

FADE IN

INT. BREAK ROOM OF JEFFERSON PRINTING COMPANY - MORNING

INSERT TIMECLOCK KEYPAD

Hand types a pin and clocks in.

PULL BACK and PAN to a corkboard with several missing persons photo's on a wall along with more personal photos of the same people. Two WORKERS stand around a coffee machine in a poorly lit break room which amounts to a cinder block cell with vending machines. ANDY WRIGHT is an overbearing platemaker who works in the pre-press department, DANIEL is new.

ANDY

Hell, don't even miss most of 'em. That one was cute.

DANIEL

Damn. All those, how you know. You know... you ain't gonna end up up there. That's kinna messed up right?

ANDY

Just sales and clients mostly, buncha slack asses anyway.

DANIEL

I just started here, ain't got no need to go comming up missin, not me.

ANDY

Don't sweat. Just gossam dudes workin round here you'd wanna stay away from in general.

KEN RICHOUX is A warily pensive youngish thirty something pressman who looks not unlike ANDY except in his ackward demeanor. He enters quickly and dodges glances from the ANDY and DANIEL. He clocks in.

ANDY

Hey Ken, wait. Gotta sec?

KEN

Guess so.

ANDY

Dan over here, says that he just ate your lunch, and he's gonna take a dump later in your press.

DAN

Nah, he's all...

ANDY

That's a fact. Kenny.

KEN
Don't.

DAN
Look Kenny. Ain't me ma...

KEN
IT'S NOT KENNY! It's KEN! KENNETH KEN!

ANDY
Whoa man... easy... deep breaths Ken
Kenneth Ken.

Nearly red, KEN turns and walks out the door into the shop.

DAN
That's bullshit man? Set me up.
Christ, don't call the guy Kenny already.
Don't get my ass involved.

ANDY
Well now you know don't you?

DAN
Know what? Don't call him Kenny? Je-sus.

ANDY
That he's freakin-crazy man.

DAN
Coulda just sed as much.

INT. SHOP FLOOR

Press area with several sheetfed presses, a large roll fed web press, folders, and cutters.

SERIES OF SHOTS AROUND of people working at each machine stations, a few look up at Ken and look down again quickly.

BEGIN TITLE

Ken walks to stacker end of a web press and releves another pressman at the controls, taking a ticket and checking it. He checks a few controls and walks to the intake and checks the feed. He engages the press.

SERIES OF SHOTS of pinch rollers and gears in the press, going out of focus. END on CLOSEUP of rotating drum as from the rear of the press, pulsing focus with rotation.

SFX: Rythmic rotation of drum emerges like a heartbeat, drowning out all other machine noises, then mixing machine noise with slushy meat packing and bone crushing sounds. Sounds crescendo.

END TITLE

Womans shriek.

KEN at rear control box, looking intently into the press, shocked into focus.

Emergency stop on the press halts machine abruptly. Rollers jar to a stop and red lights flash. Startled pressman looks out from behind press towards stacker about 50 feet away where the red light from the emergency shut-off had been triggered. He begins to break into a frantic sprint and then stops himself, looking suddenly frustrated. LAURA McCOLLINS, a well dressed, attractive saleswoman, is at the stacker end of press. She is holding a ticket and presssheet, looking furiously towards KEN. KEN walks slowly to the LAURA who is already beginning her rant. Ken meets her and regards her as if she were a curiously talkative lamppost.

LAURA

(Patronizing sales tone)

Ken, why isn't the coater on the press? I can't even coat this stock.

This piece needs to be coated, and I CAN'T COAT THIS STOCK, how many sheets did you run? Holy... that's half a roll.

Ken acknowledges her in mid sentence and takes the ticket coldly and begins to turn around, angering LAURA. She retrieves the ticket.

LAURA

Don't you even! HEY! Get this

press loaded with... GARY!

Holds up the ticket and points, then looks and realizes the ticket is wrong. She takes out a pen and changes it right there.

LAURA

Listen, get the sheets checked against the purchase order.

If you don't feel comfortable checking it yourself

come and get me and we'll check it together... if I'm in the office.

Ken endures with growing agitation, snaps the ticket back. Plant manager GARY STEELING, a smallish man in his 50's, steps up behind LAURA.

GARY

Laura.

LAURA

Great, Gary - can you take care of this?

it's got to be coated - it's right here, on the ticket,

and your pressman to start checking PO's

or they won't have anything to print.

Laura storms off.

GARY

You know the routine Ken. Salespeople are useless, tickets are never right, check the PO.

She shouldn't have hit the emergency stop like that.

I'll talk to her, you won't be written up for the waste.

KEN

I didn't have a plate for the coater, it wasn't on the proof... stock looks the same anyway.

GARY

I know I know, but you know too. Check it Ken. She's right, we gotta keep work in this shop.

KEN

Okay.

GARY

Alright go down to pre-press to see if they have that plate.
Hey, you can pick up some overtime on this run if you want.

Ken shakes his head, then nods.

GARY

C'mon Ken you're the only man I know who genuinely
loves what he does for a living. You just hate doing it for a living.

Gary chuckles, leaving purposefully to handle other shop business.

Ken walks through the shop to prepress.

INT. PREPRESS FOYER

Prepress area is down a hallway leading to a white cinderblock foyer with a open room where a group of women hand insert envelopes. At the other end is a glass door to the graphic design and platemaking areas.

Ken appears as he turns from the hallway into foyer. Ken passes a room with several temp laborers manually inserting into envelopes. SLOW MOTION. SFX Heartbeat. Ken gazes hesitantly at a young looking girl working at a table. She starts to look up and look at Ken he looks away and then FAST MOTION quickly slowing back to normal as he opens the door to prepress department.

INT. PREPRESS DEPT.

ANDY (O.S.)

Ken.

Ken turns to a desk. Andy sits holding a ticket.

ANDY

Got that coater plate, Laura came down and asked for it. Whoo bet you caught it for that.

KEN

You didn't make a plate for it.

ANDY

Easy Andy, just saying. No harm done, I'll make sure you're not written up for the wasted stock.

Just gotta check those PO's

KEN

(forcefully)

It was *your* mistake.

People in office take notice of conversation. Ken looks around and is diffused by the attention. Andy is encouraged by it.

ANDY

Be cool Ken...

Standing, he catches his forearm on a plate edge over the desk. Draws enough blood to drip.

ANDY

Ahhh son of a bitch.

Andy frustratedly tends to his cut. Blood drips onto a plated negative.

SLOW ZOOM onto plate containing negative of illustrated book with several text pages and an image of a man painting in a field. Ken stares with fascination as the drops join over the plate material. SFX: Feint press sounds. Andy sees where Ken is looking.

ANDY

(seething)

You like that weirdo? Is that what you do at home when you cut yourself - Ink plates with it? ye freak.

People in office take concerned notice over the conversation. Ken is aware of them and tries to leave but as he takes the plate Andy grabs his other arm and pulls up the sleeve exposing flesh riddled with self inflicted scars in meticulous groupings on the skin. Ken pulls back but not before his arm has been exposed.

ANDY

Anything fresh? Mmmm, haven't been slicing yourself up much lately? You must not be working hard enough.

A nearby woman stands up from her desk and steps over to the pair of men. MICHELLE is a little thick but not unattractive.

MICHELLE

Enough. Leave him alone. It's none of your business what people do Andy.

Ken, hey...

Ken pulls back in humiliated anger and walks off fast, opening the door to prepress and scooting out, more embarrassed by Michelle's mercy than Andy's cruelty. Michelle lets him leave and watches with sympathy then turns to Andy.

MICHELLE

Your an asshole Andy.

ANDY

Shit man, the guys a freak, probalby the one been knocking everybody off.

MICHELLE

We've all been here that long. That's nothing to joke about.

ANDY

Who's joking. 3 salespeople, a janitor and 5 clients murdered, now Laura.

(Absently resuming work)

It's always guys like him, probably tortures 'em or some sick shit.

MICHELLE

(disgusted)

Their all still missing, not murdered, you don't know that.

You an asshole.

ANDY

Right.

INT. SHOP FLOOR - EVENING

Web press rollers slow and machine comes to a slow stop. Ken is unloading a palette of paper with a jack and lining it up against the wall. Press is now stopped. Ken walks to controls and powers the machine down.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Ken walking to the time clock, clocking out and leaving the building. On the way out ANDY passes him, rushing out the door before him with a glance but without stopping to taunt.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Ken reaches for keys and solemnly steps into his small car. With a pause and a look back at the building he starts the engine and the car drives off.

INT. KEN'S CAR

Ken driving himself home. He incessantly clicks the radio on and off as he drives home with a stone face. Voices collide in his head.

LAURA (V.O.)

Why isn't the coater on the press? I can't even coat this stock.

This piece needs to be coated, and I CAN'T COAT THIS STOCK, how many sheets did you run?

ANDY (V.O)

You like that weirdo? Is that what you do at home when you cut yourself - Ink plates with it? ye freak.

Mmmm, haven't been slicing yourself up much lately?

EXT. KEN'S DRIVEWAY

Car pulls up in driveway of a small house on a large lot. Ken steps out and walks towards his door, rubbing his eyes in exhaustion.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ken opens the door and enters. There is a woman on the couch watching a reality show on the television, EMILY, a somewhat homely and discheveled thirty something and a seasoned alcoholic is drinking from a 32oz cup of anonymous spirits. She only takes mildly interest in Kens arrival before looking back at the television. She has been drinking but that is her natural state.

KEN

Hey.

EMILY

(doesn't look up)

Hey yourself. Whaddya bring me?

KEN

Bring what?

EMILY

(Annoyed)

Food, stupid, I left a message there's nothing to eat.

Ken walking into the kitchen.

KEN

I don't always get my messages at work. Sorry, I thought we had some noodles and sauce left over from the other night.

SFX: Sounds of cabinets and refrigerator opening in the kitchen

EMILY

(sing song)

No more noodles, ate 'em. No food. Go get something.

KEN

There's... We have noodles in the cabinet.

EMILY

If you want to cook them.

KEN

It's just noodles.

Ken sticks his head out of the kitchen

EMILY

So cook 'em already! Jesus Christ.

Emily barks at him and he retreats. Ken puts the water on the stove to boil and grabs a beer, then quickly sticks his head back into the living room.

KEN

You want a beer?

Emily laughs with a snort and doesn't even respond, taking another sip from a 32 oz cup.

Ken checks water and is passively making the noodles. When noodles are in the water he sticks his head into the den to look at Emily.

He stares at her with sudden disbelief, pity and pain. SFX: Television noises fade out and are replaced by light press sounds and crushing noises. His expression becomes more calm and his eyes lose some focus. He slowly looks down at his hands, turning them over and examining the fingers as the crushing sounds drown out the press noises. SFX: Hissing of water overflowing onto the stove coils startles him and he looks up to see Emily eyeing him in annoyance. Ken ducks back into the kitchen.

Ken pours the noodles into a strainer and puts it in the sink with the water running.

KEN

Noodles ready, you want to set the table?

EMILY

(Laughing, genuinely amused)

Just leave 'em the fridge I'll get some later.

Ken sighs angrily and throws the noodles in the fridge still in the strainer, taking none. Ken walks through the room, Emily is greatly annoyed as he steps in front of the television, he mumbles as he passes.

KEN

I'm gonna go take a shower

EMILY

GO!

SFX: Sound from the reality show seems to pair of men speaking angrily and presumably talking up a fight.

VOICE(O.S.) from television
Yeah -BLEEP- Thats right, walk away, step. -BLEEP BLEEP- out.

Emily bursts into laughter.

INT. BATHROOM

Door opens and light comes on in the bathroom, Ken enters with his usual demeanor but as soon as he closes the door he nearly breaks down. Rubbing his face and staring into the mirror with hateful tears in his eyes. Steadies himself on the counter and looks hard into himself in the mirror, takes a deep breath and slaps himself very hard on the face and looks more angrily into the mirror trying to steel himself but he gives way to suppressed sobbs. He startles himself and looks at the door, locks it quickly and turns on the shower faucet, then sits down on the commode. Across from the commode are several self help books with post it notes sticking out of them. He looks at the books, then pulls one from the shelf and opens it. From a library card holder he pulls out a razor and a packet of coagulent torn open and rolled closed again. He reaches under the sink and pulls out rubbing alcohol and cleans the razor, then pulls his pants down exposing boxer shorts. He pulls back the thigh of the shorts and exposes a square 2 inch flesh colored bandage. He removes it exposing a meticulous cross hatch of self-inflicted cuts. He disinfects the cuts savoring the sting of the alcohol with satified anguish. He then holds the razor expertly and his face grows serene as he slowly etches another cross in the hatch, cutting deep into the skin but deftly dabbing behind the razor with coagulent. When the cut is done he spreads the skin with his fingers and he stares into the cut.

Door handle shakes and he looks up, then violent pounding on the door.

EMILY(O.S.)
Open the door gotta piss.

KEN
I'm... in the... shower.

Ken moves quickly to cover his tracks.

EMILY(O.S.)
Don't lock the door dammit, there's only one fucking bathroom in this piece of shit.

Ken fumbles under the sink returning the alcohol and knocks over several bottles making noise under the sink.

EMILY(O.S.)
What are you doing... Hey... Hey you're in there cutting again aren't you.

KEN
I'm on the... toilet... go away

EMILY(O.S.)
You are you fucking liar, what the hell is your problem cuttin yourself like that?

KEN
(trying to fight back)
Leave me alone. You... you... drink all day. You don't pay rent.

INT. BEDROOM

ANGLE ON Emily, stunned at first by this, then recoils in indignant anger.

EMILY
Why don't you. Your a fucking looser, your a fuck...
You fucking pussy. Why don't you come out here
and say that to me. I fuck you don't I...
You should fucking pay me...
(angry at herself for tearing up)
Fuck you.

INT. BATHROOM

EMILY(O.S.)
(shrieking)
FUCK YOU!!!

SFX: Crashing sounds from bedroom and the door slamming

Ken is still on the commode with his head in his hands. Turns off the shower and moves to the door and listens. Opens the door when he thinks it's clear.

INT. BEDROOM

A bookshelf has been nearly knocked over and there is a hole kicked in the door. He moves cautiously and quietly through the the room and the opens the door gently, checking the hall. He moves through the house to the garage, avoiding the living room but looking in to see her back on the couch.

INT. GARAGE

Ken turns on the light and enters the garage, which is filled with press parts, printing parephenalia, cartons of paper, ink tins, tools, at least two small presses, only the larger is functional, others have parts missing. Ken sits on a stool in a heap of himself and breathes heavily, trying to gain composure, he looks around the room.

INSERT DESK WITH A TYPEWRITER AND CAMERA

Ken shakes his head and stands and begins to gather tools.

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS of Kens meticulous press preparations which are his only form of relaxation and release. He hand rolls the press, cleaning each gear with zen focus. Aligns the plate rollers, brushes out the water filter. When he finally turns on the press and lets it run, paperless and inkless, he touches the machine delicately close to moving parts. SFX: Light crunching meat sounds. There are no safety guard on the press and he brushes his fingers dangerously against the most hazardous gears. He holds his hands out into the press rollers as if to offer himself into them and only barely curls his fingers back in time not to be caught by the intake. He is angelicy pensive state is suddenly broken when the door to the garage opens. He quickly turns off the press motor. Emily enters quietly and walks to Ken.

EMILY
Hey

KEN
Hey

EMILY

You bleeding anywhere, lemme hava look?

Emily tenderly reaches for his arm but he withdraws. She moves towards him and takes his arm but only holds his hand.

EMILY
Look, Ken... Here.

She pulls his arm around her and holds his neck. He allows this but with reservation. Emily is weakly attempting reconciliation.

EMILY
I was... I just had to pee okay. You had the door locked
so I got... mad.

She begins to kiss him, he can't get past her sudden change in demeanor and gently releases himself from her.

KEN
(to press)
I'm sorry. I'm, busy

EMILY
(offended)
Okay, fine.

Struts off.

EMILY
Just trying to pay my RENT! ASSHOLE!

KEN
(Calling out)
I never asked you for that... I'm sorry
(Confused about why he apologized)

Ken flips the press motor back on and engages the drum, sitting behind the press he relaxes and stares into the press.

ALTERNATING ZOOM in KENS POV looking into press, and ZOOM on KEN as if CAMERA as if attached to roller.

Kens eyes blink in sleepilyness. SFX: We hears the press rhythm and meat grinding sounds mix in, but faint overlapping voices grow and upset his meditation, drowning out the crushing sounds and accelerate his breathing and heart rate.

EMILY(V.O)
Your a fucking loser, your a fuck... You fucking pussy. I fuck you don't I...
You should fucking pay me...

LAURA(V.O)
Don't you even! HEY! Get this press loaded.

ANDY(V.O)
You like that weirdo Anything fresh? You must not be working hard enough.

MICHELLE(V.O)
Enough. Leave him alone.

Finally with Michelle's voice over he closes his eyes and in darkness the sounds change to bone crushing and meat grinding over the press sound.

SFX: Shriek of Laura McCollins from earlier. Then hydraulic machine sounds powering up.

INT. PRESS BINDARY

FADE IN LAURA'S POV. She blinks. Her legs mummified with duct tape with feet positioned under the hydraulic ram on a large paper cutter. A MAN with his back turned at the controls hits a button and the ram comes down crushing the feet and ankles with tonnes of force, cracking every bone in the feet. A shriek then FADE OUT and a moment of silence then SFX: thumping sounds as being dropped and dragged. Her eyes blink open out of focus as a very vaguely pictured man drags her down on the floor from the cutter.

MAN'S POV. Laura shrieks hysterically as she regains consciousness and realizes she is mummified and her feet are crushed. Laura is dragged to the bailer and propped with her knees bent up into the bailer and her torso outside the path of the hydraulics. She sobs and claws trying to move herself.

LAURA'S POV as the ram comes down on her knees, bending and crushing her legs both at the thigh and calf. BLACK OUT.

INT. SHOP FLOOR

Ken enters the next morning. He clocks in and walks to a washing station.

SERIES OF SHOTS AROUND SHOP of people at work on machines, a few quickly look away or look nervous.

Just as KEN is about to begin washing his hands he notices two uniformed police officers speaking to Gary through his office window. They notice his attention and Gary glances away and continues talking but officer's stare lingers a little longer. Ken walks past Gary's office.

INT. PREPRESS

Ken steps around corner slowly checking around in a blind spot before the prepress door and the hand inserter room he backs against the wall and freezes, staring and blinking disturbingly. He breathes deeply and composes himself and FOLLOW as he walks quickly past the inserting room, only glancing in for a moment but too fast to spot the girl, then shakes his head and opening the pre-press door. There only a few people there.

MICHELLE

Ken, hey.

Looks at the plate hooks, then instead walks to Michelle, seated at her desk behind her computer.

KEN

Hi.

Michelle looks expectantly at Ken and is confused by his silence.

MICHELLE

Did you, know what happened?

KEN

What?

MICHELLE
Laura went out with the other salespeople
after work, she left drunk and never came home.
They found her car off the road near the Helis Mine.

KEN
She's missing?

MICHELLE
Yes. but, you know... Right? The others.

KEN
Yes.

Michelle looks around to ensure privacy

MICHELLE
Look. I know you have this... sort of.

Michelle reaches for his arms but not touching them. Ken begins to back away.

MICHELLE
No. No. I'm just saying. With everything that's happening.
Be careful. People aren't very... understanding.

Michelle stands and leans over her desk and rolls her skirt down on the hip to reveal several small round burn marks, clearly self inflicted with cigarretes.

KEN
(astonished)
You, you shouldn't do that.

MICHELLE
(smiles)
There are lots of things people shouldn't do,
but we all gotta pick something. Right? Could be worse.

KEN
But you shouldn't, I mean. You're don't seem like
you would want to do that.

MICHELLE
Hun, nobody's perfect, things get to me, you know what I mean.
Least I don't smoke crack or something.
People that work so hard to cover up their flaws are the real troublemakers.

KEN
Yeah. Did you, ever try and see a doctor or anybody.

MICHELLE
Only several dozen, since I was like 15.

KEN
And, they didn't help?

MICHELLE
No, they did, just not the way they meant to.

KEN
How did they?

MICHELLE
Well, tried some therapy, then happy pills.
In the end they just made me even crazier.

KEN
So. Then...

MICHELLE
Maybe I'm just crazy.

KEN
I don't....

MICHELLE
Crazy is as crazy does Ken, it's just given a bad name
by people who're mean, not crazy, or sometimes crazy too.
You're not mean.

KEN
Thanks.

MICHELLE
No problem. Look, anytime you need to talk or something...

Prepress door opens and Michelle looks behind Ken and is silent. ANDY is looking accusingly at the pair from the door, then he walks to his desk.
KEN backs up and walks briskly out the prepress door. MICHELLE'S eyes follow KEN out the door regretfully.

ANDY
(Loud enough for Ken to hear on his way out)
Takin your life in your hand's you know.
Somethin wrong with that guy.

Andy immitates slicing his own arms up. Michelle actively ignores him.

ANDY
Whats you're thing with him?

Michelle ignores him more actively.

ANDY
Right. Probably a good idea to stay on
good terms with him. Don't get too close though.

KEN reenters and looks around meekly to MICHELLE then to the plate hooks. MICHELLE begins to speak but Ken makes for the plate hooks and grabs a set and backs out quickly. ANDY stares keenly at Ken all the while, then catches MICHELLE looking at KEN sympathetically and then speaks.

ANDY
Guess you won't have to worry messing up any
more of Laura's jobs.

Ken almost stands up for himself, then backs down and rushes out.

ANDY
Guys a psychopath.

MICHELLE
And you're just mean.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE

Office door opens and a uniformed police officer, BILL RYANS, enters and hands a cup to another uniformed officer, DAVID FORGER. GARY is behind his desk

FORGER
Thanks Bill.
You know we never have much to go on,
and it's been almost four months since Ed
went missing. 6 since Alice.

GARY
Ed was a client though.

FORGER
Yeah but it's all tied to this plant.

GARY
It's hard enough keeping salespeople, I
don't need anyone affiliating some
clients disappearance with my shop Dave.

FORGER
Their *affiliated* Gary, lets not be
foolish. I know what's at stake for
you here.

GARY
It's not just me, you know how
many families this plant supports.
Some of these guys been working
here forty years.

RYANS
We're not trying to disrupt your
operations Mr. Steeling.

Gary is not pleased by Ryans interjection. Forger recovers for him.

FORGER
Gary. Look. I know. I know. Okay.
Nobody is talking to the papers.
Nobody's talking to anybody. Far as
police record goes these are seperate
missing persons cases.

GARY
9 seperate missing persons cases.

RYANS
10.

FORGER
(gives Ryans a stern look)
You should consider security,
surveillance at least. All you got
is a parking lot camera.

RYANS
We can help you set something up.

GARY
I'll see to something.

FORGER
We'll need to speak to
your staff.

GARY
Yeah. Just... look, about Ken...

RYANS
We'll taken you're concerns about Richoux into concideration.

FORGER
We're not here to harass you're employees Gary,
but for the sake of your employees we need to move this
investigation forward.

GARY
I know Dave, I know, just - take it easy...

Ken passes by the window and Gary notices, officers turn to look at Ken as he passes. Ken observes the officers and quickens his pace. Officers exchange glances.

INT. SHOP FLOOR

Ken staring into rolling drum as earlier, blankly but more distracted now. SFX: Meat crushing sounds mix in with the press.
He stops the press and climbs onto the platform and begins changing a plate. As he rolls the drum he is distracted by dragging his hands across the plate edge and near the pinch rollers. Ken inserts his hands into the stopped roller and begins to turn the drum slowly pulling his hand into the breach, he grimaces at the pain and focuses angrily on the machine as he turns it. Abruptly a hand slaps him on the shoulder from out of the frame. He rises sharply and astounded. As he turns the officers are standing there looking at him harshly, FORGER removes his hand. RYANS has a notebook and pen ready, taking notes.

FORGER
Kenneth Richoux?

KEN
Yes. Ken.

FORGER
I'm Lt. Forger and this is Sgt Ryans. We need to
ask you a few questions.

KEN
But I have to...

RYANS

We've spoken to Mr. Steeling and he's agreed to allow us time with the staff our investigation requires.

KEN

Investigation?

RYANS

You're unaware of Mrs. McCollins disappearance?

FORGER

Where were you last night between 9 and 6 AM?

KEN

At my house.

FORGER

Can anyone verify this?

KEN

My, girlfriend. She lives with me.

FORGER

Your girlfriend. She was with you last night? What's her name?

KEN

(nods)

Emily.

RYANS

Emily what.

KEN

Mancini. I think.

FORGER

You think?

KEN

I haven't known her but a few months - she just sort of moved in.

RYAN

Is your home her only residence.

KEN

Yeah. I mean, she there when I get home, but... she leaves...

I don't, I don't know where she goes sometimes but...

Forger and Ryans exchange glances and Ken is more unnerved.

RYANS

We're going to have to speak with her.

FORGER

You had an argument with Mrs. McCollins yesterday.

KEN

No.

FORGER
No?

KEN
I didn't argue.

FORGER
You've had, unpleasant dealings with Ms. McCollins in the past, over work related issues.

KEN
I guess so.

FORGER
Did you harbor any resentment towards Ms. McCollins?

KEN
I don't think so.
She's just a, salesperson.

FORGER
You don't like salespeople?

KEN
I, don't know. Just don't want to be yelled at.

Ryans is scribbling furiously

RYANS
Have you ever been diagnosed with mental illness or a neurological condition?

KEN
No.

Ryan looks up from his pad.

KEN
It's, I, just. It's. I get, sort of caught up.
and I get... No. I'm not. I don't have any.

RYANS
Are you on any medications?

KEN
(with sudden authority)
No.

FORGER
Do you have a criminal record?

KEN
No. Never.

FORGER
Have you ever been under investigation

in a criminal case.

KEN

No. Why, are you asking me this?

FORGER

Mr. Richoux. We're conducting a very grave investigation here and we would appreciate your full cooperation.

KEN

I will.

RYANS

Thank you Mr. Richoux, we won't take up too much more of your time. Do you have any information regarding the disappearances of staff and clients associated with this or have any statements to make regarding the investigation?

KEN

No.

FORGER

Ken, we're going to speak to you're girlfriend. If there is anything else about last night you think you should tell us...

KEN

No.

FORGER

If we find any problems with your whereabouts last night you will be arrested - you know that.

KEN

I didn't do anything.

FORGER

Okay then, I'm sure that will be all Mr. Richoux.

RYANS

Thank you for your time.

Officers walk off leaving Ken at the press visibly shaken. He stands for a long moment before walking back to the control end of the press. DANIEL is there checking the ink mixture in the press.

KEN

Don't, touch MY PRESS!!!

The outburst is heard across the press and several heads turn. DANIEL is pale.

DANIEL

Shit man, shit man, checkin the ink. Just checking the ink. I'm supposed to be trainin, as press helper. Sorry.

Daniel hurries off. Ken checks his rage and tries to apologize to noone in particular.

KEN
I'm sorry.

EXT. KENS DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

CAMERA IN CAR with Ken as he drives up, seeing a police cruiser in the driveway. He pulls in and gets out of his car.

EMILY(O.S. from in the house)
(Shouting)
Here he is.

Door slams opens and EMILY spills out of the door, obviously drunk and in a rage. FORGER and RYANS step out after her.

EMILY
Here is. What didju do.
Got godamn cops bangin on the
door house askin about you, what the fuck did you do?

Ken takes her by the shoulders and tries to gently turn her to the house but she shucks him off.

EMILY
Get them outta here, bringin cops around.
Show them your scars. Bet they'd wanna see that.
HERE, LOOK!!!

Pulls at his shirt but he backs up and she stumbles off balance. Officers come in towards them and grab hold of Emily.

RYANS
Mrs. Mancini, please calm down.

EMILY
Gettyr hands off - HANDS OFF!!!
You mother...

EMILY attempts to spit at RYANS but misses.

RYANS
Mrs. Mancini, RESTRAIN YOURSELF.

RYANS Flashes cuffs at EMILY and she grugingly relaxes.

FORGER
Mr. Richoux we asked you if you had any mental illness.
You didn't mention any scars.

KEN
I did. I said I get caught...
It's nothing.

EMILY
He's got mentalillsness alrite. He's fucking...

RYANS
Mrs. Mancini we have you're statement.

FORGER
Mr. Richoux may I see your arms.

KEN
No.

FORGER
We can do thorough exam at the station.

KEN
Please, don't. You have
no right to do...

FORGER walks to him but KEN does not resist as FORGER pulls back his sleeves. Even Ryans is startled at the mutilation.

EMILY
Hesa freak. Hesa freak.
Letgo me you fucking cop.
Why don't you arrest him for being a freak and get atta here pig.

Pulls herself loose and turns to go back into the house. The three men stand there for a moment while Ken stares in repressed defiant rage at Emily as she storms off then to the two offices.

KEN
(choking up and nearly in tears but with venom)
Why don't you arrest me for being a freak or get out of here.

Officers exchange glances

RYANS
You are not to leave the state without notification.
Mrs. Mancini has instructions to call us
if she has any other statements to make.

Hands Ken a business card and walks to car.

FORGER
Be seein you Richoux.

Ken looks straight down in utter defeat. He sits on a patch of grass in his yard and begins picking up sticks and breaking them into even lengths and laying them out on the ground meticulously cross hatched. As he reaches for a twig his sleeve catches the line and knocks it out of shape. Ken snaps furiously and tears the stick and jabs it ferociously and repeatedly, into his inner thigh, grunting. KEN quickly regains composure and stands.

CLOSE-UP on Ken as he rises with renewed pride a stoic resolve. He straightens himself and brushes himself off but there are holes in his pants with blood trickling around them from the stick. He turns and walks to the house, with only one brief limp from the pain of the wound, straightening himself and walks to the door.

KEN enters, sees Emily on standing there with her 32oz cup, and quickly makes for the bathroom with her chasing behind shouting.

EMILY
Ono you don't. Come backere. HEY! I'm...
Yougot cops around askin me wherime frum
and where I come frum and how long I known you...

Door closes.

EMILY(O.S.)
You think I want cops asking
me why I live with some freak?
Whereye go, whateye do, what you do.
Whatdyou - do? What'dyou do? God - damn.

Ken makes it to the door, shuts it on Emily and instantly curls up on the ground in a fetal position with his fingers in his ears. SFX: Sounds of Emily pounding on the door and screaming are muffled as his fingers reach his ears, he begins trying to immitate the sound of a press to cover up the remaining sounds, chugging like a child.

KENS POV on the floor looking up then the only sound for a second is his press noise, then the press sound comes in and his eyes blink shut and BLACK then the meat crushing sounds return. A cracking sound and a thud as the door breaks and hit him in the shins. KENS eyes blink open and the camera jars with the impact and the press sounds stop. From the ground we see EMILY above raging and kicking at him. His fingers come out of his ears and the sound of Emilies voice is heard in full. Ken rises and ANGLE ON pair as she yells KEN tries to push past without using force on her. She is shoving him hard.

EMILY
Whats wrong with you, your not a man. You
crying in here? Crying? For fucks sake you
fucking looser. Goddammit you suck you
can't do anything right but make copies.

KEN
(snapping)
STOP IT!!! STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT!!!

Emily slaps him hard across the face, Ken is stunned but recomposed by the sharp pain. Emily looks momentarily frightned, then she reumes her angry tyrade.

123456789
EMILY

Don't you raise your voice to me.

Ken pushes past but knocks her just enough so she slides against a dresser. She grabs to steady herself but misses and drunkenly falls to the ground. Ken moves to help but she swings wildly knocking more junk off the dresser and bruising her hand in her flailing. She whines in pain but immediately turns on Ken. As soon as she becomes angry he shrinks back and tries to leave but she is grabbing at him and blocking his way as she rages.

EMILY
You bastard. You bastard. You don't EVER! EVER! FUUUCK!!!
I'll call those cops right now. ASSHOLE!!! I'll tellem
you hit me, they asked me if you did. I'll tell them... Doneyou dare.

Ken breaks free from the room and makes for the hall.

EMILY
You tell me what you did or I'll call them!!! They want
to know if you were here last night. I'll say you were
out somewhere late.

Ken turns with a deadly look steps to her menacingly. The move stops her dead. He reaches for her and she cowers. With a firm grip he holds her then pushes her onto a chair and gives her one good shake. Then backs up and gives her a severe look and turns away and walks to the garage,

closing the door behind. EMILY is stunned by his sudden forcefulness. She looks reconsiderate as she stands and follows him more hesitantly but with more interest.
Press motor turn on as Emily walks to the door and knocks.

EMILY
(loudly but more supplicantly)
Ken?

Press motor turns off.

EMILY
(softly)
Ken please open the door.

Sound of steps to the door. A beat of silence. Then Ken opens the door looking dark.

EMILY
Canneye come in?

Ken Backs away from the door to let her pass.

EMILY
(eyeing the garage, typewriter and camera)
Shit Ken, Whyare you always innere? You never write anything,
and your picshures suck, you just took a bunch
of pictures of your presses. Don't you get enough of
the pressat work?

KEN
I don't know.

EMILY
Why don't we go out tonight? Jessuanme.
Huh? Lets gessum drinks and go out. Forget
about all this. You never go out, you just sit here
and make copies.

KEN
I don't want to.

EMILY
You never wanna do nothing.
You justa, copymachine.

KEN
(with childish resolve)
Maybe you should move, out.

Emily takes a good long time to register this fully.

EMILY
Move. Out. Of here... Ah, Mm.

Emily stutters only for a moment before comming round with overwhelming fury.
Emily begins to hit Ken as she screams.

EMILY
MOVE OUT???!!! YOU FUCKER!!! YOU FREAK!!!

YOUR NOTHING!!! YOUR A COPIER!!! YOU SHIT!!!
FUCKING LOOSER!!!

Emily shrieks crescendo into an incoherent drunken rampage as she slams the camera on the floor and raises the heavy typeriter over her head to throw it into a rack of press parts. Ken is diminished by the violence and shrinks back as she smashes his garage.

EMILY
NOBODY, NOBODY KICKS ME OUT!!!
YOUR FUCKING NOBODY!!! FUCK YOUR
FUCKING CAMERA, FUCKING - YOU CAN'T
WRITE SHIT - YOU SUCK - YOU'RE A COPY
MACHINE!!! YOU FUCKING FREEEK!!!

Emily chucks the typeriter into the shelf but she is too close and as the typewriter hits it and rebounds knocking her in the legs doubling her over forward. A heavy motor on a higher shelf rolls off and hits right on her neck, pinning her down and severing her spine. She shakes involuntarily for an instant then goes utterly limp. Dead. A very small puddle of blood forms under her neck.

Ken had been watching with fear but he re-emerges from himself in the sudden quiet. He looks at Emily's body more like she had suddenly turned into a spaceship than died. His fascination grows and he notices the blood. Without much thought he grabs an ink knife and tin and begins scraping the blood off the floor with a professional detachment, after gathering a small amount he moves the motor and unpins her. The head rolls back revealing an anguished expression which clearly disturbs Ken. He looks away and retrieves a sak to place over her head to cover it. With the head covered he takes the typewriter and lays body out face down and duct tapes over the gash in the back of her neck to stop the blood. He then considers the body quietly for a moment, assessing the situation with sickening calm. Without a clear conclusion he sighs and walks to a chair behind the press, starts the motor, and sits down to look into the rollers.

ALTERNATING ZOOM in KENS POV and PRESS ROLLER POV angled slightly back to include EMILY'S lifeless arm

As press rolls Kens eyes blink open and shut erratically. The crushing noises slowly mix into the press sound and crescendo as his eyes shut then fly open as the crushing stops abruptly

ANGLE ON Ken as he stands and retrieves a small hatchet and with no hesitation, hacks off Emilys arm. Ken deftly wraps both bloody stumps and carries the arm to the press and with surgical concentration, inserts the pinky finger into a rotating gear. Ken pulls the rest of the arm back and looks at the mangled stump and chunks left around the gears. Ken does not smile but is entranced, methodical, and fascinated as if he were a physicist allowed into gods kitchen. He puts one more finger in the same gear then lets the thumb fall into a top roller, stripping the flesh off the thumb and most of the palm.

Ken hacks off the other arm and a foot and wraps them, but then loads the press with paper.

SERIES OF SHOTS as He runs the press at a low speed feeding body parts into various rollers and retrieving the next few sheets that pass through and laying them out around the shop, experimenting with adding inks. End with CIRCLE PAN around shop utterly filled with sheetsapers and Ken sitting behind the press looking exhausted and serene, staring into the rolling press, covered in blood and gore, Emily has no limbs and is rolled in a tarp in the corner. Kens eyes close as he stares into the rolling press and hears the newer sounds of real flesh being chewed up in the press. FADE OUT

SFX: TRASH TRUCK, BIRDS.

BRIGHTEN

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

FADE IN. KEN awakens sitting in the same chair surrounded by gore. His eyes open then he takes a startled but deep and satisfying breath. He stands and immediately begins cleaning.

SERIES OF SHOTS of running blanket wash through the press, stacking papers, and putting Emily in a trash can.

KENS CAR

Ken has cleaned up and starts car. Before he pulls out he hears.

RYANS(V.O)

Mrs. Mancini has instructions to call us
if she has any other statements to make.

FORGER(V.O)

Be seen you Richoux

Ken looks worried for the first time and rubs his eyes, then resolves himself and pulls out.

INT. SHOP FLOOR - MORNING

Ken enters and looks around. SERIES OF SHOTS few people look at him and one nods in passive but friendly acknowledgement and KEN is subtly reassured.

INT. PRE-PRESS

Ken rounds the corner and looks in the inserter room. The same very young girl looks up at him and smiles gently. Ken smiles back somewhat awkwardly but kindly but moves purposefully to pre-press, a vague smile on his face as he enters. As he enters he looks to Michelle's desk and she is not there, no other employees in sight, he looks in the other direction and suddenly Andy is in Ken's space, catching him totally undefended.

ANDY

I know what you did.

KEN

N...Nothing. I didn't do nothing.

ANDY

Bullshit weirdo. Everybody knows.
You a psychopath stalker, serial killer
rapist, pedophile. Probably a cannibal.

Andy's sudden enjoyment of Ken's overreaction registers with Ken and he internally realizes Andy's accusation is not about Emily but about Laura, he realizes Andy's play and toughens as Andy's accusations get more ludicrous.

KEN

You should just leave me alone. Andrew.

Andy's outraged by Ken's sudden display of backbone.

ANDY

You think *I'm* scared of you? Bitch.

Andy pushes him with a finger but Ken straightens instead of bending, only further enraging Andy.

ANDY
Got yourself a spine nowat everybody thinks your
a killer? You fuckin shit stain. Your too pussy.
You cut on yourself cuz your aint got balls to
cut on sombody who deserves it.

Gary enters frame from the back entrance to pre-press and walks up on the two, only catching the very last of Andy's vent but walking up behind Andy.

ANDY
Think you can cut on somebody with them pissin and
shitting themselves and beggin for...

GARY
Fellas.

Andy takes a long moment considering how much of that Gary may have just heard, Gary looks more confused than accusing. Andy seems satisfied.

ANDY
So yeah, get your plates and get back to the press, monkey, got work to do.

GARY
(almost with humor)
Andy, who the hell are you?
(waits for an answer, then seriously)
Platemaker. Make plates. Nobody calls talks
to my pressmen like that.
C'mon monkey.

Gary nods to Ken and they stroll out of pre-press after Ken grabs plates off of the hook.

INT. HALLWAY

Gary stops Ken and speaks sincerely.

GARY
Andy pushin your buttons back there?

KEN
No.

GARY
Okay, I know he's a complete ass.

KEN
Yeah.

GARY
And I know you're way above his
petty bullshit.

KEN
Yeah.

GARY
I know this is all tough for you.
(casually but sincerely)

Ken, I know you wouldn't hurt anyone.

Gary gives him a knowing closed fist pat on the shoulder. Ken looks at Gary as if he had always wanted to hear those words but just realized it.

KEN
Thank's Gary.

GARY
Okay then, look - if you wanna bring that girlfriend of yours over some time... Since Ellen died... Rosemary never gets to see you anymore and she gets to complain about how much she misses her nephew.

Gary looks back and sees Kens stunned expression, misinterpreting it's meaning entirely.

GARY
Too much, I understand. You know I won't tell you to get out more, 'specially since you got somebody at home now. Ain't nothing out there anyways... (chuckles at Kens lingering shock)
Yeah, they're a handful.

They continue walking

INT. SHOP FLOOR

GARY
Look, Andy or anybody gives you any trouble, let me know. Just... try to lay a little low maybe, (walking away distracted by something else in the shop)
not that you don't already.
Okay, take er easy Ken.

Ken looks at Gary as he walks away with a new reluctant confidence and a clear gratitude to Gary. Ken goes back to the press and begins loading plates.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Ken punches out and walks to the door and leaves.

EXT. PARKING LOT SECURITY CAMERA

Overhead security camera is a very very grainy washed tube image, clearly from an old unit. The parkinglot holds three cars, Kens small sedan car pulls out and drives away leaving only two, including one large black sedan.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE

GARY sits working over his computer, desk piled with papers. Door opens, Gary barely looks up. A man enters, only shoulders revealed as he walks around the desk to GARY'S side. GARY is unmoved from his work as the man steps beside him.

GARY
No you cannot have Monday off you should have put your request in earlier.

Man covers Gary's mouth with a cloth, he struggles then goes limp. Man drags Gary back out the door.

INT. OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA WEB PRESS

Interior security cameras are clearly newer and digital, slightly pixelized in contrast with the parking lot cameras. Man drags Gary across the frame.

INT. OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA BINDERY

Man drags the unconscious Gary to the center and leaves him, reentering the frame with visquene and wide roll duct tape gun, begins wrapping the legs and body in visquene and mummifying in duct tape.

INT. BINDARY

GARY'S POV blinks and refocuses into view, looking into the cutter just like LAURA did. GARY looks around weakly but is mummified neck to toe in duct tape and visquene restricting his movement. Focus becomes clear. ANDY pops into the frame

ANDY
(In wildly good spirits)
GOOD MORNING GARY

Andy slaps Gary hard in the face, knocking the perspective sideways then BLACK OUT.

INT. OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA BINDERY

Andy shakes Gary on the cutter

GARY'S POV again as his eyes blink open just as the sound of the cutters hydraulic fire up. Gary looks at his feet as the ram comes down on them. He screams dully but does not black out. Ram comes back up and the sound of Andy's applaus breaks out.

ANGLE ON both men.

ANDY
Great!!! You made it!!!
Gary, I'm so proud of you, everybody
blacks out - you just got your feet crushed
by a paper cutter and you stayed concious
the whole time, how do you feel?

GARY
Whhh, Mmm, Whhy

ANDY
Oh come on... why ask why?
(very amused by himself)

GARY
Ccc Cam... Camera asshole.

Andy begins taking the old man down from the cutter and loading him in the bailer knees up just like Laura.

ANDY
Yes the old parking lot camera - got that covered old man, never stopped me before.

You're fucked and that's that - might as well just go with the flow.
Wanna hear a funny story? I just jacked up your feet bitch!!!

Finished loading and steps to the controls.

ANDY
Okay now this one killed Laura but I'm expecting better things from you.
Ready?
(chuckles)
Just kidding.

Brings down the ram.

INT. OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA BINDERY

Ram comes down and Gary's arms and torso flail as his legs are shattered. Ram begins to lift and Gary stills some but still writhing.

INT. BINDARY

Andy breaks out in more applause.

ANDY
You're fantastic Gary, I really underestimated you.
Stayed alive - AND concious. Superb.
You're a real specimen you know that? An authentic specimen.

Andy drags Gary back from the machine. Gary is wrecked but still alive and even makes a few weak attempts to crawl away and swats at Andy. Andy drags to a large die cutting machine with a plate roller larger than a man. Andy lights up a cigarette as he begins loading Gary onto the machine exposing his abdomen to the die press, talking casually as he works.

ANDY
You see Gary, it's these machines really, not me...
They really just beg you to run somebody all up
through them. All this power - just to make copies
of peoples bullshit?
That can't be right.
So I figure, hey - try something new.

Ken stretches Gary's legs back straight, sending Gary into fits of agony.

ANDY
Multitasking. Thinking - outside - the box.
It's all about people, people helping people...
Alright - gotch all set. Moren a few didn't make it this far, you should be proud.
And don't worry about your machines - gotch all wrapped in visquene and duct tape so
your
gooey insides stay inside.
(taps his head)
See, I'm completely underutilized here. You
just had no idea what I was capable of
did you? You're so out of touch with
your staff Gary.

GARY
You'll... You're...

ANDY
What? Oh, no, darling.
No, shhhh, don't speak. This is your moment.
Own it.

GARY's POV as the die stamp comes down hard on his abdomen, pushing sickeningly far into his chest and stomach. Blood and Gore fly out his mouth under the camera frame. Gary makes appropriate sounds.

ANDY(O.S.)
God, dammit - Gotta clean that shit up... You old fucker, always gotta have the last word.
Here, you old fuck.

Andy appears in the frame wrapping duct tape around Gary's mouth several times. Andy steps out of frame.
stamp comes down again and the sound of fluid and gore barely bubbling out of the duct tape as Gary writhes and bucks. The frame grows red in parts and slowly fades out of focus as the ram comes down again and the screen finally goes black.

INT. OVERHEAD SECURITY CAMERA BINDERY

ANDY takes down Gary's limp body and begins wrapping the crushed and softened corpse into a sickly contorted ball and wrapping it in visquene and duct tape.

FADE OUT:

EXT. KENS DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Ken rolls into his driveway. Ken gets out of the car and starts for his house. A police cruiser suddenly yelps the siren and turns quickly into the driveway.

FORGER
(from the window)
Ken. Hold on.

Forger steps out of the car. Ken is stirred but remaining skeptically cool.

FORGER
(looks him over)
Got a minute, Mr. Richoux?

KEN
I guess so.

FORGER
You're girlfriend waiting on you?

KEN
Not really.

FORGER
She home?

KEN
Not, right now. I think.

FORGER
Not a real straight talker are you Richoux?

I don't care much for that.

KEN
Alright.

FORGER
Came down here to speak to you personally,
man to man.
I've known Gary Steeling a good long while and he
knows people. He says you wouldn't hurt a fly.
Why is it then, that you got all them scars on ya, and
folks say you been known to get more than your
share of plate cuts, and paper cuts, bad ones, from the roll.

KEN
Those are accidents. Mostly.

FORGER
I can forgive you lying to me
long as you don't treat me
like I'm stupid.

KEN
(quaking)
I just have to sometimes.

FORGER
Uh huh.
So how do you feel about
cuttin on somebody elses flesh?
Somebody you didn't like - maybe
that Andy fella. Gary says he's got
it in for ya. Ever think about gettin back at him?

KEN
(sincere but becoming frustrated)
No, No, I don't like when people are... hurting... in pain.

FORGER
Even somebody like Andy, sombody
who ruffles ya just for kicks?

KEN
I don't think I could.

FORGER takes time to consider, then half accepts.

FORGER
Okay.
I trust Gary, and he trusts you,
but you don't make much sense to me boy.
You stay clean Richoux.

Forger turns but on a whim turns back.

FORGER
Just out of sheer curiosity,
What do you think about all

these disappearances? You worry?
You know anybody you think would...

KEN
(cuts him off)
It's Andy.

Forger is genuinely startled.

FORGER
Wait what?
Do you have any proof?

KEN
No.

FORGER
Then why would you say something like that?

KEN
He... I don't know, he's just - sick.

Forger is momentarily frozen and then recovers, considering KEN severely. He get in his car and sits a beat then backs out shaking his head not looking at KEN. He drives away. Ken watches the car pull away then goes into the house.

INT. DEN\LIVING ROOM

When Ken closes the door he stops a moment to reflect, then runs straight in the garage where he is almost suprised to find it just as he left it.

INT. GARAGE

He looks to the trash can with Emily's body. Carries it back through the house and after a peek out the window and then opening the door and checking, carries the can outside.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

He begins to carry it to the curb, then with another quick rubberneck, pops the trunk on his car and dumps the body in, closing it quickly and doing a poor job of looking nonchalant afterwards as he brings the can back into the house.

Ken enters the house. A moment later Ken fly's out of the house and into the car, starts it, and drives off

EXT. HIGHWAY

CAMERA in car with Ken. It is dark, he is nervous, clicking the radio on and off repeatedly. Looking in the rear views in a triangle pattern. Rubbernecking constantly.

INSERT signs leading to the Helis Mine area.

Ken sees two police cruisers parked driver doors in on the median and stiffens, but passes unnoticed.

CAMERA at GROUND LEVEL on a gravel road as Kens car turns on and rolls over it, his lights are on. PAN to follow Kens car as it rolls out he turns out his lights just as the car crests a hill and turns out of sight. PAN back to it's original angle and a large black sedan rolls by very slowly with the lights off.

CAMERA attached to the outside of Kens car on the drivers side as he pulls up along side a very old railing on the edge of a deep crevace in an abandoned mining area.

CAMERA in car with Ken as he turns off the engine and rubs his eyes for a moment. Ken steps out and walks to the trunk, pops it, and begins to drag the body out. He hears the light movement of gravel and turns, as he turns back he is hit in the head by a piece of wood and blacks out. Sounds of dragging along gravel.

KENS POV on the ground looking up at a dark figure coming into focus. Ken has been dragged back from the trunk and the figure is comes into focus. Andy is examining Emily's corpse. Turns to see Ken awakening, Ken raises his hands and sees that they are bound. Begins to sit up then the figure walks over and puts his foot down on Ken, laying him flat.

ANDY
Whoa there my man... easy...
Can't have you making any crazy
moves. What with all this...

ANGLE ON both men as Andy pulls back some of the covering on the corpse revealing the horrified face of Emily. Ken recoils but Andy is delighted and plays with the face, kissing it.

ANDY
(with genuine delight)
KEN!!! KENNY KEN KEN KEN!!!
KEN RICHOUX!!! HA!!! Amazing!
I never knew... never would have guessed...
YOU!!! THIS!!! YOU!!! Outstanding buddy!!! Outstanding!!!
Your a real psychopath aren't you, FANTASTIC!!!

KEN
No.

ANDY
Come on now man, when I saw your car I thought...
well I didn't know what to think but this...
(Turns Emily as if a prize on Wheel of Fortune)
Well I just have to rethink everything now.

Ken props himself up and tries to sit indian style slowly, Andy watches and allows. Ken is absorbing this with a growing fear and anger as he realizes what Andy is saying.

ANDY
Seriously though, tell me about it. You make her
watch? You gotta make 'em watch. Best part...
Seriously... how'd she die?
(examining the body casually for cause of death)
you strangle her or something?

KEN
No... I...

ANDY
Alright, she's your girlfriend, you
don't have to tell me your intimate
secrets. Mind if I have a run at her though?
(examining vulgarly, sniffs)
She's still in decent, shape - I guess...
Kinda gamey though... Just kiddin...

I only do that when they're still alive.
I don't judge though, your stocks way
up in my book so you do what you want.

Ken starts to stand, clearly angry.

ANDY
Alright now... better keep your seat.

Andy pulls out a small pistol and waves it at Ken.

KEN
What do you want?

ANDY
Me? Nothing I got what I wanted, more in fact -
and you - you are just the icing on the cake.
I've had a great day, best day ever, can I tell you
about it? Good... You know I always wanted to talk to
you like this... Well, no I didn't - but I didn't know you
were a certified psycho killer like for real.

ANDY steps closer to ken and crouches, almost friendly, dangling the gun.

ANDY
Man... my day.
I went over to this chicks house last night...
Great lady I'll introduce you later... had some fun,
Took her over to my pad and left her so we could play
when I got of work - had it all planned out right...
Well, Gary walks up on us today during our chat
and... well, I have to admit I thought
he might have overheard something he shouldn't. And
the old mans a pain in my ass so I decide - hey, I've been
rolling mostly just bitches lately - what with Laura - so maybe
I'll have some fun with Gary, make it two-fer.

KEN
Gary's my friend.

ANDY
Don't interrupt me, Ken... Man, I'm trying to
tell you about my day here. How is this relationship
ever going to work if we can't communicate?

ANDY bops Ken on the head with the gun.

ANDY
So I have some fun with Gary, go home, pick up my girl.
Gonna come out here and... then you... I just could
never in a million years.
Oh. Oh... Check this out...

Moves to the side of the car and rolls out a ball of duct tape and visqueen, bits of hair and blood
protrude from the seams in places. Ken looks in disbelief until it registers that it is GARY'S tortured
remains.

ANDY

(kicking the ball)
Say hello Gary. Brought him up here
to dump him down the hole, great minds think alike. Eh?

Ken jumps to the ball in tears and beats his head against it, simultaneously working at his wrist restraints in desperate anger and grief. Andy kicks him back on the ground.

ANDY
Ken, your the genuine article aren't you?
You're so sick you don't know if you're
comming or going. You just slaughtered
your own girlfriend and your wailing over the
crushed meatball that used to be your boss?
What gives?

KEN
I DIDN'T KILL HER!!! YOUR SICK!!! YOUR SICK!!!
GODDAMNIT, Fuck.
(weeping)

ANDY
Ken, you get my hopes up... I'm thinking...
hey, maybe I got a friend here... we could
grab some beers, do some hookers... whatever.
then all this... Shame... You're a real mixed up dude.
(more to himself)
Well I should know by now to trust my instincts...
(with real disappointment)
knew you were too pussy...
(remembering himself)
Hell, you might be fun yet... A three-fer... Damn.
Tell you what. Since you like cuttin so much...
Got a suprise for ya... Stay put.

Andy rushes off. Ken instinctively begins to work at his restraints. He realizes the futility and then looks around for another solution, as he begins to stand he hears.

ANDY
Downboy, keep your seat... your gonna need that
energy - you got work to do. Gary's a meatloaf, you work for me now.

We hear a quiet muffled whimper just before Andy comes into view leading Michelle by the arm, arms bound and gagged, badly beaten, but nothing is broken. He tosses her on the ground near Ken and they look at each other with fear, then a machete falls between them. They look up at Andy, who is smiling, and waving the gun but not pointing it, he it supremely confident.

ANDY
Go on, I wanna see you work.
He wouldn't let me watch with Emily here.

Andy holds up Emily's body for Michelle to see, Michelle looks to Ken and he shakes his head but she is too petrified and just sobbs.

ANDY
Pick it up, I'm gonna see you cut into somebody tonight, you or her.
Either way you'd better cut deep. Go on, cut her up you twisted fuck.
Better cut something, fore I get bored witcha.

KENS POV as he picks up the machete by the blade and cuts through his restraints, barely noticing as he draws his own blood in the process. His move to Michelle. He looks down at the blade and the blood in his hands then up at Andy like an uncertain child. Andy smiles.

CLOSE UP ON KEN as he snaps. He instantaneously hurls the blade at Andy and rushes him nearly as fast as the blade flies. Andy gets off two quick but reckless gunshots, one striking Ken in the side of the arm. The blade hits awkwardly and does no serious damage but as soon as Ken is upon Andy he unleashes a riot of spastic blows to his neck and eyes which Andy is unprepared for and meets with no defense.

Andy slowly sinks against the trunk then to the ground under. Ken keeps stomping on Andy an exorbitant number of times as he blubbers and sobs. Ken stops and looks down at Andy's corpse, suddenly struck by the sight he stops crying, he looks at the corpse as if it had grown into a rose garden right before his eyes.

KEN turns his head and his eyes widen then fall sad. PAN to where Michelle was. She lay awkwardly sideways on the ground with a bullet hole in her head. She bears a stunned expression with eyes wide open, dead. Kens eyes well up again but he moves quickly to cover the head and lays her in a more comfortable looking position.

Ken stands and looks around in disbelief. Surveys the scene; the Gary ball, Emily's stump, Andy beaten to death laying crooked on the ground, and Michelle looking almost human among the other broken bodies. He focuses on Michelle and considers a moment, then EMILY, then MICHELLE. With another quick glance around he picks her up and puts her in his trunk carefully. He then grabs EMILY and hurls her over the side into the chasm. He leaves ANDY and the GARY ball and drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION

Forger and A TECHNICIAN are sitting at a computer reviewing last night's torture footage, just reviewing a part before Gary's legs are crushed to get a clear shot of the perp's face when he walks closest to the camera.

FORGER
(to no one)
Jesus H. Christ.

Ryans enters through a door with news but Forger stands and turns gravely and blocks his view of the screen. Both men look as if they know the other has something important to tell them.

_123456789_987654321_

RYANS
Those Gary's webcams, the ones he hooked up after Laura went missing?

FORGER
Yeah. Took a look when Gary's wife called this morning. The Press called and said a designer was missing too, but it looks like it might be unrelated.

Forger turns to let RYANS see the screen, on which Gary is pinned under the bailer flailing. Ryans takes a long look and puts it together quickly.

RYANS
(with concern)
Dave you shouldn't be watching this.

Forger turns his attention away from the screen and to Ryans.

FORGER
I've already seen it. Gary's dead.

RYANS

There's something else.
An officer from sixths is on
the scene at on overlook near the Helis mine.
Two bodies. One beaten to death and the other one... was... mutilated.

FORGER

ID on the one that was beaten?

RYANS

Identified as Andrew Wright. Vehicle on the
scene was registered to him
Plate guy over at the press.
We don't have a positive on the... other one.

Forger begins calculating upon hearing Andy was found dead too.

FORGER

Wrapped in duct tape? It's Gary.
Wrights Dead?

RYANS

Yeah. We going to pick up Richoux or what?

Forger turns sharply on Ryans.

FORGER

No. It was Andy.

RYANS

(looking closely on the screen)
Wright? Your sure.

FORGER

Very.

Forger turns and nods to the TECHNITIAN, who clicks and brings up a series of screen captures clearly showing Andrew Wright. Forger looks with professionally subdued hatred into the picture.

FORGER

Ryans, do me a favor and wrap up the report on this tape with Derek here.

RYANS

Sure thing Dave.

Forger stands and walks to the door purposefully. Door Closes.

EXT. KENS HOUSE - MORNING

Door opens and Ken steps out briefly blinded by the mid morning sun. He is wearing a mildly satisfied look even squinting, he looks back to the house and smiles inwardly before turning back to walk to his car. Before he takes a step he hears.

FORGER(O.S.)

Ken.

Reveal Forger sitting on his car with an uneasy look.

KEN
Lt. Forger.

FORGER
Gary's dead.

Kens expression saddens slowly but is not shocked. Forger examines his reaction closely.

FORGER
Gary was, a good friend of mine. He was murdered last night...
(breaking bet recovering)
He shouldn't have died the way he did.

Ken begins to nod but checks himself, becoming skeptical that he might betray what he should not know. He remains silent and guarded. Forger stands and walks to Ken. Forger is between anger and grief, and seeming to try to make up his mind if to be angry at Ken but he is still an investigator and his tone is still an interrogation.

FORGER
Lotta folks gone missin from that shop.
Lotta good folks.
Turns out you had an idea who was
responsible.
(with sudden ferocity)
Did you know what he was doing to them?

Ken seems begin to show and he is scared and confused by what he is being asked and not sure if he is being accused of something.

KEN
(as if a confession, beginning to bow his head and give way to tears)
No. No I, Didn't know anything.

Forger considers his response but believes him fully.

KEN
(suddenly splitting open)
HE WAS MY FRIEND!!! GARY WAS MY... AND M

Catches himself on the syllable before saying much of 'Michelle'. Forger is too taken by the outburst to catch the syllable. Forger gives him room and Kens outburst helps him recover some of his professional distance but Forger is moved.

FORGER
Gary's gone... and many more...
Probably in ways that...
(with knowing force)
Well I guess that won't be
happenin anymore will it Ken?

Forger gauges Kens reaction and seems to determine with apparent acceptance that Ken probably did kill Andy.

FORGER
Look, Gary said you were harmless.
That may not be precisely the case but...
given the circumstance I... think if Gary were... he'd want...

(recovering again)

We've got security footage of Gary's murder, Andy murdered him, probably the others too. Andy's was murdered last night too, found him out by the Helis mine, next to Gary. No way to tell what happened there last night. I guess I just came by to make sure we didn't have any more business together.

KEN
(seriously but without animosity)
We don't.

FORGER
Alright then Ken, you stay clean and... take... care of yourself.
(making an effort to end the conversation casually)
Hey how's that girlfriend of your's treatin you?

KEN
I asked her to move out.

FORGER
Ooo, bet that went well...

KEN
No, it didn't.

FORGER
Aaa, you're better off, kind of a drunk wasn't she?
Loud too...
Well good luck Ken.

Turning to leave.

KEN
Thanks.

Forger turns around then puts out his hand for Ken. Ken takes it and Forger shakes his hand with both of his, saying more with the shake than with his words.

FORGER
You run that press Ken,
run it for Gary, he said you
were the best.

Ken watches as Forger turns and gets back in his car. Forger only looks back at Ken once as he pulls out and drives away.

INT. SHOP FLOOR

Ken enters.
SERIES OF SHOTS around shop as people go about their business, noone looks at he at all. Ken relaxes somewhat and walks to clock in. KEN walks past Gary's office, where he looks in briefly but turns away and continues.

INT. PRE-PRESS

Ken steps around the corner, he looks in the inserter room and sees the same young girl and SLOW MOTION as she looks up at him and smiles casually, he slowly but with assurance grows a smile right back at her. SLOWLY SPEED UP TO NORMAL as her smile brightens and she looks down shyly, then back up at Ken, who is still smiling, and nods to her as he walks on, he it

still smiling as we walks past and opens the door to pre-press. KEN enters prepress where, DANIEL is sitting at Andy's old desk.

DANIEL
Hey Ken.

KEN
Daniel?

DANIEL
Right, taking over plates, looks like. Gotchours right there.
(points to the plate hooks)

Ken looks at the hooks then his eyes wander to Michelles desk.

DANIEL
Yeah Michelle hadn't come in since... well... but they say
it's probably unrelated since they know where Andy was - well...
anyway... sorry. Been weird around here you know.

KEN
Yeah.

Ken looses interest in Daniel but politely dismisses himself by grabbing his plates off the hook.

KEN
Thanks.

Ken takes one more significant look at Michelles desk before he walks out. Just as he is about to round the corner of the hallway the young girl from the inserters, MARIE walks out of the door. Their eyes meet and they smile reactively at one another.

KEN
Hi.

MARIE
Hi.

KEN
I'm Ken.

MARIE
Ken, (offers her hand, Ken shakes it gently)
I'm Marie

KEN
(Smiles as he tastes the name)
Marie.
Are you, going on break?

MARIE
No, I have class. I just work here part time - I'm in art school.

KEN
Art school. Your an artist like, paintings?

MARIE
Sort of, more like design but - yeah I like to paint.

(half question/half statement)
Your an artist?

KEN
No, not really. I always wanted to, do something like that.

MARIE
Well your a pressmen, that's art - like - printmaking and stuff,
they teach some of that at art school.

Ken is openly fascinated.

KEN
Printmaking, right.
(in happy realization)
I guess I, yeah - I do that.

MARIE
Cool, we'll maybe you could show
me your work sometime

KEN
(with sudden reservation)
I don't know...

MARIE
Aw come on, I'll show you some of my paintings...
But people say I'm actually kind of morbid.

KEN
(smiling at the irony)
Morbid, nah you can't be morbid.

MARIE
Some of my paintings are, just dark - I guess.

KEN
I like dark.

MARIE
Make you a deal;
You teach me to run a press and I'll teach you to paint.

KEN
(stunned)
Deal.

They begin to walk down the hall together.

MARIE
Cool, well I got class right now but, I
usually come back to get some hours in
after five, don't you work late alot? Seen you
here late alot.

KEN
(flattered)
Yeah I do.

MARIE
Cool, I'll talk to you after five, right?

KEN
Of course.

MARIE
Okay, bye.

KEN
Bye, have a good - class.

MARIE
Okay you too - er... okay bye.

Marie and Ken separate as Ken walks over to the web press area. Ken her walk away, she looks back a few times, smiling girlishly. Kens smile grows and then he turns to the press. Ken walks to the rear controls and starts the rollers slowly.

ANGLE ON Kens as he stares into the press rollers, his smile fades into a more mild serenity. Press rythm slowly drowns out other show noise. TIGHTEN SHOT on Kens face and the only sound is Kens breathing and the press rollers, Kens face is almost back to passive as a slow roll of crushing meat and bone mixes into the sound effects, just as crushing sounds become audibly discernable Ken smiles again, hauntingly this time and CAMERA fades to BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.

