(reluctantly)

...ten four.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet does a fist pump and then scurries back inside the main barn to regroup with Roscoe as Julia returns the Lonnie with the flashlight and hands it to her.

LONNIE

I am not gonna like this.

Lonnie loathingly clicks on the flashlight and shines it down the well. It illuminates MANY SEVERED BODY PARTS. Lonnie is disgusted. Julia doesn't look for herself but can tell from Lonnie what is down there.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

(deeply disturbed)

Martin Wastman, you are under arrest for the murder...well, shit, the murders...for all of the murders of...you are under arrest for being a SERIAL KILLER.

Wastman wails in a high pitched way. He is inconsolable. Lonnie roughly pulls him along on a fateful march to the cop car. Julia treats him as dangerous.

INT. MAIN BARN - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet peeks at the police leading Wastman along.

CUTLET  
(whispering)  
Wait for it, Roscoe.

Cutlet has a CRUSTY BASKETBALL in his hand. Roscoe nods at him. Cutlet pats the radio to make sure it's in his pocket.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaaand...NOW!

Roscoe burst out the door and runs down the camp's main drag. He's not athletic but he fakes it. Cutlet runs out after him.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
Go long, good buddy!

He throws the basketball towards Roscoe like its a football. He deliberately throws it over Wastman's head and chases it.

ROSCOE  
I'm gonna win, friend!

Cutlet charges at Wastman and tackles him to the ground, football style, but unconvincingly attempts to make it look like it was an accident. Wastman falls like a bag of beans. His toupee flies off as well, leaving him bald again.

WASTMAN  
(on ground - high pitched)  
WHYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Lonnie and Julia are taken off guard.

LONNIE  
OH, WHAT THE FUCK?

ROSCOE  
Cutlet, you sure are clumsy!

Roscoe smiles in an "aw shucks" way to Lonnie and Julia.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
He sure does lose himself in the  
ball game! Hahaha.

Cutlet is atop Wastman. He urgently whispers in his ear while Roscoe distracts the cops.

CUTLET

Whatever you do, do not remove this  
radio I am about to slip into your  
pocket.

Wastman nods. Cutlet brings himself to his feet in a way that involves discretely stuffing his radio into Wastman's pants. Then he playfully shrugs at Lonnie and Julia.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

I guess if there's one big problem  
with us camp counselors, its that  
we goof off just a bit too much!

Lonnie and Julia walk over to Wastman and hoist him up.

LONNIE

Listen up, Laurel and fuckin'  
Hardy. We'll probably be back  
before you know it, and it will be  
YOU two chucklefucks in the back of  
the squad car that time. All it  
will take is this little piggie  
squealing. So quit being cute.

Wastman is so inconsolable that he has to be dragged and awkwardly tossed into the back of the squad car. Neftali is still in the car, and now thinks a dangerous serial killer is sitting next to him.

EXT. TRASH HANDLERS PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Walken parks his minivan in the staff parking lot. In the distance, he can see the hustle and bustle of his fellow drivers returning to park their trucks and finish their days. Boy, is he happy to be back!

Walken's view is then obstructed by the white Pak-Rat menacingly pulling in front of him. His face goes from happy Labrador to full sad puppy-dog once more.

Eric-Michael now stares back at him from the driver's seat. His smile is toothy, though his teeth are blackened and rotted out. He pulls out his pistol. He points it at Walken's head. He motions to the back of the truck with the barrel.

Walken obeys. His heart is broken.

He steps into the murky black abyss that is the back of the truck - where the trash normally goes. He sits down, knees up, arms around them, like a child in the fetal position.

The door slowly closes with a mechanical grinding noise, eventually trapping him in total darkness.

The Pak-Rat pulls away. David Paine leisurely walks to his car in full uniform, lunch pail in tow, and opens the door, gets in, and pulls off the other way. He was not close enough to see Walken or what has happened to him. Nobody knows.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

The police car has taken Wastman away and Roscoe and Cutlet scramble to cobble together a plan. Cutlet looks around for answers and sees and scoops up Wastman's toupee in the dirt.

CUTLET

Alright, Roscoe, you look KINDA like Wastman, yeah? From a distance?

ROSCOE

I mean, I guess.

Cutlet now sets his sights on Wastman's parked Rolls-Royce.

CUTLET

And I know Wastman keeps his keys in the glovebox. Told me he does it so he doesn't lose them, and that he doesn't lock his doors because then his keys would get locked in there. So I want you to put his wig on and drive us there in his car.

ROSCOE

Alright, I get it. And then those police ladies will show up because our dispatcher will fool them into thinking we kidnapped some kids. And then we're all there - you, me, Wastman, the cops, and Lovelace. But then what?

CUTLET

Honey, I ain't gotten that far yet. All I know is that we are gonna get Lovelace arrested, fair and square, and have Wastman exonerated. There don't need to be anymore bloodshed. Not even from an oily hog like him. Violence ain't the answer.

"Violence ain't the answer" rings in Roscoe's ears and he looks at the window of Cabin A. He sees Billy and Sally innocently looking back at him. Roscoe nods earnestly.

CUTLET (CONT'D)

This plan might work better if we had actual kids to pretend we kidnapped, but what're ya gonna do? We're making due with what we have.

ROSCOE

Oh, nah, Cutlet. I got it. Just gimme a second.

CUTLET

Oh? Well, just be quick with whatever it is! I'm gonna hop in the back. Chop chop, baby!

Roscoe leaps into the back seat and disappears. Roscoe heads to Cabin A.

INT. CABIN A - MOMENTS LATER

Billy and Sally are back in their sleeping bags. Roscoe swings open the door - he has a big smile. They peek out.

BILLY AND SALLY

MR. VAUGHN!

ROSCOE

Hiya, kids! How would you two like to go and...kill Mr. Lovelace?!

The kids shriek with glee and run out the door like they're going to go to Disneyland.

EXT. WASTMAN'S FUN CAMP GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe pops the trunk of the Rolls-Royce. As they run to the trunk and happily jump in, they thank him.

BILLY

Thanks, Mr. Vaughn!

SALLY

You're the best!

BILLY AND SALLY

YOU'RE OUR HERO!

He slams the trunk shut.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie and Julia drive with a false sense of confidence that they have captured their man. Wastman cries like a baby.

LONNIE

Would you shut up back there?  
Goddamn. What is this? A watercolor  
painting exhibit? Because there's a  
lot of waterworks!

Julia and Lonnie exchange glances. They think that was  
clever. Then, a BLEEP. Some static crackling.

LOVELACE

The fuck is that now??

JULIA

That doesn't sound like our radios.

BLEEP - BLEEP - CRACKLE - coming from Wastman's pants.  
Wastman is bug-eyed. STATIC. Then

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(stilted delivery)

*HELLO, JUST CHECKIN' IN TO SAY WE  
HAVE THE KIDNAPPED CHILDREN IN THE  
TRUNK AND ARE GOING TO BRING THEM  
TO THE LANDFILL.*

Julia slams the brakes and brings the car to a stop. Their  
jaws drop. Lonnie turns back to Wastman.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

*"OUR LICENSE PLATE IS 'WSTMN1.'  
OKAY BYE.*

LONNIE

You sick fuck.

JULIA

KIDS TOO? Everyone else wasn't  
enough, Wastman? You have to go  
after kids too? And those two other  
guys actually are involved too?

LONNIE

Oh, Pecos Bill with dipsticks for  
fingers - you're a sick man. What  
kind of fucked up criminal  
enterprise are you running??

JULIA

Which one of those guys even said  
that? The voice sounded different.

LONNIE

IT DOESN'T MATTER RIGHT NOW, JULIA.  
Turn this paddywagon around right  
now and haul ass to the landfill.  
You know where to go!

EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The cop car turns sharply and zips away.

EXT. LANDFILL - A BIT LATER

Walken sits in the driver's seat of the REAR LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK with the hidden trailer attached to it. He looks out - shivering, scared, betrayed. Lovelace is staring back at him, Pak-Rat parked behind him.

LOVELACE

Well, Walken, I granted your wish  
again because I'm generous. I  
brought your sorry ass back for one  
last job.

Walken has just the saddest frown on his face.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

You had to try and be a little kiss-  
ass and go to one of my 'shows.' Of  
course you are the first driver who  
ever tried to do that. You always  
stick your little wimpy foot where  
it don't belong.

WALKEN

But...I...I like Blues Traveler. I  
thought...it would be fun for the  
whole family.

Lovelace rolls his eyes.

LOVELACE

Yeah, okay. Whatever. You know,  
what's funny is that while I was  
going to fire you either way, I  
didn't know at first I'd have to  
kill ya too. Didn't know until you  
went to Ham Hawks and blew my damn  
cover. Now you know too much. So,  
just to make it official to you,  
when you get to the last stop on  
THIS route, which is in a heap of  
twisted metal at the bottom of the  
quarry, you are FIRED from Trash  
Handlers. Do you understand?

Walken continues to only sadly frown.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

What? You're not going to try and say that wiseass bullshit about how I can't fire you because you quit? I was prepared for you to and I had a reply planned.

Walken sorrowfully nods no.

WALKEN

Why would I quit this job? I love my job. I love being a garbageman.

LOVELACE

Whatever, you pusillanimous little mealworm. It'll all be over soon. Just gotta wait for the rest to show up. It's almost six, after all. So sit tight. Eric-Michael will make sure you do.

We see Eric-Michael is sitting in the passenger seat, lazily continuing to point his gun at Walken.

ERIC-MICHAEL

Sure wheel, boss.

Lovelace almost skips away. He feels very smart because his elaborate plan is panning out.

He feels so good he begins to sing to himself a song by his favorite harmonica-heavy jam band that formed in Princeton, New Jersey in 1987. Perhaps one that peaked at #23 on the Billboard Hot 100 in 1994, and one that would make a stellar choice of song to play over the impending climactic showdown.

In the distance, as he sings, Lovelace then sees a Blue Rolls-Royce driving towards him through the landfill. From afar, the driver looks enough like Wastman. The car parks exactly where he wants it to.

The TRAFFIC SPIKES spring up behind the back wheels - if Roscoe were to reverse, it would absolutely shred the tires.

I/E. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe and Cutlet react to an unusual jerk of the car. They see Lovelace watching them from far away.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace arrogantly pulls out Julia's business card and a phone. This is going off without a hitch so far. He dials.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Julia speeds along, siren blaring. Wastman sobs in the back. Lonnie is intense. Neftali is wary. She glances downward and sees a CALL from MATTHEW LOVELACE. She SLAMS THE BRAKES.

LONNIE

What the fuck, Julia?

JULIA

That Lovelace we met is calling me?

LONNIE

HUH?

JULIA

Everybody, pipe down!

Everybody pipes down and Julia grabs the phone.

JULIA (CONT'D)

...Detective Lessen speaking?

LOVELACE (V.O.)

UH, YEAH, hi. This is Matthew Lovelace. We briefly met. I don't have time to explain right now, but I have located somebody I have reason to believe is a MURDER in my landfill. HIS NAME IS MARTIN WASTMAN. Get here quick and put an end to this nightmare!

Julia and Lonnie, mouths agape, slowly look back at Wastman, sobbing and in handcuffs, fully apprehended.

LOVELACE

YOU CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY! I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL WHEN YOU GET HERE!

JULIA

(skeptical)

Uh-huh. We'll be there right away.

EXT. LANDFILL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

We see the police car had pulled over mere meters away from the entrance to the FULTON COUNTY LANDFILL. The car starts again and crawls through the entrance.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace cockily hangs up his phone and begins to walk towards Wastman's Rolls-Royce.

LOVELACE

Martin Wastman! Here he is, back again! What a homecoming! Nice ride, too! Same unearned sense of vanity as the Wastman I remember!

Lovelace walks closer. Roscoe-as-Wastman comes into clearer focus.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

Martin, let me just pick your brain, would you? Why did you think I wouldn't win in the end? I have GOOD IDEAS. You know I do. It's because of GOOD IDEAS that - what the fuck?

Lovelace realizes this is not really Wastman.

ROSCOE

Remember ME, bitch?

He takes his wig off and throws it at Lovelace.

Before Lovelace can even respond, the police car pulls into view and begins speeding towards the vehicle train booby trap. THIS WAS NOT PART OF THE PLAN!!!

LOVELACE

Who are you? How are they already - where is...

He jogs to the back of the Rolls-Royce and leans against the trunk. He waves innocuously to the approaching cop car and motions them to park in front of him. They do.

The TRAFFIC SPIKES spring up behind the cruiser's wheels now.

Lovelace is expecting them to be on his side and gullible about all of this but he can tell by their faces that they are not. Then he notices Wastman in the back of THEIR car.

LOVELACE (CONT'D)

...Wastman?

Lonnie and Julia roll down their windows.

JULIA  
 LOVELACE, PUT YOUR HANDS UP  
 OR WE WILL SHOOT. WE ARE NOW  
 TREATING YOU AS ARMED AND  
 DANGEROUS.

LONNIE  
 THE FUCK WAS YOUR BALD ASS  
 TALKING ABOUT ON THE PHONE,  
 LOVELACE? YOU BETTER EXPLAIN  
 YOURSELF!

The walls are closing in now. *How did this happen? What did I fail to account for in my master plan?* All Lovelace can do is try to smile disarmingly at the police as his mind races...

...but THEN

AN AGGRESSIVE BANGING starts from INSIDE THE TRUNK BENEATH HIS ASS. Billy and Sally's muffled voices can be heard shrieking like howler monkeys. Lovelace is startled.

BILLY  
 I'LL CUT YOUR HEAD OFF AND  
 EAT YOUR ORGANS, MR.  
 LOVELACE. I'LL FEED YOUR EARS  
 TO THE HOUNDS OF HELL.

SALLY  
 WE'LL KILL YOU AND HIDE YOUR  
 BODY SO NOBODY CAN EVER FIND  
 IT, JUST LIKE YOU DID TO  
 MOMMY!

INT. REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eric-Michael still has his gun pointed at Walken, but has gotten bored and is now watching porn again on a digital tablet. Walken is still scared and shivering.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 Ay, this bitch looks like that sexy  
 wife a yers! I sent her before.  
 Ooooh, did I get dirty thoughts.  
 Might make her my plaything Sunday.

Walken's expression changes - as if all cowardice immediately evaporates and became replaced with valor. YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT MY WIFE LIKE THAT.

A nearby flock of seagulls has now appeared nearby and are cawing frantically. Eric-Michael looks back towards where Lovelace is to see what the commotion is all about.

LOVELACE  
 Officers! I'm not sure how this mix-  
 up happened. There was a mummified  
 horse with a bike helmet on in the  
 landfill and it looked like Wastman  
 was crawling towards me. Optical  
 illusion!

LONNIE  
 WE'RE NOT BUYING IT, YOU GREASY  
 POTTED PIG MEAT MOTHERFUCKER.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

JULIA

How do you even know there's a serial killer? It hasn't been made public! How could you possibly know this unless you are involved?

Lovelace's grin falls off his face, revealing the soulless expression he wears in private. He's been got. Fuck it. They're going to die anyway, right?

He pulls a gun from his big khaki pants and shoots it in the air. This quiets everyone down. He points the gun at the police car and alternates between Lonnie and Julia. Lonnie in particular is uncharacteristically scared now.

LOVELACE

Take your guns and throw them out your window or I will kill the kids in this trunk and dump their bodies in the same fucking well with all the other ones!

LONNIE

Oh shit, Julia! Do what he says!  
This fucker's nuts!

Lonnie pulls her gun and chucks it forcefully out the window to Lovelace's feet, and she does the same with Julia's gun before Julia can stop her.

Lovelace picks up the guns and tosses them into the back of the rear-load garbage truck in front of the Rolls-Royce.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet is still in a blanket and is peeking out at what's transpiring. He almost looks cute - swaddled up like E.T.

CUTLET

Roscoe! He's got a gun? DO  
SOMETHING OR HE'LL KILL WASTMAN!

Roscoe swallows hard and then pulls the gearshift from PARK to REVERSE and SLAMS his foot on the ACCELERATOR.

ROSCOE

AW, HERE IT GOES!

The TIRES rolls backwards all of three inches before the YELLOW BLADES from the TRAFFIC STRIP penetrate them and absolutely eviscerate them, leaving only bits of rubber and the spinning naked rims.

But Lovelace had not been expecting that. He is tossed to his knees and catches himself on the hood of the police car.

He throws himself up and turns around towards the Rolls-Royce with murder in his eyes. The kids are SCREAMING in the trunk.

I/E. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Julia sees her opportunity and takes it. She pushes the gearshift into drive slams the accelerator this time.

The police car CHARGES at a distracted Lovelace and stops only upon impact with the trunk. The kids SHRIEK. Lovelace displays unexpected agility and jumps onto the back of the trunk of the Rolls-Royce in the nick of time to avoid impact.

The police car smokes slightly from the hood now and Lovelace turns his attention BACK to them.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lonnie is immobilized by fear. Defenseless, Julia is unsure what to do. Through the smoke Lovelace crawls his way towards them with a depraved look. Then he pulls his gun back out.

At this, Cutlet pops his head up like a prairie dog and SMASHES THE BACK WINDSHIELD of the Rolls-Royce.

CUTLET

Hiya, MATT!

Lovelace turns around but Cutlet has already lunged out to grab his neck. He is so surprised that he loses hold of his gun and it slides on the hood and gets stuck in the car's COWL PANEL.

Cutlet bear-hugs Lovelace as he attempts to further drag him into the back of the car to trap him but Lovelace catches himself with his armpits at the top of the car. He slams his hands and arms atop the car roof in resistance and squeals.

INT. REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From Eric-Michael's vantage point, it looks like Lovelace is GIVING A SIGNAL to finally begin driving the truck. He nods.

ERIC-MICHAEL

That's the go-head. Start driving  
RIGHT the fuck now or I'll go after  
yur' family when yur dead, starten  
with that shit infant son of yers.

Walken is stone-faced now. He shakes his head - NO.

ERIC-MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Is you serious? Fuck sake, I'll do  
 it myself then, yu lil bitch.

He gets up and steps his heavy boot onto Walken's knee, which in turn pushes the accelerator pedal. Walken winces and the truck lurches forward.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

The convoy of vehicles begins to move. The rear-load garbage truck pulls the trailer that carries the Rolls-Royce and police car. It's slow at first.

Julia impulsively tries to reverse the car, but her tires get shredded and lodged into the spikes as well, rendering it immobile like the Rolls-Royce. Both cars are now stuck.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

JULIA  
 LONNIE! Jump out! This trailer is  
 attached to that truck and I can't  
 move this thing!! The wheels are  
 spinning!

Lonnie is too scared to respond. She is trembling and pressing herself into her seat as much as she can, with a terrified, strained expression. Wastman bawls in the back.

I/E. REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Now that this bizarre vehicle train has begun moving, Eric-Michael readies to jump out of the garbage truck. His gun is still pointed at Walken, but he is looking out the passenger door instead of at Walken. He turns back to him.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 Adios, Nickie! I'll think of yu  
 when I'm fuckin' yer wife!

Like a striking cobra who had been laying in wait, Walken throws his hand out, grabs Eric-Michael's wrist, assumes control of the gun, and points it at Eric-Michael's gut in one swift movement. Eric-Michael was not expecting this.

ERIC-MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 What in the fuck?

I/E. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe has dragged Lovelace inside now and is trying to smother him on the back seat with the blanket to hinder him.

ROSCOE  
 Hey! Hey! This whole thing is  
 moving now, Cutlet! WE MOVING!

He swings open the front suicide door to the Rolls-Royce,  
 which swings backward.

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
 Cutlet, we gotta get outta this  
 thing and save those kids before -

Before yhe can say anything else, the door COLLIDES with the  
 parked Pak-Rat and is RIPPED CLEAN OFF.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck moves faster now. The window to safely disembark is  
 closing. Slight panic begins to set in for Eric-Michael.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 Lemme go, yu fuckin freak!

WALKEN  
 YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT THEM THAT WAY.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 FUCK' EM BOTH! Yur bitch wife AND  
 yur idiot infant son!

WALKEN  
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

A beat.

ERIC-MICHAEL  
 I SAID YUR BABY SON IS AN IDIOT!

Another beat, and then Walken SCOWLS and impulsively forces  
 Eric-Michael pull the trigger and shoot himself in the gut.

Eric-Michael staggers back a few steps with only disbelief in  
 his eyes. Blood is on his shirt in an expanding circle.

He falls backwards out the open door and bounces off an old  
 refrigerator before he hits the ground, which in turn tosses  
 him under the wheels of the garbage truck. His body is then  
 flattened and torn apart by the rest of the vehicle train.

Walken can't believe what he just did and saw. He jerks his  
 head forwards and then slams his foot on the brakes. The  
 brakes do not work. The truck does not brake. It does not  
 even slow. It continues to plow forward.

I/E. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet is smothering Lovelace with the blanket and takes a moment to look out the side window as he does so. He sees the mangled, decapitated corpse of Eric-Michael speed by.

Roscoe is looking out the front window and sees Mickey Walken jump out of the driver's door of the garbage truck and do a barrel roll which he quickly recovers from. He sprints in the opposite direction of the vehicle train.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the back, both Wastman and Neftali saw Mickey jump out and realize they are now being pulled by a driverless truck.

NEFTALI

I die now, yeah?

Lonnie is too terrified to respond. Wastman meanwhile bawls and tries to open the door but it is locked.

WASTMAN

PLEASE UNLOCK THIS!

JULIA

I CAN'T! THOSE DOORS ONLY UNLOCK  
FROM THE OUTSIDE!

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle train is moving at high speeds now. Piles of trash and detritus whiz past on both sides.

EXT. LANDFILL - MOMENTS LATER

Walken runs up to Eric-Michael's mutilated corpse. He reaches down and tries not to gag as he gingerly plucks off the keyring attached to the belt-loop of the severed bottom half of the body. He begins to sprint to the Pak-Rat

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - MOMENTS LATER

Cutlet continues to smother Lovelace.

CUTLET

Oh, GODDAMMIT! Somebody's gotta get  
behind the wheel of that thing and  
hit the brakes!

ROSCOE

I'll do it! I'm sprightlier!

CUTLET  
I'll handle the big boy! Go!

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Roscoe swings out the back to the top of the Rolls-Royce and unsteadily but carefully treads it and moves forward.

INT. ROLLS-ROYCE - CONTINUOUS

Cutlet is momentarily distracted by Roscoe leaving and Lovelace takes advantage of it by regaining control. He grabs Cutlet's neck with both hands and pushes him off of him.

Cutlet looks back at Lovelace's face in astonishment. Unhinged Lovelace by now is the embodiment of terror.

LOVELACE  
(chillingly)  
Are you finally afraid of me?

I/E. REAR-LOAD GARBAGE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Roscoe has managed to make it to the cab of the garbage truck. He swiftly swings inside and tries to press the Brakes. They do not work. Then he sees the EMERGENCY BRAKE.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace has overpowered Cutlet and has capably dragged him to the back of the garbage truck to presumably finish him off. Then the truck JERKS. Lovelace is knocked on his ass.

There is a mechanical SCREECHING noise. SPARKS shoot up in front of them from the truck's tires. Cutlet recovers.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

They all watch Cutlet brawl with Lovelace on unsteady ground. Wastman looks backward and now sees the white Pak-Rat driving towards them at breakneck speeds. Walken is driving.

I/E. PAK-RAT - CONTINUOUS

Walken is racing straight, pedal to the metal, diligent but with an air of "I can't believe I'm doing this."

INT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Lovelace is struggling mightily to get his balance. Cutlet walks backwards towards the side of the truck.

I/E. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Walken catches up to the police car and drives at the same speed. He rolls his window down. Julia rolls hers down too.

WALKEN  
GET. IN. THE. BACK.

He speeds up. The back of the Pak-Rat is closed.

JULIA  
It's closed!

Walken smacks his forehead with his palm and then presses a button. The back of the Pak-Rat begins to open VERY SLOWLY.

Julia turns back to Wastman and Neftali.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I'M GOING TO UNLOCK THE DOOR FROM  
THE OUTSIDE. AS SOON AS I DO, JUMP  
INTO THE BACK OF THAT THING!

They nod. She turns to Lonnie, who is now anxiously puffing her vape like a baby with a bottle.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I need you to hold on to my legs!

Lonnie just fearfully nods no and keeps puffing.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
LONNIE! I NEED YOU. I CAN'T DO THIS  
BY MYSELF.

Lonnie slams her vape down.

LONNIE  
OOOH, FUCKING FINE! DO IT, TOOTS!

The Pak-Rat's door is only about halfway open now. Julia throws herself half-way out the window. Lonnie grabs the belt of her pants to stop her from falling out.

EXT. LANDFILL - CONTINUOUS

Julia swings over to and opens the back door from the outside and reveals Wastman and Neftali. Lonnie pulls her back in.

I/E. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wastman has the jitters as he waits and cries until he can finally leap to the Pak-Rat. Neftali sits patiently next to him. They see the edge of the quarry in the horizon now.

NEFTALI

I wish I no have to do this!

The Pak-Rat door finally finishes opening. Neftali does an athletic leap out the open police car door and belly-flops inside. He makes it.

LONNIE

JULIA! MOVE YOUR SHAPELY ASS! JUMP!  
I'LL GO LAST! I'M NOT DOING SHIT  
UNTIL I SEE YOU SAFE!

JULIA

ARE YOU SURE?

LONNIE

YES! MY WRINKLY ASS IS NOT LEAVING  
THIS FUCKIN' THING UNTIL YOU ARE IN  
THAT OTHER TRUCK. YOUR LIFE MEANS  
MORE TO ME AND TO THIS WHOLE DAMN  
CITY THAN MINE DOES. YOU'RE THE COP  
I SPENT MY ENTIRE CAREER TRYING TO  
CONVINCE PEOPLE I WAS! THIS CASE  
PROVED IT! GO FIRST. IT'S AN ORDER.

Julia looks at Lonnie with appreciation and hesitation until she finally throws open the front door and leaps in the Pak-Rat. Lonnie and Wastman are the only ones left in the car. But Lonnie is scared. She can't do it. She turns to Wastman.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Buddy, I fuckin' lied to her. I  
ain't makin' that jump. Can't do  
it. I'm all talk and I ain't meant  
for when shit gets real like this  
like she is. I'm done. But it's  
okay. I'm an old bitch anyway. This  
is a fine way for things to end for  
me. I'll stay back and just...close  
my eyes and go down with the ship.

At this, Neftali appears from the back of the Pak-Rat like a knight in shining armor.

NEFTALI

MEAN TINY LADY! I CATCH YOU, YEAH?  
YOU NO DIE TODAY. I NO LET YOU!

WASTMAN

And I'll throw you! Okay??

THIS gives her the confidence. She shakes her head and crawls to the door. Wastman goes into the front seat next to her. She looks back and it is now HER with tears in her eyes.

LONNIE

I'll be fucked. Two perfect strangers who I treated like shit...goin' to bat for me. You could just leave me to die after what I put you through, but - but -

WASTMAN

I. Believe. In. Second. Chances.

No more time to waste. He tosses her out. She goes spread-eagle in midair and Neftali catches her at her armpits. He holds her up like a parent holds a much-loved newborn.

Wastman turns his attention to Lovelace and Cutlet brawling. Roscoe had been trying to shimmy his way back but has not yet done it. Lovelace is pounding Cutlet's face. THEY ARE ALMOST OUT OF TIME. THE QUARRY EDGE IS MORE VISIBLE NOW.

Then Wastman notices Lovelace's gun still jammed in the cowl panel. He SCREAMS to compose himself and crawls out the passenger window onto the hood and grabs it. He steadies himself and aims it at Lovelace.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

HEY, LOVELACE!

Lovelace turns to him with blood on his face and buckshot eyes. He stands up as though he will come after him.

WASTMAN (CONT'D)

LOOKS LIKE I'M THE ONE DOING THE FIRING NOW!

Wastman's teary eyes and shaky delivery makes that last line much less cool than it could have been but still, Lovelace's face looks like it breaks and as though any remaining life or soul left inside him finally dies in response.

LOVELACE

You didn't -

Wastman shoots at Lovelace. He gets hit directly in the groin through to the spine, reducing him to his ass once more. Roscoe, still balancing on the side of the garbage truck with his heels on a tiny edge and his back to the side, sees this.

ROSCOE

FUCKIN' GUN SHOTS NOW??

CUTLET

I GUESS! Don't worry 'bout it!

ROSCOE  
 MAN! THE BRAKES AIN'T WORKING! WHAT  
 ARE WE GONNA DO?

CUTLET  
 HEY! QUICK FIX. NO PROBLEM! I'LL  
 JUST USE THE SIDE BRAKES!!

Cutlet casually pulls a lever on the side of the truck just outside the back and grins assuringly.

ROSCOE  
 SIDE BRAKES??

A LOUD HYDRAULIC noise begins. Above Lovelace rolls out the TRUCK'S COMPACTOR. It looms above him - he looks at it, with his dead and emotionless expression - and finds he is unable to move his body. He is paralyzed. He has lost all control.

Then...KER-CHUNK. The blade shifts downward and SLICES LOVELACE IN HALF at the waist and pulls back, leaving a red skid mark. He couldn't even try to get out of the way.

Eventually we hear from behind the blade TWO MORE MUFFLED GUNSHOTS from Lonnie's and Julia's discarded guns, presumably shooting his upper torso. BLAM BLAM.

CUTLET  
 (mortified)  
 That's what this lever does? It's  
 not a side brake?

He turns and sees the edge of the quarry, now little more than a football field's length away. He looks the other way and sees Walken speeding alongside them in the Pak-Rat.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
 WALKEN!? Babe, it's our boy WALKEN!

They awkwardly try to get back to the top of the Rolls-Royce as quickly as they can without being careless. Roscoe slips on Lovelace's blood and gore but recovers.

I/E. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wastman watches from the window Walken flooring the Pak-Rat and finally catching up.

WASTMAN  
 WALKEN! WAAAAAALKEN! GO FASTER.

Walken grits his teeth and somehow manages to speed up to just past Roscoe and Cutlet. THEY BOTH LEAP INTO THE BACK.

In the nick of time, Wastman takes a leap of fate off the hood and JUST BARELY LANDS in the truck.

Walken sharply turns the steering wheel left, just short of the quarry edge. The Pak-Rat almost flips onto its side - briefly it is only on two wheels - but it corrects itself.

The vehicle train LAUNCHES OFF THE QUARRY EDGE AND PLUMMETS TO THE BOTTOM.

The garbage truck EXPLODES upon impact and the other two cars and the trailer are thrown in different directions and are destroyed as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANDFILL - MOMENTS LATER

The Pak-Rat has come to a full stop. First to emerge is the very rattled Lonnie. She stumbles out and falls onto her back, once again in spread-eagle.

LONNIE  
Holy fucking shit.

Julia follows her out and, at the end of an adrenalin rush, exhaustedly sits beside her on the ground. The rest also exit and gather around each other with relief. Cutlet opts to sit on the edge of the back of the Pak-Rat.

CUTLET  
'fore we get too googly-eyed over here, lemme just take a quick inventory on what just happened and where we're at now.

Everybody tiredly agrees.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
So, Lovelace is dead now. And he was unambiguously outed as a serial killer, meaning countless lives were just saved and that Mr. Wastman has now been exonerated.

They all agree and nod. Cutlet looks genuinely amazed.

CUTLET (CONT'D)  
Wow. So that kinda sews this all up and puts a pretty nice little bow on top of it, don't it?

WALKEN

And, heck, now all of US will share  
a lifelong bond because of what we  
all just went through together!

WASTMAN

Guys? In the end? I things worked  
out pretty darn well!

They agree cheerfully at this. They're all smiles and camaraderie until the genuine grin SHARPLY falls away from Roscoe's face to one of sobering realization.

ROSCOE

Hey! What about those KIDS?

HARD CUT TO:

CREDITS - they ROLL just long enough to freak viewers out.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF LANDFILL - DUSK

The still smoldering chassis of the destroyed garbage truck emits hazy billows of smoke. The police car has been smashed nearly beyond recognition and is little more than a mangled pile of scrap.

The Rolls-Royce is the least damaged, though it still looks like it's been through a demolition derby and the trunk door is popped open slightly.

A small pair of hands pushes it the rest of the way open, and Billy and Sally are revealed. They cautiously step out, unharmed, and observe the wreckage.

As they wander, they find a charred human waist and legs wearing a scorched pair of baggy khakis sticking out the back of the charred garbage truck.

Sally discovers a Trash Handlers name badge and studies it. Looking back at her now is the SMILING FACE of Matthew Lovelace, with his name and position title next to it.

Billy sees it too. They look at each other with expressions of serenity and both join hands to walk into the sunset.

At the bottom of this quarry, amongst the wreckage and death, at least they've still got each other.

We see Lovelace's legs again for a moment, and then turn back towards the sunset. Billy and Sally are no longer there.

FADE TO BLACK: