

Slaughterhouse

INT. BARN-

Standing, surrounded by various livestock, is JIM SHERWOOD- a farmer, 58. His barn is packed full of hay, wood and mud; except for one small section- covered in blood and stacked carcasses.

JIM (V.O)
Sometimes, good men have to do
bad things.

Jim then leads a lamb into a small, bloodstained area.

JIM (V.O)
But doing bad things doesn't make
one a bad man, but if done for
the right reasons, can mean quite
the contrary.

He lifts up the lamb to a noose hanging down from above. He ties up one of its legs, leaving the animal upside down and struggling.

JIM (V.O)
I am the best in the world at
what I do.

He then picks up a very sharp knife, tainted red, and calmly holds it to the throat of the lamb.

JIM (V.O)
What I do requires great mercy,
and even greater precision.

In the blink of an eye, he cuts the lamb's throat. All movement ceases, as it's blood pours on to the floor.

JIM (V.O)
But the most important thing is a
great philosophy. I am a believer
that the act of slaughter must be
done *without* causing any pain.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- MORNING

Jim is standing at his side of his large farmhouse room, buttering toast.

A couple of letters come through the letter box. With his toast buttered, Jim strolls over to pick them up.

He rips open the top one- which looks much more personal. His eyes dart from the left of the paper back to the right.

RUBY (V.O)

Dear Mr. Sherwood. Its Ruby Dave-

At this point, Jim lets out a big sigh and tears up the letter. In the bin it goes.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- MORNING

SUPER: 2 WEEKS LATER.

Jim is sitting, feet up on his table with a coffee and a newspaper.

A letter then enters his establishment. A few seconds go by, and he pulls himself up and goes to pick it up.

He tears the letter open.

RUBY (V.O)

Dear Mr. Sherwood. I'm starting to worry that you're ignoring my letters. But please, hear me out-

Jim tears it up and disposes of it.

EXT. BARN- AFTERNOON

SUPER: 2 WEEKS LATER.

Outside is Jim, tending to his chickens with his radio offering low-quay music.

But then he is approached by RUBY DAVISON, 35. She is a large lady, with her dyed black hair and a glum look upon her face. She approaches, and somehow manages a small smile.

RUBY

Mr. Sherwood?

Jim turns to her- an unclear expression shows that he's never seen her before.

JIM

That's me. Can I help you?

RUBY

My name is Ruby Davison-

JIM

I'm afraid that I'm of no use to you Miss Davison.

Ruby steps closer.

RUBY

Oh, but you are. What you do,
you're the world's greatest-

JIM

What I do ma'am, is slaughter
animals, not euthanize people.
I'd expect you to see a pretty
clear difference. Now, if you
don't mind...

Jim walks off, continuing with his duties. Ruby runs after
him.

RUBY

Wait!

JIM

Look, if this is what you want
then there are individuals who
specialize in this. But I am a
farmer, I collect eggs.

RUBY

And kill animals. I mean, people,
animals, is there really a
difference? We all rot in the
end...

Jim gives yet another shooting look.

JIM

You're comparing us to livestock?
Humans are nothing like lambs!

Ruby shakes her head and sighs.

RUBY

Just think of all those people
out there, suffering. Suffering
because of events beyond their
control.

Ruby then gestures to the large farmhouse.

RUBY (CONT'D)

That's a very big house for one
man, Mr. Sherwood. Tell me you
don't know what I'm talking
about?

Jim has now stopped with his farming duties, and
concentrates only on Ruby with a disgusted look.

JIM

Why are you so fixated on your
own stinking death?

Ruby leans down and picks up a chicken's egg. She clutches it tightly.

RUBY

Sometimes life runs smooth; we
can predict what's going to
happen, we can embrace it.

She then squeezes, cracking the egg. Her hand becomes covered in sticky yolk.

RUBY

But sometimes something will
happen. Out of the blue, can
happen to anyone. And hard as we
try to move on...

She then tries wiping off the yolk, however her hands remain visibly sticky.

RUBY

It sticks.

Jim stares on. Ruby then offers a small smile.

RUBY

Do you believe in destiny?

Jim laughs off this notion.

JIM

I believe it's a load of old
tosh. You know full well that we
make our own destiny in this
world.

RUBY

Then I guess I've decided what I
want. Could you really deny me
that?

Jim and Ruby stare off. Jim gulps, then sighs.

JIM

This is really what you want?

Ruby nods.

JIM

Meet me here at sundown.

Ruby then smiles at him, this time genuinely with a small nod. She begins to walk off, but stops-

RUBY

Thank you.

INT. BARN- EVENING

Ruby walks in. Apart from the lack of livestock, the usual setup is in place here. Awaiting her is Jim.

RUBY
Glad to see you honored our
little arrangement.

Jim shows daggers in his eyes.

JIM
Let's just get this over with.

He then grabs the noose, and holds it down. Ruby attempts to put her head into it, however Jim shakes his head...

He gestures to her foot. Now slightly reluctantly, she lifts her foot and puts it in the noose.

EXT. BARN- EVENING

Silence. That is until, the small sound of a knife slashing. A banshee-like SCREAM. Another swipe of the knife and it dies down. Then one more, and...

Silence.

EXT. BARN- AFTERNOON

SUPER: FOUR YEARS LATER.

TWO FBI AGENTS run, almost silently, towards the barn. They lean up against the infrastructure, and with his gun ready, one nods to the other.

FBI AGENT
Remember, shoot on sight. Serial
Killers ain't well known for
engaging in casual chit chat.

They then enter:

INT. BARN- AFTERNOON

Routine search of the area. Nobody is here. Except for...

ABOUT 20 DEAD BODIES. Some with limbs attached, others without. Flies thrive on the vulgar scene, as the agents scowl at the smell. Amongst the dead bodies is Ruby's.

BIRDS EYE VIEW- The bodies and limbs are freakishly placed together to spell three words. "NOTHING LIKE LAMBS."

FADE OUT.