

Mineral Point - Episode One: The Beast Is Loose

By

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EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

It is a cool, late Fall afternoon. A small town football field. The trees around the field are ablaze with Autumn colors; reds, oranges and yellows.

The game is winding down. The clock continues to tick. Twenty-five seconds to go.

The quarterback shouts his signals over the roar of the crowd.

The tension mounts as the players on the line eye one another nervously.

The quarterback takes the snap and turns to run right. He fakes a hand-off to the halfback and tries to run up field. He is faced with a wall of defensive players. He spins and reverses his field.

The crowd gasps.

A linebacker breaks through to grab the quarterback by the jersey. The quarterback pulls away, tearing the jersey and leaving the linebacker with a handful of nylon.

The band stops playing and starts to cheer.

The quarterback dodges a lineman and breaks into the secondary.

The clock continues to tick. Fifteen seconds to go.

The coach shouts and throws down his hat.

The mascot runs along down the sideline, waving his arms. He trips and falls, cracking his plaster head.

The quarterback stiff-arms a defensive back and heads for daylight.

The cheerleaders leap and scream.

The crowd is standing and chanting "Go! Go! Go!"

The clock continues to tick. Ten...nine ...eight...

He's at the twenty-five, the twenty, the fifteen...Ten yards from the end zone a defensive player leaps on to the quarterback's shoulders. The quarterback continues to run, carrying the defensive player with him as he falls over the goal line.

(CONTINUED)

The clock hits zero. The gun sounds. *Mineral Point 23 - Pike Lake 21.*

The Pointer fans rush on to the field, cheering and screaming ecstatically. Amid the frenzy and furor of the crowd stands a REPORTER. She is thirty years old, dressed in a leaf-pattern sweater and slacks, and holding a microphone. She steps closer into view and addresses the camera.

REPORTER

Well, Mike, the Pummelin' Pointers of Mineral Point pulled it off. Riding on the sure, shoulders of quality quarterback Tommy Tillson, the underdog Pointers squeaked by the heavily favored Knights of Pike Lake to take the Southwest Lakes Conference title. And after all the tragedy and sorrow here over the last five days, it's a feat no one in Mineral Point thought could ever really happen.

CUT TO:

An image of COACH ROLF MANCUSO, the football coach, appears on screen in an interview. He stands on the field with cheering fans behind him. He is a burly man with a large square jaw, black hair and perennial five o'clock shadow. He has tufts of dark hair poking out on his back through his fishnet, nylon shirt. He speaks into a microphone to the off-camera reporter. He chews gum at a frenetic pace.

COACH

It's hard on a team when you lose a star player like we did...murder and what have you. Well, not only murder, you know, you could lose them in a car accident or...they wouldn't even have to die either, I mean, they could just break a leg or a hip or whatever, that would be hard too, I suppose ...Anyway, I'm proud the way our team pulled together today. Tommy moved his game up a notch, but we still got another game to go.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

An image of quarterback TOMMY TILLSON being interviewed on the field. He is your typical high school football star: blond crew cut, blue eyes and a thick neck that seems wider than his head. He has blacking under his eyes and is sweating profusely.

TOMMY

(Excitedly.)

The team did a great job! We dedicated this game to Henry! We gave a hundred and ten percent, and we did it, man! Whooooo! Gonna kick Bayfield's ass at regionals! Whooooo! Number one!!! Number one!!!

Tommy leaps up and down shouting with his teammates as the camera pans back to the reporter.

CONTINUED: (3) REPORTER

Well, as you can see, the Mineral Point Pummelin' Pointers have taken this tragic, truculent turn of events and used it as a big, bucolic building block to lift them into the regional playoffs next week. Back to you Mike.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Under the chilly full moon in the thick forest are EDGAR TWILLINGHAM, a tall, pear-shaped farmer in his sixties with a bulbous nose, John Deere hat and muddy coveralls. He carries a flashlight and a shotgun. Trailing behind him is Philipe', a shorter, nervous man of somewhat nebulous ethnicity. (Hispanic? Philipino?) He wears an insulated jacket, coveralls and an ear-flap hat. He also carries a flashlight. He chatters on excitedly in a thick accent as dogs howl in the distance.

PHILIPE'

(Chuckling.)

...and so Mr. Haney, he goes "*I have a grandfather clock for you, Mr. Douglas.*" And Mr. Douglas, he goes "*I didn't order any grandfathers clock!*" All mad and shit. Then Mr. Kimball comes in his Jeep, and he's all like "*Hey, nice clock, Mr. Douglas. Well, it's not really a clock. It's more like a--*"

(CONTINUED)

EDGAR

(Interrupting.)

--Will you shut the hell up,
Philippe'? I can't hear the god damn
dogs!

PHILIPPE'

(Whispering.)

Sorry...And so then Mrs. Douglas
comes out in her nightgown, with
her titties nearly almost hanging
out, and she's all like, "*Oh,
dahling, you got me a grandsfazzers
clock. But we don't got any
electricical--*"

EDGAR

Jesus fuck, Philippe', I don't need
a god damn play-by-play of *Green
Acres!* I rue the day I got that
damned satellite dish.

PHILIPPE'

Oh...okay...yeah, sorry.

Edgar listens to the howling in the distance. He nods his
head to the left.

EDGAR

This way!

The men quicken their pace through the foggy woods.

PHILIPPE'

What you think, Edgar, huh? You
think maybe they tree a coon? Or a
possum, maybe, huh?

EDGAR

Gonna have a full pot, regardless!

PHILIPPE'

I hope it's possum. I got a new
possum recipe. Granny from *Beverly
Hillbillies* makes possum innards
with skunk greens.

EDGAR

Up ahead, in that clearing!

The men speed up into a fast jog as the howling gets closer.
Trees rush by in the foreground as the men hurry through the
foggy moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIPPE'

(Hurrying along.)

I had to improvise a little bit. We don't got no skunk greens. So I substituted wild collards we got growing out by the pig sty. I suppose we could use coon innards, too. It's not the same, really, but it's a pretty versatile...

Philippe' comes up behind Edgar, who stands stoically in the clearing. Edgar looks up into a tree, looking stunned and somber.

PHILIPPE'

(Looking up.)

...recipe?

(shocked.)

Madre de dios!

Philippe' falls to his knees, vomiting.

EDGAR

I don't think you'll be cookin' this one up, my little brown friend.

The camera cranes up to reveal Tommy Tillson, the star quarterback, hanging upside down from the tree's branches. From behind we see he is wearing his Mineral Point letterman's jacket.

Edgar's light illuminates Tommy's body from the front. He has a wide-eyed look of shock frozen on his face. His jacket is open and we see that he has been eviscerated from crotch to sternum. His entrails, still connected, dangle to the ground. His thumbs have been cut off.

CUT TO:

CREDIT OPEN: MINERAL POINT

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME FOREST - EARLY MORNING

A police car pulls up on a gravel road near the forest path. It's lights are flashing, but the siren is mute. Stepping from the car is SHERIFF MILTON HANES. He is a thin, serious man in his forties. He wears a sheriff's uniform and an insulated jacket. His hairline slightly recedes from a

(CONTINUED)

worried brow. Flecks of gray are in his sideburns. He seems in a constant state of weariness.

He looks around and sees a few volunteers in bright, day-glo green vests heading into the forest. At the edge of the trees stands DEPUTY DWIGHT FELLMAN. He is tall, awkward and wears horn-rimmed glasses. He sports a greasy haircut and crooked teeth. Judging by his reluctant demeanor, he seems like a man who wished he'd finished pharmacy school. He also wears a uniform and insulated jacket. He has a "smokey-bear" type trooper's hat on his head.

DWIGHT
(Waving, agitated.)
Milt! Hey, Milt!

Sheriff Hanes waves half-heartedly and walks over to Dwight.

SHERIFF HANES
What have we got, Dwight?

DWIGHT
(Whining, sickly.)
It's a bad one, Milt. Jesus
almighty, it's real bad. Real, real
bad.

Sheriff Hanes heads into the woods, Dwight follows.

SHERIFF HANES
Same as the others?

DWIGHT
Yep. I got in about ten minutes
ago. I nearly pooped myself when I
saw it, swear to God.

SHERIFF HANES
Deep breaths, Dwight.

DWIGHT
Okay...I swear to God I did,
Sheriff. If you smell something
rank, just means I shat my shorts,
okay?

SHERIFF HANES
Duly noted.

The two men make it into the clearing. A police photographer is shooting pictures of the frozen, hanging body. The men in the green vests are prepping a stretcher. Sheriff Hanes walks up to examine the body. He nods at the photographer.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF HANES

Henry.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sheriff. How's tricks?

SHERIFF HANES

Pretty good up till now.

Sheriff Hanes puts on latex gloves and takes a pencil from his breast pocket. He begins examining the body. Probing and lifting areas with the tip of the pencil.

SHERIFF HANES

Same M.O.

DWIGHT

(Weakly.)

Yep...

SHERIFF HANES

Body hung inverted from the ankles with bailing wire.

DWIGHT

(Weaker.)

Yep...

SHERIFF HANES

Extended evisceration made with sharp, heavy, jagged instrument.

DWIGHT

(Weaker still.)

Yep...

SHERIFF HANES

Innards detached and spilled from the body cavity.

DWIGHT

(Very weakly.)

Yep...

SHERIFF HANES

And the thumbs removed with some sort of shears or clippers.

Dwight stumbles over to a bush and vomits.

SHERIFF HANES

I don't know why you pay six bucks for a nice omelet and toast when

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF HANES (cont'd)
you're just gonna hurl it up in a
bush, Dwight.

Dwight stands, wipes his mouth and smiles weakly at Sheriff Hanes.

DWIGHT
Yeah...should've brought a doggy
bag.

SHERIFF HANES
Okay boys, let's cut him down and
get him on ice.

The men in the vests start to take the body down as Sheriff Hanes and Dwight watch.

SHERIFF HANES
Can't think of nothin' worse than
having to tell this boy's parents.

DWIGHT
I can...

Sheriff Hanes turns to Dwight, curious.

DWIGHT
Like gettin' our asses kicked at
regionals this weekend. Shoot,
Tommy was the whole offense. Ain't
no way we're going to State now.

CUT TO:

At the edge of the forest the men carry the stretcher to a waiting ambulance. In the foreground we see the WOMAN REPORTER. She holds a microphone and looks into the camera.

REPORTER
And so the tragedy of the Pointer
High School Murders continues. So
much talent. So much promise. Lost
in a languid and lethargic lake of
laconic luridness...Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY.

We see MIKE HARTLINE , TV news anchor in the studio. He is definitely pressed from the anchor man mold; straight white teeth, Bushy mustache, tanning booth complexion and a head of hair that's sprayed into permanent rigidity. He looks off-screen at a monitor then turns to the camera.

MIKE

Thanks, Nancy, for that alliterating story.

Over Mike's shoulder an animated graphic of a 3D axe hitting a young man's head appears. Titles reading "*The Pick-Axe Pete Murders*" is superimposed.

MIKE

Mineral Point, as you heard in our lead story tonight, has lost two young, star athletes to the vicious serial killer known as Pick-Axe Pete.

The graphic changes to the photographs of two young men; both with crew cuts and thick necks.

MIKE

Tommy Tillson and Henry DeLaveldt were found brutally murdered in the deep forest surrounding the small farming community almost five days apart. The coroner's report confirms that the method of the murders is almost identical to a series of brutal slayings last year over six hundred miles away in North Central Michigan.

The graphic changes to a map of Wisconsin and Michigan. Two small red dots are situated in an area of southwest Wisconsin. Over a dozen red dots are packed together in a section of north central Michigan. A moving yellow line connects the two areas of dots.

MIKE

As you recall, at that time, fourteen young, male high school athletes were found slain over a period of six weeks. Their bodies were found in thickly wooded areas, hung upside-down in the trees by the ankles. The murder weapon, according to police, was a heavy,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)
sharp, semi-blunt instrument,
presumably a pick-axe.

The graphic changes back to the Pick-Axe Pete logo.

MIKE
These identical styles of serial
murder lead authorities to believe
that the brutal, violent monster
nicknamed Pick-Axe Pete is no
longer terrorizing Michigan, and
has moved somewhere into our
viewing area. Young, athletic males
are advised to use extreme caution
in their day to day routine. Any
suspicious behavior or unusual
events should be reported
immediately to the local
authorities. Let us pray that the
menace called Pick-Axe Pete can
finally be stopped, so we can all
avoid the dark, ominous nightmare
that now enshrouds the small,
helpless town of Mineral Point.
(Brightening cheerfully.)
Now it's time for Wacky Weather
With Wendy!

A gravely woman's VOICE calls from off-camera.

VOICE
Turn that crap off!

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOSTER DINER - DAY.

We pull back from the screen to see the TV set hanging in an upper corner of The Red Rooster Cafe in cozy downtown Mineral Point. It's a medium sized room with five tables and a horseshoe shaped counter with built-in stools. Behind the counter sits a cash register.

The walls are awash with roosters; prints, framed photographs and craft paintings all having to do with roosters. Ceramic rooster salt and pepper shakers sit on each table. A large, hand drawn poster on the wall shows a large-breasted woman with two baked, pies sitting in front of each ample bosom. The poster reads: "*Try Our Famous Pasties!*"

(CONTINUED)

Standing behind the counter reading the newspaper is NORMAN HAVEN. He is a grim man in his fifties with slicked back hair, a thin mustache, round, wire-rimmed glasses and a slouch. His frame is normal except for a protruding gut that hangs over his belt line. He wears polyester slacks, a white shirt, bow tie and a gold, button-down sweater.

Poking her head out from the kitchen area is MARTHA HAVEN. She is a dour, sour-faced woman in her fifties. She has gray hair under a flowered scarf, a print blouse and spandex pants. A lit cigarette hangs from her lips and a large hairy mole sits next to her nose on her right cheek. She wears cats-eye glasses and too much lipstick.

MARTHA

(To Norman.)

And quit pickin' yer butt and
refill the coffees.

NORMAN

(Picking up a coffee pot.)

I'm on it.

He starts pouring coffee for the customers at the counter.

NORMAN

(Under his breath.)

Wrinkley shit-bag...Yellow toothed
gargoyle.

MARTHA

What was that?!

NORMAN

I'm on it! I'm pouring the
god-damned coffees! Everybody's
getting their fresh-perked goodness
from this tar pit sludge that's
been sitting on the burner for the
last five hours! Christ almighty!

Martha comes out from the kitchen carrying two plates with eggs and pancakes. The ashes from her cigarette float on to the plates as she talks.

MARTHA

I ask for one thing! One thing! For
you to get off that bucket of lard
you call an ass, practice a little
honest customer service and refill
their fucking coffees more than
once an hour!

NORMAN

(Waving the pot in front of her.)

I'm on it! I am on it! So pull your razor sharp talons out of my testicles and go back to your harpy perch!

He goes to a man at the counter.

NORMAN

Coffee?! God forbid your should go without your freaking java fix for two god-damned minutes, right?

MAN AT COUNTER

Uhh, I had decaf.

NORMAN

Oh, right, sorry.

He goes to the coffee maker and takes the orange handled decaf pot.

NORMAN

(To Martha.)

There...Happy? Got your daily dose of making my sad, pathetic life even more insufferable than any sane human being could imagine?

MARTHA

Where did my life go? Every morning I wake to see your miserable, weak, dismal face staring at me like some mouth-breathing, slack-jawed circus freak. And every night I go to sleep, praying for death and asking myself, where did my life go?

NORMAN

Well, welcome to my private hell.

A YOUNG MAN AND WOMAN with two CHILDREN pass by. The woman puts money on the counter as they head for the door.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thanks, Norman. Thanks, Martha.

Norman and Martha immediately, almost disturbingly brighten up and smile, pleasantly.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
Goodbye, kids. Thanks.

MARTHA
Thank you. Gosh, their little one's
getting so big.

NORMAN
(Chuckling.)
Growin' like a stalk of corn.

Martha chuckles and heads for the kitchen.

Sitting at the counter, finishing their breakfast are three Amish men; JEBEDIAH HEDGEPEETH, his brother ZACHARIAH, and the younger EZEKIAL THE UNDERNOURISHED. They all wear the straw hat, suspender, linen shirt typical of the Amish farmer. Jebediah and Zachariah also sport the Amish chin beards. They all sit stoically.

NORMAN
You fellas all set here?

JEBEDIAH
Ah-yuh.

ZACHARIAH
Ah-yuh.

EZEKIAL
Ah-yuh.

NORMAN
How's breakfast?

Jebediah claps once in front of his face.

JEBEDIAH
(Ala Jimmy Walker.)
Dy-no-mite!

ZACHARIAH
Must say...mighty good Denver
Omelete. Took one bite, coulda'
swore I was on a ski trip up in the
Rockies. 'Course young Ezekial here
should've avoided the Mexican
plate.

Ezekial burps louds.

JEBEDIAH

Now he'll have the loosey-poops all through the alfalfa harvest.

NORMAN

(Filling out he bill.)

Let's see...two over easy with hash, Denver Omelete, Mexican plate, three coffees...that'll be twelve-fifty.

JEBEDIAH

Ay-yuh.

Jebediah takes out a leather bag, undoes the flap and takes out a handful of wooden trinkets, teeth and other odds and ends. He puts them on the counter.

NORMAN

What's this?

JEBEDIAH

Well this here's a hand-carved birch milking token.

ZACHARIAH

Good for three free milkings plus creamin'.

JEBEDIAH

Three gopher teeth.

ZACHARIAH

Keeps away the scurvy.

JEBEDIAH

And one certified, preserved eyeball taken from a birthing goat during an Autumn full moon.

ZACHARIAH

Put that under your mattress, keeps you erect for three lunar cycles.

NORMAN

(Thinking.)

Okay...I'll take the goat's eye for the eggs and hash. But you still owe me for the other two.

ZACHARIAH

(After a pause.)

You take Discover?

CUT TO:

EXT. EDGAR TWILLINGHAM'S FARM - THAT MORNING.

Sherriff Hanes is standing on the outside of a fenced-in cow pasture. He holds a small notebook and pen. Edgar Twillingham and Philipe' stand on the other side of the fence. Philipe' tosses dried ears of feed corn to the cows from a bucket.

PHILIPE'

(Calling to the cows.)

Here boss, here boss, here boss,
boss, boss.

SHERIFF HANES

Anything else seem out of the
ordinary?

EDGAR

No, like I says, we was just out
chasing up some possums when we
came upon the poor kid hangin' from
the tree.

PHILIPE'

He smelt like old floor wax and
puke.

SHERIFF HANES

(Writing.)

Uh-huh...but you didn't hear any
strange noises? See anything out of
the ordinary?

EDGAR

Like I says, it was way back on
that wooded forty. It's up over the
hill, so we don't see nor hear
nothin' goin' on up there.

SHERIFF HANES

Right.

Philipe' throws a cob. It is picked up by a cow with three legs sticking out of it's side. Another, smaller cow with two heads strolls up to the other cow.

SHERIFF HANES

Your two-header's lookin' good,
Edgar.

(CONTINUED)

EDGAR

Yah...the left head had a cold for a week or so, but the right one snotted it all out, so...

Upon further examination we see that the entire herd, thirty or so cows, are all mutated in some way: multiple heads, multiple legs, strange back humps and elaborate, curly horns.

SHERIFF HANES

Get her sold yet?

EDGAR

Well, the Ripley's folks at the Believe-It-Or-Not Museum in Florida gave a call. But they wanted her dead and stuffed. I couldn't do that to the poor girl. She's only a yearling.

SHERIFF HANES

Yeah.

EDGAR

I'm hopin' to maybe rent her out to some horror movies or somethin'.

PHILIPE'

"The Attack of the Two-Headed Zombie Cow."

EDGAR

Or somethin'.

Sheriff Hanes pockets his notebook.

SHERIFF HANES

Well, wish you luck, Edgar. If you see anyone suspicious, you let me know.

The Sheriff starts to walk away.

EDGAR

(Waving.)

Will-do. Thanks, Milt.

PHILIPE'

Bye, Milt!

Milt waves absently as he climbs into his squad car and heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINERAL POINT MAIN STREET - THAT DAY

A large, black 1959 Cadillac convertible pulls up to the curb outside of the Red Rooster Cafe. The top is up. The interior is a deep red leather.

Climbing out from the driver's side is WALTER SCHOEPPPEL. He is a handsome fellow about six feet tall. He has short, well-groomed, jet black hair. He has blue piercing eyes, a chiseled face and broad shoulders. He wears a black suit, clean white shirt and a deep red bow tie. He takes a square leather sample case from the back seat and shuts the door. He looks around, warily, before he heads into the Cafe.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOSTER CAFE.

Walter enters and sits at the counter. He sets his sample case on the stool next to him and checks the menu board on the wall.

On the other end of the counter is LEFTY KOOS, the town garage mechanic. Lefty is a strange woman in her mid-forties with the scrawny, bony body of a ninety year old. Her shoulders jut out at odd angles as she hunches over a worn, beat up laptop on the counter. Her dark, cut-with-an-eggbeater hair is tied up under a red scarf. A patch of not-too feminine whiskers swirl around the sides of her face. She wears a soiled army jacket. Her fingers are covered Filth grease and soot, yet her nails are painted a lovely, deep red. Her mouth and cheeks twitch spasmodically as she studies a dating site on the laptop: *eLovers.com*.

She is approached by Martha Haven, holding a coffee pot. Her ever-dangling cigarette hanging from her lower lip.

MARTHA

My car ever gonna get done, Lefty?

Lefty looks up from the computer, her mouth clenching and twisting spasmodically.

LEFTY

Yeah, hummm...Martha, yeah, about a week or so, I'd say. Right? Hmm?

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

You said "a week or so" a month ago.

LEFTY

Yeah, well ...hm, I'm at the mercy of the parts guys, you know? An alternator for a seventy-five Opal Wagon...hm, geeze, hm...might as well go lookin' for Leprechauns.

MARTHA

(Pouring coffee.)

Well, keep me posted. I gotta have Norman drive me everywhere, and his breath smells like a dirty diaper.

Norman calls from the kitchen.

NORMAN

I heard that!

Martha turns to Walter.

MARTHA

Know what you want, there, hon?

WALTER

Biscuits and gravy. Black coffee.

MARTHA

Comin' up.

Lefty turns the laptop to Martha.

LEFTY

Hey, Martha, um, what do you think of these?

MARTHA

(Reading.)

eLovers dot com? A dating site?

LEFTY

Yeah, um...hm, you know, I'm thinking of placing one. To tell you the truth, the dating scene here is about rung dry. Hm...I need some alternatives in my love life, right? Hmm? You know, at least somebody that doesn't have manure on their boots.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Amen to that.

LEFTY

Girl can't live on baked beans her whole life, right? I mean, sometimes she needs a little...hmm, spicy chicken enchiladas, if you know what I mean, hmm? Right?

Lefty starts to jot information on the keyboard.

LEFTY

So...would you say I have a...hmm, sensuous mouth?

Martha looks at Lefty's thin lips twitching and contorting. She pauses a moment.

MARTHA

(Reluctantly.)

Sure.

Lefty smiles and types more notes. Martha moves down the counter with the coffee pot. She calls to EVE, a pretty, young, teenage girl who is clearing a table out on the floor.

MARTHA

Eve. Don't forget to fill those salt shakers before you go, sweetie.

EVE

Yes, maam.

MARTHA

How are things, Mayor?

Martha pours the coffee into a cup on the counter. Next to the cup sits an ashtray with an enormous smoldering cigar. A hand reaches down to pick up the cigar. We follow it up to see LYLE PULBEE, the Mayor of Mineral Point. He's a plump man in his early sixties. He has a long, gray, braided pony tail hanging from the back of his nearly bald head. He wears a horse blanket jacket you usually see in the desert southwest. Round, wire glasses are perched on his nose and a jade earring dangles from his left lobe. He takes a big drag on the cigar and smiles weakly at Martha. He has a nasal voice that could cut hardened steel.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR PULBEE

Oh, I guess things could be worse.
A bear could saunter in here and
shit on my head.

MARTHA

You too, huh?

MAYOR PULBEE

These murders are gonna ruin this
town, I swear. Business is in the
crapper everywhere. It's like a
cemetery over at my gift shop.

MARTHA

Yeah, just the locals in here
lately, too.

Mayor Pulbee calls out over his shoulder.

MAYOR PULBEE

Well if we'd get some decent law
enforcement around here, instead of
the butt scratchers we got, we
could catch this lunatic and get
things back to normal.

Sitting at a table in the direction of the Mayor's comment
is Deputy Dwight Fellman. He is sipping a tea with a plate
of scones in front of him. He looks up. His mouth full.

DWIGHT

(Confused.)

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. MINERAL POINT POLICE STATION - THAT DAY.

Sheriff Hanes pulls his car to a stop on the street outside
the City Hall/Police Station. He turns off the car and sits,
checking over his notebook. He stops reading and looks down
in his lap. His hand is starting to tremble, a little at
first, but getting worse and worse. He looks out through the
window, panicked, as if searching for something. He sees it.

Standing in the alley next to City Hall is THE SHAKING MAN.
He is thin and tall, almost seven foot. He wears a long
leather coat that nearly touches the ground, a black shirt
and black leather pants tucked into black boots. Long,
stringy black rags are wrapped around his hands. His
receding hair is bright white and frizzy in all directions.

(CONTINUED)

A long, frizzy white beard hangs from his chin down to his waist. Dark circles are under his eyes and his teeth are stained red. His nose is long and thin like a beak. He slowly turns to meet the Sheriff's gaze and smiles, menacingly.

The Sheriff meets his gaze, frozen in fear.

The Shaking Man twitches and sways as if being filmed in fast motion and in reverse. Suddenly his head starts to shake so violently that it becomes a frightening blur.

Sheriff Hanes is transfixed as the man's head continues to shake. The Sheriff breaks suddenly. He shuts his eyes tightly and holds his trembling hand against his chest. He whispers to himself.

SHERIFF HANES

He's not there...he's not
there...he's not there.

His hand stops trembling. He slowly opens his eyes and looks back to the alley. The Shaking Man is gone.

The Sheriff gets out of the car quickly. He looks around and takes a deep breath, composing himself. He starts off down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. RED ROOSTER CAFE.

The bell above the doorway rings as the front door opens. Stepping into the diner is MISSY DELAVELDT, mother of murder victim Henry DeLaveldt. She is a short, plump woman in her forties with a head of curly, bright red hair. She wears a sweatshirt with appliqued teddy bears and sequins, and pink jeans. Her eyes are red from crying and she carries a box of Kleenex. The diner becomes silent as she steps in. All eyes follow her as she walks up to the counter where Martha is now standing.

MARTHA

(Soft and sympathetic.)
Hi-ya Missy.

MISSY

(Weakly.)
Hi-ya Martha. Two decafs and a
cruller to go, please.

Martha complies. She puts the cruller in a paper bag and pours the coffee into styrofoam cups.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

How are you holding up, sweetheart?

MISSY

Okay, I guess. House sure does seem empty without Henry around, though. Seems like just yesterday he was playing football and working on his GTO and digging holes in the yard and ...and...

(She begins to cry.)

Listening to his Norwegian Death Metal music.

Missy begins to weep openly. She pulls a wad of Kleenex from her box and wipes her eyes. Martha reaches out and holds her hand.

MARTHA

Oh, now Missy. Try to bear up sweetheart. You just remember, if you need anything, we're all here for you.

Norman calls from the kitchen.

NORMAN

I'm not!

MARHTA

Up yours, Norman!

MISSY

(Sniffing.)

Thanks, Martha. Thanks much.

Missy heads out of the diner. The door closes behind her. Everyone in the diner looks at one another, sadly.

MAYOR PULBEE

Well...I wonder how many more childless mothers ordering take-out we're gonna have before somebody gets on the stick and catches this lunatic?

All eyes turn to Deputy Fellman. Uncomfortable, he stuffs the last scone into his mouth, takes his hat and heads out the door.

WALTER

(Finishing his breakfast.)

Excuse me...

(CONTINUED)

Martha approaches him.

WALTER

My names Walter Schoeppel. I was looking for a Beatrice Linsky? They told me over at the Dairy Dandy that she might have a room to rent?

MARTHA

Oh, sure. She's got a cottage just outside of town. Three rooms, toilet, shower. Real clean.

WALTER

(Nodding.)

Sounds perfect. Where can I find her?

MARTHA

She's the town librarian. Just go down the hill a block and a half. Right next door to the Opera House.

WALTER

Great.

Martha, the Mayor and the other patrons stare suspiciously at Walter. Even Norman comes out from the kitchen to have a peek.

MARTHA

(Wary.)

So...not from around here, huh?

WALTER

No. I'm a salesman. Company just assigned me a new route.

MARHTA

Oh...what do you sell?

He stares at her, blankly.

WALTER

Meat.

MARTHA

(Confused.)

Meat?...You mean...meat.

He continues to stare, then breaks into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

We at Schnausmann's Sausage & Gifts believe we carry the world's finest selection of quality, mail order Salami, Mortadella, Kielbasa and our prize winning Deutsche Kunste Dicht Brauten.

LEFTY

(Enamored with Walter.)

Ooooooh.

Through the door comes a crowd of SIX TEENAGE BOYS, led by ANDY SCHMEERBACH. They are all muscular jock types. They wear Mineral Point sweatshirts and letterman jackets; blue with white sleeves, covered with athletic medals. They are noisy, whooping, talking loud and generally horsing around. They bump into tables, spilling the customers coffee.

Norman comes out from the kitchen.

NORMAN

Hey, a little less horseplay, okay fellas?

ANDY

Sorry.

(To himself.)

Dick head.

The boys all chuckle, stupidly. Andy pushes in between Walter and Lefty. Walter spills some of his coffee. Andy reaches out and grabs Martha by the shirt, trying to be seductive.

ANDY

Hey darlin', can you fix us up with a few omelets and some hash browns? Maybe a sweet roll or two?

MARTHA

Got cash?

ANDY

(Haltingly.)

Well...

MARTHA

(Smiling.)

Then drop dead.

Andy approaches Eve, who is refilling salt shakers. The other boys chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Hey, Eve, when are you and me and that pretty little ass goin' up to Atkin's barn? Have ourselves a little roll in the hay?

EVE

Come on, Andy. I'm trying to work.

The boys all chuckle and snort. Andy grabs her arm.

TOMMY

You know, I could sure use a good luck kiss before the big game next week.

EVE

No...let me go.

ANDY

(Pulling her closer.)
Come on, Eve. Show some school spirit.

EVE

(Trying to pull away.)
No...

ANDY

Come on, baby. Just one kiss.

EVE

You're hurting me!

MARTHA

(Bothered.)
Andy! Enough now!

Walter reaches out and grabs Andy's thumb and twists. Andy yelps in pain, releasing Eve.

ANDY

Yaaaaa!!!

WALTER

I think you're bothering the young lady there, Sonny-Jim.

Walter twists harder, sipping his coffee with his other hand, calmly.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Owww! Owww, shit, man! That's my
throwing hand!

WALTER

Yeah, well, I'm sure it's your
jerking off hand, too. A million
and one uses. Now you may have
noticed that the young lady was
uncomfortable with your unwanted
advances.

He leans in closer to Andy, speaking quietly.

WALTER

And I'm not sure if you knew it or
not, but you were being more than a
little rude to the other patrons in
here.

(He twists again.)

Know what I mean?

ANDY

OWWWW!!!

WALTER

So, if were going follow the rules
of etiquette and good manners, I
think your gonna need to say the
magic word.

ANDY

(In much pain.)

Magic...? Uh...wha...Please?

WALTER

No. No, no, my mistake. The *other*
magic word. Well, two words,
actually.

ANDY

(Weakly.)

Uh...Uh...I...I'm sorry?

Walter leans in.

WALTER

I didn't get that.

ANDY

(Loudly)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Jesus! Okay?!
I'm sorry!!!

(CONTINUED)

Walter lets go. Andy grabs his hand in agony. Walter turns to Martha, brightly. He takes some cash from his wallet and hands it to her.

WALTER

Great. Okey-doke. Thanks for the biscuits, they were A-One.

Walter takes his sample case and exits the cafe. The restaurant is quiet as they watch him leave. Then...

LEFTY

(Hot and bothered.)
Holy mama.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET IN FRONT OF THE CAFE.

Walter comes out on to the sidewalk to see Sheriff Hanes and Deputy Fellman. They have been observing Walter through the Cafe window. Walter sees them and nods, smiling.

WALTER

Sheriff.

Walter gets into his car. There is a whir of a motor as the convertible top folds down. Walter starts the car and looks over his shoulder. He nods at the Sheriff again as he pulls out into the street.

The Sheriff and the Deputy watch after him, suspiciously, as the car drives down the hill.

END OF EPISODE ONE: