

THE CANNIBALS NEXT DOOR

Pilot
"F.U.B.A.R."

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - FOGGY - NIGHT

Boom - la - da - da - na - Boom

A SLOW PLAYING VIOLIN WITH A BASS DRUM continuously builds in the b.g. It sounds sexy, menacing, addicting...

Boom - la - da - da - na - Boom

SUPERMAN POV TO A TIGHT SHOT: Flying through a small town shielded by a dense forest. At its heart, a raging bonfire. This secret haven crawls with FBI on a raid/borderline witch-hunt. They move along the perimeter, squeezing any exit.

Boom - Boom - Boom!

The man leading the assault, AGENT JOHN CRONWAY, fifties, old timer FBI guru, stomps through the tree brush with an army behind him.

John gives his troops the signal to split up as he makes his way to a small cabin and kicks down the front door.

SMASH!

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The flashlight attached to John's gun is the brakes stopping us from being blind mice. Scanning the room, we see framed pictures, too many to count. All filled with magazine cut outs of random people and moments. John picks up a photo.

TIGHT ON: Picture of a happy family at the beach.

Under the family portrait are names scribbled.

In the reflection of the frame, John spots a MAN raising an axe over his head. He drops the photo, turns his gun ---

BANG!

The assailant gets popped right in the chest. John scatters in search of more scum.

INT. DAMP BASEMENT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

KALEY O'NEIL, sweet seventeen with stunning hazel eyes the cute "girl next door" type, jumps when she hears the shot.

She rocks back and forth, trembling in fear. Her face and hands are covered with thick blood.

Her dreamy nineteen year old boyfriend, SAM WALLACE, thinks for a moment then arms himself with a switchblade.

Sam motions to her not to make a sound. Wood shavings fall on Sam's hand. Sam and Kaley focus on the source, a CREAKING ceiling. They sink as the noise gradually grows stronger.

Kaley grabs Sam's hand. The two appear as if they've been trapped here for days. Sam looks across the room, a BODY blocks the entrance. Kaley clenches Sam's arm preventing him from moving toward the exit.

Sam gives her a reassuring look and breaks free of her grasp. He searches the body, grabs the corpse's wallet and hands it over to Kaley.

SAM

I love you.

Kaley nods her head, but doesn't say it back. The side of Sam's lip drops like he knows the feeling of her not saying I love you back and it sucks. God, does it suck.

WHAM!

Kaley screams. Sam covers her mouth and holds her still, but it's too late. Their cover is blown. John kicks the door again, it isn't budging and neither is John.

WHAM! WHAM!

SAM (CONT'D)

Come on.

The two rush to a window. It takes a couple of tries, but Sam smashes through with his elbow. He gives Kaley a boost just as John bursts into the room.

AGENT JOHN CRONWAY

Hey! Freeze!

KALEY

Come on Sam! Hurry!

AGENT JOHN CRONWAY

Stop! I'm here to help!

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

John grabs Sam's ankle as he's midway out the window. Kaley uses her leverage to hold onto Sam's shoulder with all her might. Sam gashes his knee on a broken piece of glass as he kicks John's arm and squirms outside.

The two dart for the woods. Past the tree house where they first kissed. Clear of the wood shop Sam and Kaley worked last summer. Beyond the bonfire. Its fuel: A mountain of dead bodies lying on a bed of sunflowers.

This humble town is swarming with FBI Agents. But Sam and Kaley know where they're going... *Sort of.*

Agents block their exit. The two hide behind a wishing well. Sam mouths to Kaley to stay put until the Agents pass. She lowers her head. Not far, she sees John studying their tracks. It won't be long now.

SMASH!

They watch as Agents drag a GROUP of women from a nearby cellar. The Agents use force on even the children.

SAM

Stop.

The MOTHER of the group sees Sam and mouths, "Run". Sam looks at Kaley and back at her. His eyes well up with tears.

Past the tree line, Kaley spots flashing headlights.

KALEY

Sam, look.

Sam can barely stand. He ties his belt around his leg, looks up at the midnight sky and mumbles a soft prayer. He turns to Kaley and hands her the knife.

The moonlight shines on the handle of the blade revealing a glimpse of Celtic crosses.

Sam nods giving her the "all clear".

They break for the car, but Sam can't keep up and John is like a wild boar closing in on their stench. Sam pushes harder to catch up with Kaley but his knee pops and buckles. John charges after a limping Sam, tackling him face first into the mud.

Kaley rips through the branches. She scrapes her arm and loses her balance, but quickly rises. She has no idea she lost Sam. She gets to the car, smiles, turns back for Sam's hand but grabs a fist full of chilled air.

Confusion is quickly replaced with a rising panic as Kaley sees Sam a ways back being overpowered by John. She lunges toward him when strong female hands spring from the van and yank Kaley into the car. She hears Sam shout---

SAM

No!

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

The engine blasts from zero to sixty in an instant. Mud splatters on the windows. They swerve around trees, ram through branches and disappear into the darkness.

KALEY

Dad, wait! Sam is still out there!

Kaley's mom, NANCY, mid-forties, dark long hair, speaks in a British accent and has an iron heart with a soccer mom vibe -- holds Kaley from opening the door and running after Sam while clenching her purple purse as if it were a child.

KALEY (CONT'D)

No! Sam!

Kaley claws at the window as they drive off.

NANCY

It's okay sweetie. It's okay.

PATRICK, the eyes and ears of this family, explorer, seven year old, dressed as a boy scout, wears glasses, sits on GRANDPA NUKE'S lap holding a satchel of books and toys.

PATRICK

Don't be sad. The bad guys are gone now.

Pat gives Kaley a one legged poorly aged Batman toy and points to the open road as if to say "See, they're gone". Kaley tightens her jaw. Her lower lip shakes as she stares off into space.

Sitting in the front is ERIC, eighteen, fit, tall, and handsome. He's the brains in this family.

Eric pops open the back of a cellphone and tosses the SMS chip out the window then hooks up the cell to his laptop. He quickly types on his computer, replaces the chip and disconnects the phone.

Eric turns to his father PAUL, late forties, a shrimp of a man whose features are all bones and hands him the phone.

ERIC

We're good to go.

Paul pulls out a scratch paper with a phone number scribbled on it. He is about to dial the number when Eric takes out a cigarette and starts smoking.

PAUL

Come on son. Put that out.

ERIC

What? Kaley's the only one who can have a little fun?

KALEY

Shut up Eric!

Nancy gives Eric the type of firm stare you don't dare cross.

ERIC

Sorry. I didn't mean it.

Eric presses the tip of the cigarette against his palm. It instantly caves in on itself and puts out the flame as he flicks the shell out the window.

Nancy takes out a napkin and wipes the blood from Kaley's mouth. She notices the cuts on Kaley's forearm, reaches into her purse and pulls out a first aid kit. She cleans the wound and bandages Kaley up like a surgeon.

GRANDPA NUKE

When I was in Nam, this country used to mean something. It used to be about something. How all of that got lost, escapes me...

Nuke, seventy-eight, six-four, two hundred and twenty-five pounds of muscle, has a twisted sense of true grit, and an ugly scar on the back of his skull. He munches on a package of Oreos as if everything were perfect in the universe.

Nancy looks worried for Nuke. She reaches into her purse for a bottle of pills. Her face cringes as she shows Paul it's empty. Paul's eyes grow wide.

PATRICK

Freaking-A, Grandpa!

ERIC

Stay off the roads. This place is too thick for them to follow us.

ERIC (CONT'D)

We'll probably need to stop---

PAUL

No. No stopping. Let's just get there.

ERIC

What's it gonna look like when the new neighbors show up with absolutely nothing Dad?

NANCY

He's right Paul. We'll stop halfway.

Paul takes a deep breath and studies the phone number. It's now or never. He dials. He fidgets nervously as it RINGS FOUR TIMES. Halfway on the fourth ring it stops. The person on the other end clears their throat. Paul looks at Nancy relieved. It doesn't last. He can sense her frustration.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

John watches as the bonfire slowly fizzles away. A LOCAL OFFICER with a Utah State patch on his jacket and a goofy smile holds up a severed arm frozen in a thumb up position.

Deep bite marks cover the limb.

John holds the family photo from earlier. He stares at Agents giving congratulatory remarks to one another while cuffing over seventy people ranging from young to old.

John knows better. He has a somber presence.

John digs his heel in the dirt, tucks the photo away and takes in the world. He stares off into the distance, beyond the trees, toward an empty stretch of long highway.

A soft sigh escapes him as he nods his head knowingly.

Boom - la - da - da - na - Boom

SLOW MOTION: The ashes from the fire slowly rain on the Agents drowning the cannibal sanctuary as the violin and drum slows down and we ---

SMASH CUT TO:

END TEASER

Want to see more?

Contact me

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Help me free our cannibals at

www.freethecannibals.com