

THE BUTCHER OF CAULLIWAY MOORE

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A Close up of the Welsh Dragon Tattoo on Phil's shoulder. He pulled his sleeve down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The moon lights the clouds in the night sky. A quiet street and a butcher shop. The lights go out as the butcher, an old timid looking man, locks up for the night.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Three people, STEVEN, SHERRI AND PHIL, dressed in all black watch them from a car parked nearby.

STEVEN

He's gone. All the gear ready?

He looks to SHERRI and a duffel bag. She gives a firm nod.

SHERRI

Yep.

STEVEN

Let's get this done. Phil, keep your eyes peeled. And hit the gas when it's time.

PHIL

Roger Dodger.

SHERRI

Right, let's get going.

She opens the door and springs out, and Steven follows.

EXT. BUTCHERS SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

Steven picks the lock with expertise. Sherri was just behind him. They're in.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT.

The door opens with a light creek. Steven's face cringing as it does and he enters. He looks around and gestures for Sherri to follow. They creep through. The sound of snoring can be heard from above.

A blood-stained butchering clothes hung the wall and a cleaver stuck into a bloodied chopping board is near the sink. They move on.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Sherri creeps up to the till. Steven hangs back just slightly. Sherri fiddles. A hand reaches slowly for Sherri's shoulder. She jumps as it lands.

SHERRI
Don't scare me like that!

STEVEN
Just hurry up with the till.

Steven sniffs the air and grimaces.

STEVEN
(hushed)
Can you smell that?

SHERRI
(hushed)
What?

STEVEN
(hushed)
You can't smell that? Like... gone off?

SHERRI
(hushed)
We're robbing a butcher.

Sherri opens the till. It's empty.

SHERRI
Must be a mattress-stasher. Do we risk it?

They both look up to the ceiling.

STEVEN
What have we got to lose?

They scurry away. Snoring stops. Footsteps from above. Sherri and Steven were alarmed. The two duck behind a counter. They hold their breath. Sherri puts her hand over her mouth. Hold. The footsteps

down the stairs. Side door opens. Hold. Their eyes wide. The door closes. Sigh of relief.

STEVEN

Now's our chance. Let's check the mattress.

INT. FLAT LANDING - NIGHT

They inch across the landing and come across a closed door. Sherri presses her ear against the door. Silence. She turns to Steven and nods. They go in.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

Phil still in the car, window open, looks at his phone to check the time. He huffs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven pulls up the mattress. Piles of money lies underneath it. Their face light up.

STEVEN

I knew it! I told you butchers were rolling in it.

They open the bag ready to stash the cash. Slam! The door downstairs closes. Footsteps up the stairs. Steven and Sherri fix their eyes on the door in horror. They put the mattress back down. They leave the bag.

Thudding through the room, closer and closer. Steven and Sherri look to each other and in a silent frenzy, they quickly went under the bed.

INT. DARK BED - NIGHT

Steven and Sherri lay down under the bed in pitch black. The bedroom door opens. Someone is in the room. Steven breathing heavily, places his hand over his mouth in realisation.

Two legs of the figure the other side of the door takes off his white shirt and places it down on the floor. He notices the bag on the floor. Beat. Terror on Steven and Sherri's faces. Beat. The Butcher stands silently. Beat. Sweat dripping down Steven's head. Beat. He stands there a little longer and leaves. Door closes behind him. Footsteps fade.

Steven and Sherri gasp in relief. Whisper.

STEVEN

We've got to get out of here.

Sherri takes a breath and climbs out of the bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sherri's head peeks around. The coast is clear. She steps out and beckons Steven to follow. Steven in front, they slowly make their way to the bedroom door. His hand slowly reaches for the handle. The door opens. The Butcher is standing the other side with a cleaver. He swipes down at them slicing Steven's fingers. Arghhh in pain. He falls to the floor. Sherri pushes past him.

Steven holds her hand in pain. He tries to get up and run. The Butcher swipes him at Steven's leg and falls. He Screams again. The Butcher grabs his shoulder and pushes further down to the floor. He swings backwards. Beat. Sharp slash down onto Steven. He screams. The Butcher strikes him again.

INT. FLAT LANDING - NIGHT

Sherri clambers down the stairs and around the corner. Agonising screams from Steven.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

She bursts through the door into the back room. Steven's screams stop. She pushes past the plastic curtains. She looks around frantic and hides behind the counter. Silence. Floorboards creek. The Butcher is coming. Sherri looks around to find a better place to hide. She turns to the preparation counter. Sherri goes the scream but stops himself.

She hides under a table covered by a cloth. Thud. Thud. Thud down the stairs. The door opens. The Butcher comes in dragging Steven's lifeless body and dumps it in the middle of the room.

Sherri crouches under the table shocked and terrified. Sherri peeks from under the cloth. The Butcher drags Steven's body towards the table and heaves him onto it. All he can see is the Butcher legs right in front of her. The Butcher begins to chop. Slam. Slam.

Sherri notices a rolling pin on the floor in front of her. This gives her an idea. The Butcher to the sink to wash his bloody hands. The tap squeaks. Water flows. Sherri reaches for the rolling pin and throws it into the other room. The Butcher turns and runs out of the room to see what it was. Sherri climbs out from the table and runs to the door. She quickly crawls to the door. He

tries the handle. It's locked. The Butcher comes back through the door. Sherri turns and runs for the table. She grabs the cloth on the table and throws it over the Butcher. She makes a break for the front room.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Sherri runs behind the side of the cabinet and went on her phone, texting Phil.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Phil is getting impatience until the phone vibrates from his pocket. He pulls it out and looks at the text. Phil looks alarmed and climbs out of the car to rescue Sherri.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Sherri prayed for the rescue. Suddenly a gloved hand grabs Sherri's jacket and slams her on the wall. The Butcher pulls out his cleaver. Sherri starts to cry.

BUTCHER

You shouldn't have broken into my shop.

SHERRI

Please for the love of God let me go. I didn't take anything.
Let me go, please!

THE BUTCHER

I don't care about that. It's you and your friend I need.
Human meat is priceless.

He grins at Sherri eerily. Sherri desperately continues to beg for her life as he swings his arm back and swipes down.

Sherri screams, her cries of agony heard.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Phil opens the door and looks around.

PHIL

Sherri?

Phil finds Steven's body on the floor and bends down.

PHIL

Steve?

Phil puts his hand on Steven and shakes him. A bloody gloved hand tapped on Phil's right shoulder. Phil turns and finds the Butcher smiling at him. The Butcher swings his cleaver at him!

Cuts to Black. Hacking, squishy sounds accompany his screeches. He falls silent.

INT. BUTCHERS SHOP - DAY

The sun shines brightly in the sky. The counter is stocked full of meat ready to be sold. Some sausages get taken out of the centre spot in the window, they are replaced with a tray of hefty pork shoulders. The bell on the door rings as someone enters. An exchange can barely be heard. The Butcher's unmistakable boots clunk back toward the window.

THE BUTCHER

Certainly, Good choice! Chopped em' up last night.

He lifts the shoulder to give to the customer. It bears a strange marking on the corner. It's the red Welsh dragon tattoo on the mangled piece of meat.

THE END