

BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP

AN AMERICAN STORY

Written by

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FADE IN:

BEGIN ANIMATED SEQUENCE

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

A bustling Korean city. An up-and-coming neighborhood with new stores, automobiles, and scores of street market vendors.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A long time ago, in a country far,
far away...

TITLE CARD: Japanese-controlled Korea, 1933.

Settle on two teenage GIRLS: Bo-Ram (15) and Seol-Hee (17)
walk down the street carrying book bags.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There lived two girls, trying to
get ahead in life with their own
ambitions.

They navigate the crowds, matching the frenetic energy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bo-Ram and her older sister Seol-
Hee were eager to utilize their
skills. If their own country
couldn't secure its independence,
then, damnit, the girls would earn
it for themselves.

Bo-Ram carries a thin stone slate painted with lavish colors.
Seol-Hee clutches stacks of paper with beautiful calligraphy.
They gawk at the endless vendor carts lining the street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Japan was hungry to make a profit
off their annexed territory.
Investors were aggressive, and
business was booming...

Grim-faced Japanese SOLDIERS clutch guns and stand fast. Bo-
Ram huddles against her sister as they walk passed.

Then they observe a MAN peddling art. Painting and
calligraphy. The girls look at their own work, then at his...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...And Bo-Ram and Seol-Hee wanted
their piece of the action.

The sisters make eye contact.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
So they worked for forty days and
forty nights, painting, writing,
building and saving...

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS — BO-RAM AND SEOL-HEE WORK AND SAVE

A. In a classroom, Seol-Hee huddles over her desk, writing calligraphy as a TEACHER lectures on...

B. Bo-Ram looks out her kitchen window at children playing in the field. Then she's back to her stone slate, determined.

C. Middle of the night. The girls work with wood by candlelight, fashioning what looks like a vendor cart.

D. In the bedroom, the girls pool their money. Seol-Hee finishes counting. They smile at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET MARKET - DAY

A giddy Bo-Ram and Seol-Hee push their small, amateurish cart down the crowded street.

NARRATOR
There weren't many girls selling at
the markets, but they didn't care.

TO THEIR VENDOR SPACE

The girls set up their racks of art.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Soon, they made their first sale.

An OLD MAN approaches, cheerful, and selects a painted slate from the rack. Seol-Hee smiles and checks him out. The girls ogle over the cash.

EXT. STREET MARKET - VENDOR CART - DAYS LATER

Bo-Ram and Seol-Hee focus on their work behind the counter.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next few weeks, the girls ran shifts after school and on days off. They were quite the enterprising entrepreneurs.

Bo-Ram's paintings line the racks. Seol-Hee marks calligraphy on scrolls, stone and paper.

THAT NIGHT

The girls count their pay for the day.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Soon, they had enough for two boat tickets. Their destination? The United States of America. The land of the free, and of opportunity.

EXT. STREET MARKET - VENDOR CART - NIGHT

Bo-Ram works on a new piece: a beautiful female form in contrasting yellow shades.

Seol-Hee wraps up the cart for the night.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But first, America came to them, in the form of a businessman with certain...

An oversized AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN (50s) steps from the shadows and smiles down at the girls. Sinister. Predatory.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Ambitions...

Seol-Hee holds up a sign in Korean. "CLOSED." But the American points at Bo-Ram's new piece, menacing. She clutches it close to her chest. Seol-Hee furrows her brow and stands tall, pushing the "CLOSED" sign in the man's face.

Two THUGS appear out of the shadows behind him.

The girls' eyes widen and they cower. Bo-Ram TAKES OFF. Seol-Hee can't stop her.

The thugs chase after her.

EXT. STREET MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Bo-Ram dashes under carts and down alleys, thugs in hot pursuit.

She makes a few quick turns and pauses to catch her breath, clutching the new art piece. Then--

--Hulking shadows loom over her. She looks up in pure fright:

THE THUGS GRAB HER.

She thrashes, but her small body is no match for the huge Americans. They push her into a huge car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Seol-Hee sprints through the crowd. She reaches the limo just as it speeds off. She watches it go with tearful eyes...and sees Bo-Ram's handprint on the rear window as it disappears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The American knew the Japanese government wanted young Korean girls to service soldiers on the battle fronts. He thought he found his cash cow. But Seol-Hee wouldn't give up that easily on her sister.

EXT. MILITARY CAMP - DAY

A large field with military tents and vehicles sprawled about. In the distance, gunfire and explosions signify an ongoing battle.

Groups of soldiers trot every which way. But we settle on the outskirts of the camp, where Seol-Hee crouches behind the brush dressed in all black.

With startling grace, she springs up and navigates the camp, dodging soldiers and ducking behind trucks and buildings.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Seol-Hee slinks up to a barracks and peaks through a window:

INSIDE THE BARRACKS

The American Businessman sits on his bed. Naked, bloated, puffing a cigar. Beside him:

BO-RAM!

Seol-Hee's eyes go wide at the sight of her sister.

Bo-Ram is beaten and numb with a thousand-yard stare. The sheets are a feeble attempt to cover her tiny body. And above them on the bed: her new yellow art piece of a woman's form.

Seol-Hee brushes away a tear and squints her eyes. She pushes up the window and slides into the quarters.

The American takes a big puff and smiles, filling the room with smoke--

--But then Seol-Hee appears out of the smoke, holding a knife. The American's eyes go wide as Seol-Hee jumps on his belly and SLITS HIS THROAT.

Blood pours as the man howls...another SLASH and he's dead.

Bo-Ram: an unblinking stare. Seol-Hee jumps to her side and tries to wake her. Suddenly: Japanese soldiers at the door.

Seol-Hee SWIPES the knife to keep them at bay. But she's running out of time.

Finally, Bo-Ram stirs. She gets up as her sister fights off the soldiers. She takes the art piece off the wall and runs up behind her sister.

Seol-Hee backs toward the window with the knife outstretched. They reach the window...the soldiers are about to pounce.

But Seol-Hee throws the knife at their feet and disappears.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Seol-Hee moves through the night with Bo-Ram on her shoulder.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The girls fled with the cash they
had from their business.

Seol-Hee stops to rest, panting. She looks up at the moon, bright in the sky.

EXT. BOAT ON THE PACIFIC - NIGHT

The moon shines in a clear sky. And looking up at it: Seol-Hee and Bo-Ram.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The girls embarked on their journey to America. And that's when Bo-Ram shared the news.

Bo-Ram taps Seol-Hee and places her hand on her belly.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Seol-Hee helps a now-showing Bo-Ram board a train with their few belongings...just a few trunks. Bo-Ram still carries the yellow art piece.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Seol-Hee wanted to put as much space between her family and her home country as possible. So her plan: head east. Find work. And start a new life.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

A stormy night booms overhead as Seol-Hee and Bo-Ram huddle together on the train car. Bo-Ram is very pregnant.

OUTSIDE

The train chugs along the midwestern plains. Rain falls in sheets, lightning streaks the sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On a stormy night, fifteen-year-old Bo-Ram gave birth to twins. Both of them a product of the American Businessman's deranged desires.

INSIDE THE TRAIN

A DOCTOR removes a mask, solemn. A NURSE holds twins and hands them to--

--SEOL-HEE, teary-eyed and devastated. The doctor puts a hand on her shoulder.

BO-RAM in bed, eyes closed, peaceful. But dead.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bo-Ram died during childbirth, somewhere in the American Plains on the trans-continental railroad.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station. Seol-Hee steps off holding the twins. A MAN places her bags by her feet at the platform and she nods in thanks.

Seol-Hee looks around, taking in her new surroundings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When Seol-Hee and the twins arrived
in Boston, it was time to start
that new life.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

Seol-Hee steps into a motel room with the twins.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Using what was left of her wits,
Seol-Hee began to acclimate. Her
new life began with her niece and
nephew, who she named...

The babies squirm and smile up at their aunt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...Ren. And Stimp.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ANIMATED SEQUENCE.

TITLES: "BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP."

FADE IN:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - CUTTING ROOM - DAY - BILL'S DREAM

A tabletop slicer CARVES rare roast beef, causing hearty rose-colored juice to seep out. A neat pile of ribboned meat shines under the lights.

BILL MORRISSEY, 44, white, wipes his brow. He stands in the cutting room of his butcher shop.

Bill is short, balding and doughy with droopy eyes that suggest a constant, despondent ennui. His butcher's apron is stained with blood, now browning with age.

He places a slice of meat in his mouth and chews. His eyes roll back in orgasmic revelry, as if this meat is the one thing right in his world.

He brings another to his lips—

But REN PARK, 21, glides by and snatches it, washing it down with a swig of Narragansett beer.

BILL

Ren!

She's Korean-American and stands at 5'9". Adult acne and pockmarks dot her face. Her oversized apron dangles off her wiry frame.

BILL (CONT'D)

Why aren't you at the counter? WHY are you drinking? It's ten am!

REN

Stimpy says it's 5 pm in London.

BILL

Stimpy can't even point out the UK on a globe.

STIMPY (O.S.)

Hey...I heard that...

STIMPY PARK, 21, shuffles in. He's Korean, and Ren's twin, evident from their piercing blue eyes. He shares her height but has significant bulk that adds to his looming, bumbling presence. And his butcher's apron is laughably undersized.

BILL

Both of you...go take orders!

Ren hops up on the meat counter and considers this, but decides to digress:

REN

I's thinking. Let's sell ice cream.

Stimpy perks up.

STIMPY

I love soft serve!

Bill is stunned at the prospect.

BILL
Off the counter! And that's
impossible. There are no live cows
here.

But then - MOOO!!

Bill grabs his head and glares out a grimy back window where
about ten cows graze in the spotted lawn.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Disgruntled CUSTOMERS wait in line. Their eyes scan the
SUCCULENT MEATS, from roast beef to sirloin cuts, pork chop,
pork belly, beef tongue...

From nowhere, a COW shuffles through the store and marches up
to the case of meats.

BILL (O.S.)
What did you DO! Oh, what did you
spend...

The cow sticks her head into the open beef case and SNIFFS
suspiciously.

Customers stare, dumbfounded. The cow SLOGS behind the
counter. Bill appears in the doorway and sees her.

Bill releases a primal, guttural HOLLER. Customers cringe.
The cow MOOS in unison with Bill - a pained harmony.

An OLD LADY marches up to the front desk and taps the service
bell as Bill's tantrum IGNITES.

DING!

DING!

DING!—

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bill's alarm clock BUZZES to the rhythm of the service bell
in his dream. He GROANS and smacks it off.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON OATMEAL: a ladle slops the pale, chunky porridge from a pot--

--Into Bill's bowl. He stares at it, dejected. Reaches for a bowl of sugar on the table--

SALLY (O.S.)
Tsk tsk...

Bill's hand jerks away from the sugar. Looks up at:

His wife, SALLY MORRISSEY, 37, Korean. She's stern with a hardened beauty, and her neat 1950s housewife attire compliments her attractive figure.

SALLY (CONT'D)
No sugar! You're at risk for gout!
Your legs will creak like the floor
under your weight.

Bill looks at her with a pitiful frustration.

BILL
Why you breathing down my god damn
neck every morning?

She tilts her head, further irked by his retort.

SALLY
You think you'd ever get out of bed
if I wasn't here to drag you out?

Bill rubs his forehead, regretting that he sent her off.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Not only do you leave this house a
mess for me to clean up, you can't
even run your own store! You're
lucky those meats are so delicious!
If that store relied on you? We'd
be bankrupt next week.

This stings Bill. He suffers a swallow of oatmeal. Sally removes her apron and fixes her hair.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I have my appointment with the
fertility doctor tomorrow. I'll
need the car in the afternoon.

She turns to begin cleanup. Bill's head sinks to the bowl.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I did the shop books for the month.
Time to pay the shop mortgage.

Bill's head sinks lower. Sally looks up at the clock.

SALLY (CONT'D)
And you're late for opening for the
third straight day...

Bill cracks.

BILL
It's those *fucking* twins!

Sally turns to face him...

SALLY
What about them?

BILL
They're gonna burn the place down!
They can't get orders right. They
don't listen to me... Christ
almighty, they're a nightmare. I
can't sleep, can't think...

He softens his glare, aiming for pity. Sally isn't buying it.

BILL (CONT'D)
Sally, you gotta understand. I
think I'm gonna crack.

SALLY
Don't blame your hardships on Ren
and Stimp. They've had it much
tougher than you...

Bill shakes his head, further dejected and straining with
despair. His searching eyes reveal a pain within.

SALLY (CONT'D)
This is my family, Bill. Find a way
to make it work.

Bill inhales, fighting tears. Sally eases up, putting a hand
over his. He looks up at her, trying to understand.

SALLY (CONT'D)
For me? Please?

She kisses the top of his head. A surprisingly tender moment--
--Cut short by a guttural GROAN from Bill.

BILL

The stress. It's almost too much...

The softness slips from Sally as quickly as it appeared.

SALLY

The stress is getting to me too,
you know. I haven't climaxed in six
weeks.

Sally pulls away from Bill. His pudgy fists grip his hair.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Guess that's just another chore I
have to do around here...

She marches up the stairs of their modest home.

A coffee kettle SCREECHES to a boil. Bill lets it go, staring
into his oatmeal.

BILL'S DAYDREAM - DAY

The kettle's SCREECH fuses with the SHEAR of a meat slicer.

A hand sporting a wedding ring runs through the slicer,
finger by finger.

A knife severs the carotid artery of a HOWLING hog.

A deluge of red blood CASCADES onto white snow.

END BILL'S DAYDREAM

Bill blinks as steam BLASTS from the kettle. He proceeds to
pour sugar into his oatmeal.

EXT. BILL'S STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Rows of middle-class New England cape houses stretch down a
pretty snow-covered side street. Oversized 1950s cars sit in
driveways, some crested with hardened snow.

SUPER IN/OUT: "The Suburbs, 1954"

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Bill steps from his house and shuffles toward his car. He
takes EXTRA care not to slip on the icy walkway.

LARRY (O.S.)
Hi-ya Bill!

Bill flinches at the sound of the voice. He looks up to see:

LARRY NIEDERMEYER, 50, tall and balding in an overcoat and glasses, waves at Bill with pure enthusiasm.

BILL
Mornin, Larry.

LARRY
Say, you see the coat of paint on
my fence?

Bill sees a pristine white fence shining, uncovered by snow.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Egg-shell white. Got that new lead-
based kind, s'posed to save the
industry. Weather *resistant* they
call it. Don't crack with the cold!

Larry beams. Bill sulks.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Lemme know if ya want a can. I'm on
the Dominion account, got loads
of'em! You'll see our ads soon on
the television. See ya now!

Bill ignores him and gets into the car, his breath puffing in
the cold.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bill pulls his rickety Crosley station wagon into the lot and
SIGHS at the sight of cars jammed into just a few spots. A
line of people wait inside.

He marches across the small lot.

EXT. LARRY NIEDERMEYER'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry steps out of his house with a briefcase, cheery as
ever. He calls through the open front door.

LARRY
So long, honey!

He steps down the walkway toward his gleaming car. Then, next
door, he notices:

A car pulls up to Bill's house and HONKS once. Right away, Sally steps out: she's dressed well, all done up, and hurries into the car.

As it drives away, Larry SQUINTS--

--but he can't quite make out the driver...

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Stimpy loads a succulent, glistening ham into a deli slicer. Without gloves, in jerky, unsure motions, he cuts the meat.

Ren writes an order on a notepad. A handful of CUSTOMERS watch the slow movement of her hand.

IN THE BACKGROUND: Bill stomps through the snow to the door. He SLIPS and FALLS on the ice, landing hard on the pavement.

REN

So that's a pound of roast beef, a pound of honey baked ham, six pork chops...and a sirloin cut?

An older man, MR. DONALDSON, takes his hat off and scratches his bald head, which shines under the bright lights.

MR. DONALDSON

Well, no, Ren. I said *half* a pound of roast beef, six *brats*, a pound of *pork bacon*...and a sirloin cut.

REN

So you do want the sirloin cut?

MR. DONALDSON

Well yes, but the other stuff, too.

Ren POPS her gum and tears the sheet off the notepad, jams it on the runner and SLIDES it to a huge cluster of backorders.

Stimpy looks up from the slicer and tries to read the order. A slab of ham falls to the ground. Stimpy bends to grab it.

Bill WHIPS the door open. The bell CHIMES.

Stimpy startles and his hand slips on the ham, his finger narrowly missing the shiny blade.

MURMURS from the customers as Bill storms up to the counter.

BILL

Ren! Stimpy! WHY isn't the walkway
salted? I nearly--

Then he sees it--

BILL (CONT'D)

Are those the *backorders*?!

Ren chews her gum. Stimpy pouts at Bill but keeps the slicer
running. It HUMS along.

MR. DONALDSON

It's really ok Bill--

BILL

No, Mr. Donaldson, it is not.

With her bare hands, Ren packages a mouthwatering crimson
sirloin. She SLAPS it on the counter and flips Mr.
Donaldson's cash into the register.

With blood-stained hands, she hands him a few bills. He
cringes as he takes them...

But then he takes the sirloin, which he admires like a
newborn.

OUTSIDE THE SHOP

Clear water drips from a busted gutter above the door and
SPLASHES onto the walkway.

An unused bag of salt rests against a pile of icy snow.

INSIDE THE SHOP

Ren rummages behind the deli glass for the bratwursts,
gripping each sausage in a barehanded fist before dropping it
onto a package. Bill's about to burst as he watches.

He HOPS over the counter and grabs Mr. Donaldson's order off
the runner.

BILL

This isn't the type of
establishment I set out to run--

Stimpy, hurrying in response to Bill's neurotic energy,
pushes the slicer across the glistening ham.

Then his bare hand slips--

SLICE! He cuts his middle finger clean off at the knuckle.

Blood spurts. Stimpy releases an impossibly high-pitched SHRIEK and holds his finger up. The fountain of blood SPEWS.

Bill's face goes purple. He moves to protect the meats and gets sprayed with more errant blood. Stimpy flails, sending a solid line of blood across the entire display of meats.

Mr. Donaldson covers his mouth. Customers stare in shock. Ren watches Stimpy. A fascinated smile creeps over her face.

STIMPY

Ren! Ren help!

Ren grabs a meat-soaked rag and wraps it around Stimpy's finger. He MOANS, clutching his hand.

Ignoring the CHAOS, Bill moves forward with the order. He grabs a hunk of roast beef, complete with Stimpy's blood spray, and loads the slicer. He works it, expertly slicing roast beef.

Then Bill wraps it and moves for the bacon, quickly gathering the slices and pushing it on the counter next to the brats.

Mr. Donaldson stares, stunned. Bill maintains a futile facade.

BILL

Roast beef, pork bacon, brats and sirloin. That's it Mr. Donaldson. Thanks for choosing Bill's Butcher Shop. Enjoy the meat.

He gathers his meats and turns, hurrying out of the store.

Stimpy lets out another WAIL as Ren manages to keep the wound covered. Then a hushed SILENCE falls over the store.

Bill's face contorts in rage, his face flecked with blood.

STIMPY

Ren...Ren! Get my finger!

The severed finger, plucked from a sticky puddle of blood.

A few customers GAG at the sight. Others hurry out the door. Bill is about to crack—

BILL

That's it! That's. It!

IN THE BACKGROUND: Mr. Donaldson slips on the walkway and tumbles to the ground, spilling meat everywhere.

Stimpy WHIMPERS. Ren POPS her gum, still holding Stimpy's hand. The rest of the customers, now disgusted and embarrassed, all leave as Bill erupts in a tirade.

BILL (CONT'D)
NO more antics. NO more bullshit.
NO more Ren and Stimpy! I can't
even fire you idiots!

Ren shrugs.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm quitting this godforsaken
business. I should have been a
medic.

Stimpy blinks. A thought has occurred to him.

STIMPY
...Then maybe you shouldn't have
dodged the draft.

Ren's face brightens in a wide-eyed smile. Stimpy has no idea what he's just said.

Bill takes a deep breath, summoning all his strength, and SCREAMS into the ceiling.

BILL
What the FUCK do you know about it,
dimwit! Want me gone? Fine! Take
the damn shop! It's all yours as
long as you NEVER speak to me
again! You're not family. You're
VERMIN!

He stampedes passed them into the back room, maintaining a steady DRONE of frustrated utterances.

Ren holds up Stimpy's severed finger.

REN
Meat freezer?

Stimpy nods. Bill returns, storming through the shop with some cash and an old shoebox in his hands.

BILL
Fuck the mortgage! Never speak to
me again!

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Bill whips the door open and the bell CHIMES. He takes one aggravated step and slips and falls again on the ice, spilling the shoebox.

A **GUN** falls from the box. Its icy gray color shines in the morning sunlight. Bill scoops it up and marches away.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sally sits across from a bespectacled LAWYER in a stuffy office. Contract papers are spread out on the desk.

LAWYER

And Bill, he agreed to this?

Sally pulls a thin smile and gestures to the papers.

SALLY

You can see his signature.

The lawyer furrows his brow.

LAWYER

It's just a young age to be--

SALLY

--We wanted to ensure it stayed in the family.

LAWYER

Yes, well, also, the man would usually do this himself. I know you handle the finances and technically have a joint ownership, but the woman doesn't typically involve herself in matters of this sort.

Sally doesn't budge. Not a flinch.

SALLY

I assure you, sir, I am not a typical woman. Is everything I've presented to your liking?

Beat. The lawyer takes her in, hesitant. But then he shrugs.

LAWYER

Very well. I'll finish up this afternoon and it'll be official by end of business today.

Sally smiles as she stands and holds out a hand to shake.

SALLY

By end of business today. And then,
long live the business.

LAWYER

That's swell.

CLOSE ON PAPERS: two signatures, Sally's and Bill's, etched in ink on white paper.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

Ren carries Stimpy's severed finger in meat parchment and opens the walk-in freezer next to the walk-in fridge.

Puts it on a frost-covered shelf.

The freezer looms next to the fridge. One door boasts -20 DEGREES, the other, 37 DEGREES.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren CLICKS on a radio and rock n roll MUSIC pours out.

She steps back into the front room, grooving to the MUSIC. Stimpy clutches his finger and looks around the empty shop.

STIMPY

What're we gonna do?

Shrugs.

REN

We run the shop. Let's close for
the day. Tomorrow, we start the
real work.

EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ren and Stimpy march through the snow with beers.

They live in a run-down one-story duplex. Windows missing shutters. There's no porch, wilted shingles.

Above each door is a nameplate: "Ren, and "Stimpy." She gathers her keys and they both step into Ren's.

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment's a mess. Beer cans litter the floor, takeout containers piled atop an overflowing trash. It's clear Stimpy lives in Ren's half. His blanket's tossed on the couch.

There's low light in the spare three-room apartment. A dirty pantry door sits in the corner.

REN

Stimpy. THIS is our chance.

Ren's bed is pushed against the wall opposite the couch, with a TV facing her bed in the middle of the room.

STIMPY

To do what?

They PLOP on their respective resting spaces. Ren flips on the TV and commercials PLAY on the screen. Stimpy stares at the back of the large television set.

REN

To show everyone. The whole town.
Uncle Bill, Aunty Sally, even Mr.
Donaldson. We can run the shop.

Stimpy CRACKS a beer and froth seeps around his poorly-bandaged hand. He winces through a sip.

STIMPY

Alone?

They're half-wasted already. Ren continues with resolve.

REN

Not alone Stimp. Together.

Stimpy breaks a smile. Ren gulps and CRUSHES the can, then adds it to a pyramid of empties next to her bed.

REN (CONT'D)

We're not screw ups. Uncle Bill
just doesn't run a tight ship. He's
got no authority.

STIMPY

We only got the job cuz of Aunty
Sally...

Ren stands and walks to the fridge.

A moth flutters over the sole light in the center of the room, TAPPING it repeatedly.

REN
We don't need handouts. Or
guidance. Never have. We gotta take
control.

STIMPY
Why you wanna do this all a sudden?

Ren CRACKS a beer.

REN
We've always been a glutton for
pityment.

Stimpy considers.

REN (CONT'D)
It's time to make our mark, Stimp.
Bill hates us. Nobody believes in
us.

Stimpy frowns.

REN (CONT'D)
We'll prove it to the world. And
ourselves. I've got the brains.
You've got nine fingers and a heart
a gold.

Stimpy smiles again. Ren tosses him a beer but it BOUNCES off
his hands and hits the floor. It HISSES and spews foam.

REN (CONT'D)
Together, we can conquer the world.
And we'll do it behind the counter
of Bill's Butcher Shop.

Stimpy COUGHS. The TV radiates commercials. The pyramid of
empties TUMBLES to the floor. Ren PLOPS back onto the bed.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

A car pulls into the empty lot and Sally steps out. She eases
down the walkway to the front door. The sign: "CLOSED."

She cocks her head and peers through the glass.

INSIDE: Dark, quiet, empty.

She takes out a ring of keys. But tries the door first...it
glides open, CHIMING the bell.

SALLY
(Korean)
Stupid man...

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally walks through the dark shop. She doesn't notice the pool of Stimpy's blood behind the counter.

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally crouches by the closet and reaches for the safe--

--And finds it open.

What happened here?

She shuffles around for some papers. Finds what she needs and replaces them with a thin stack of official-looking papers from her coat pocket.

As she's about to put the new papers in the safe, her eye catches a nude photo stuffed in the back.

SALLY
(Korean)
Stupid man...

She CLICKS the light off as she leaves.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

The same car pulls up to the front door. Sally, stoic, steps out and walks inside.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill sways in the chair with an empty pint of liquor on the desk. He's hammered.

BILL
Fuckin Ren and Stimpy. My fuckin shop.

Cradling the revolver, he pops out the cylinder and spins it. It's empty, and gleams in the lamplight.

Bill BREATHES as he watches it turn. Then he licks his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

The next morning, Ren and Stimpy bungle through the rush. There's a big line of customers eyeing the succulent meats.

The radio plays more rock n roll MUSIC.

Stimpy is sluggish on the slicer. Ren scribbles an order, then grabs a mixture of different meats and jams them into the same package.

Wraps them up, plops them on the counter.

REN

Next!

Stimpy sweats at the slicer, PANTS in fatigue and pain. He's almost sliced through an entire ham. This is all he does.

Ren scribbles the next order. She grabs a handful of sliced ham from Stimpy's table, drops it in a package and PLOPS it on the counter.

REN (CONT'D)

Next!

An OLD LADY (the one from Bill's dream) picks up a package and inspects it.

OLD LADY

Ren. This isn't what I ordered...

Ren snaps to attention.

REN

You want the luscious, ripened meats from the famous Bill's Butcher Shop? You wait in line and take what you can get! Next!

An eager CUSTOMER pushes by the old lady, who considers the ultimatum from Ren. She looks at her package and shrugs.

STIMPY

Beggars can't be choosy...

REN

Next!

Ren prepares to take the next order.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS — REN AND STIMPY RUN THE SHOP

A. StimpY changes out the ham for a hunk of deli turkey. He doesn't bother to clean the blade. Chunks of ham mix with the turkey as he slices.

B. Ren COMMANDS the order queue. A CUSTOMER hesitates for a second, so she ushers him away and takes the next customer.

C. StimpY takes off his meat-rag bandage, revealing the gruesome wound. He uses the same cloth to wipe the blade.

D. Ren chomps off a bit of hot dog before slapping it into a package. The CUSTOMER takes it greedily anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - LATER

The last CUSTOMER of the rush waits for his order. Ren fists two bratwursts and SLAPS them onto parchment.

REN
Have a nice day!

Customer beams and walks out, CHIMING the bell. Once he's gone, it's just Ren, StimpY and the ROCK N ROLL. Ren EXHALES. StimpY wipes his sweaty face with the bloody meat rag.

REN (CONT'D)
Well. We made it through our first
rush as official proprietors Stimp.

They look around the scene. They've just placed a "caution" cone in the middle of StimpY's blood pool from yesterday.

In the meat case, labels are knocked aside, all the meats blended together haphazardly.

StimpY taps her on the shoulder and points to his blood spray trail. They follow it along the display glass...

...it leads to the pile of roast beef, his blood mixed with juices.

REN (CONT'D)
Well. It's still day one.

The door chimes and they look up to see:

INSPECTOR CARUSO, 50s, chubby with a thinning combover and oversized clothes, bumbles into the shop. Sweating despite the cold, he removes his sunglasses and coat and COUGHS.

CARUSO
Hello, folks. Are you the
proprietors of this establishment?

Ren and Stimpy stare. Ren stutters her response.

REN
Yes we are. We ah, own this joint.

Caruso COUGHS again and approaches the counter. His beady eyes dart around the shop, scanning everything. He produces a clipboard with a sheet pinned to it, and a tiny pencil.

CARUSO
I'm Inspector Caruso from the
health department, assigned to this
establishment. I'll need access to
your stores and all surfaces for
raw, left, and cooked preparation.

He meanders around the shop and stares close at a counter.

CARUSO (CONT'D)
I'll also need to see proof of
ownership, last year's passed
inspection, and operation permits.

Swipes his finger on the service counter and rubs his thumb and forefinger together. He dabs the thumb on his tongue.

Stimpy stares at Caruso, his mouth open. Ren snaps to it:

REN
Right. Papers. We'll grab them.

They dart to the back as Caruso leans in to inspect meats.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren and Stimpy scurry into the back room, where Bill's shabby desk sits next to a filing cabinet. Ren spots a closet.

REN
Bill has a safe back here.

She kneels, sifting through boxes of junk and papers.

Stimpy CLICKS on the light. Then she sees it.

REN (CONT'D)
Still open from yesterday...

Ren yanks a handful of papers from the safe and knocks a small box over – A BOX OF BULLETS. They roll over the floor.

STIMPY

What's that?

Ren shakes it off, distracted by a few precious nude photos cut from an early Playboy issue mixed in with the papers.

REN

Don't know. Think I got the papers, though. These look official.

She jumps to her feet and disappears with the whole stack. StimpY stares at the bullets.

One rolls out to meet his shoe.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bill snores, totally sprawled in the bed. The space next to him: empty.

THE KITCHEN

Sally sits at the kitchen table, focused on writing: elegant, exquisite Korean calligraphy.

She finishes, and looks down at the letter with longing and love. Every stroke done by an expert's hand.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAY

Sally trudges through the snow to the mailbox and places the letter in with a light smile. She steps onto the walkway--

And SLIPS - but catches herself. Flustered and frustrated:

SALLY

Didn't ice the walkway...

INT. - BILL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sally stomps to a coat closet. Whips the door open:

There's a bag of ice melt. Sally's eyes drift to a corner of the closet, where a board is shifted loose.

OUTSIDE

Sally GRUNTS as she salts the walkway.

BACK INSIDE

Sally PLOPS the heavy bag back in the closet. But then kneels and pushes the loose board ajar. Sees a small box.

KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Sally at the kitchen table, admiring old, thin stone slats with beautiful paintings. One of them holds her attention--

A small slate with a rendering of a woman's form. Abstract, high-contrast colors. The sense of space, the color palette, the obvious skill - it's gorgeous.

Sally grazes her fingers over the painting--

CUT TO:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM

Caruso slides his finger along the case and inspects the grime with a bored disgust. Ren appears in the doorway.

REN

Here you go mister!

Caruso peers at her and takes the papers, unsmiling. He looks them over as Ren taps her foot to the beat of rock MUSIC.

Looks at Ren. Then back at the papers. Ren wiggles her butt to the MUSIC.

CARUSO

So, you're the owners?

REN

Uh, that's right.

Ren offers her best girlish smile. Stimpy reddens behind her.

CARUSO

It says here...that a...

Nervous--

CARUSO (CONT'D)

REN and STIMPY are the proprietors?

Stimpy COUGHS. Ren blinks.

REN
Uh, that's right mister!

As he shuffles papers, a nude CENTERFOLD slips out.

Caruso flashes hungry eyes. Ren snatches the porn.

REN (CONT'D)
Uh, so, see what you needed?

CARUSO
I'll need to see food stores.
Refrigeration. All preparation
surfaces.

Ren bobs up and down, keeping eye contact and smiling. Caruso is a bit taken, charmed even, at her enthusiasm. This isn't his typical interaction.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ren leads Caruso down the hallway to the fridge and freezer. Ren's smile fades as she approaches the door: Stimpy's bloody finger awaits inside. Caruso bends down to inspect...

And smiles up from his bent-over posture. Ren meets his gaze.

Stimpy appears in the doorway down the hall, finger in his nose.

REN
What do you think, Mister...

CARUSO
Caruso. Mrs...

REN
Miss...Park.

Caruso smiles.

CARUSO
Let's take a quick peak.

Ren puts one hand on the handle and the other on her blouse. In one smooth motion, the door and the blouse CLICK open.

Freezing air fogs the hallway as Caruso gapes.

REN

Just want to catch a breeze. Is it
hot in here?

Caruso tugs at his tie, sweating. Ren cocks her head and
opens the blouse all the way.

REN (CONT'D)

Have a look-see.

DOWN THE HALL

Stimpy pulls his finger from his nose and gapes at Ren's
skin. He drops the box of bullets and it CLANGS on the floor,
snapping everyone out of it.

Caruso overcompensates, flustered by the view.

CARUSO

Yes. Well, looks mighty fine in
there I say.

Ren smirks and pushes the door shut. She buttons her shirt.

INSIDE THE FREEZER: The blood trail gleams on the ground
below the blackened finger. The door SLAMS.

HALLWAY

Ren leads him down the hall. Stimpy doesn't divert his gaze
as they pass. Caruso peers at Stimpy, looming and enormous.

REN

(whisper)

Quit starin! Freakin'im out!

Stimpy stays put as Ren leads Caruso to the preparation
counters. He eyes Stimpy's blood trail on the floor.

REN (CONT'D)

Here Stimpy just dropped some roast
beef, we'll clean this right up and
do the rest of the floors.

A drop of sweat glides down Stimpy's face. He watches Caruso
lean over the prep counter.

On the radio, a SONG CUTS OUT and an ANNOUNCER comes on:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(over radio)
We interrupt this program of Johnny-B's Flakey New Frets for the Fifties for the folks of Freetown, this is a public service announcement. Repeat. A PSA.

Stimpy watches Ren LAUGH with Caruso, her hand brushing his chest as he jots something down on the clipboard.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
This public service announcement is in reference to a fella posing, yes faking, folks, a fraudster, fallacy, as a *health inspector* to collect free food in fraudulence from local business fronts.

Stimpy continues to watch the two of them, confused.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
A white fella, fifties, a fake health inspector. Beware ALL local businesses!

A change comes across Stimpy's face. He makes the connection.

STIMPY
Ren!

Ren glares at Stimpy. He begs her with his eyes and motions at the radio. So she drags herself away from Caruso.

STIMPY (CONT'D)
Listen!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(over radio)
To refresh: a *fake* health inspector, a white fella, fifties, is a fraud fishing for free food from business fronts in Freetown.

Ren's eyes go wide. Stimpy looks at her with praying eyes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(over radio)
Now, back to your former formal program, Johnny-B's Flakey New Frets for the Fifties, folks.

Ren BANGS the radio, biting her lip with a killer look at Caruso, who jots more notes.

REN
We never saw a badge, did we?

Stimpy's lips peel into a mischievous smile.

REN (CONT'D)
And he's a white fella in his
fifties, ain't he?

Stimpy nods, the smiles widens.

REN (CONT'D)
We aren't the type of business
owners to get scammed, are we?

Stimpy shakes his head with a furrowed brow.

REN (CONT'D)
We have to set the tone for our new
business, don't we?

Stimpy nods, his face bright again.

REN (CONT'D)
And that means. We don't take any
funny business. From nobody.

Stimpy CRACKS his knuckles.

REN (CONT'D)
Stimp. Get the worst, most vile
dregs in the store. Package it up.
A little gift for our friend here
if he thinks he can swindle us out
of the sweet meats of Bill's
Butcher Shop. I'll do the talking.

Stimpy nods and heads straight for the freezer.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sally sits at the table drinking tea. The phone RINGS--

She grabs it before the first ring ends and SPEAKS in Korean.

It's an energetic tone for Sally. Jovial. Peppy. She LAUGHS.

BEDROOM

Bill sleeps, still twisted in the same careless position.

As a LAUGH from Sally downstairs rises through the house, Bill SNAPS one eye open. She continues in Korean – energetic, flirtatious, even.

The color drains from Bill's face as she talks.

KITCHEN

Sally places the phone down and walks to the stairs.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally creeps into the bedroom, over to her closet.

Bill lay motionless.

Sally tugs two large suitcases out of the closet. Like a church mouse, she slips out of the bedroom with them.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Sally hoists up the door to the small, dingy garage. Junk litters the cobwebbed place.

She GRUNTS as she plops the loaded suitcases into a corner.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Ren saunters back to Caruso, who looks to be wrapping up.

CARUSO

Well then. That about does it. Say,
it was a tad dirty, but nothing a
little, ah, spit shine, couldn't
cure. I'd say your
establishment...*passes*.

Ren beams, a hint of venom in her eyes this time.

REN

Well, Mr. Caruso, that's swell what
you see is, to your liking.

CARUSO

Oh, very much so. I'd like just a bit of prepared food to ensure what customers take home is...

(his eyes scan her)

...up to snuff.

Ren smiles. Caruso's eyes brighten.

CARUSO (CONT'D)

Take my card. And keep the change.

Ren takes a twenty. Stimpny reappears and CLEARS his throat.

REN

A moment?

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren glides behind the counter to Stimpny, whose eyes gleam with anticipation and excitement.

STIMPY

I did my best...

They look down at the package in his hands.

CLOSE ON PACKAGE: A festering, rotted mess. Days-old fat trimmings, bits of intestine and tripe, maggots squirm in the warm, gooey gray tissue that was once animal flesh.

Ren beams, covering her nose.

REN

One more thing...

She jogs down the hallway, into the meat freezer. She reappears and trots back to him.

REN (CONT'D)

Swell job, Stimp. This is the cherry on top.

She presses the blackened finger into the warm mess.

REN (CONT'D)

Pack that up real nice and let's send this fella on his way.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Ren walks into the front room, Stimp in tow. She holds the package out to Caruso.

REN

A little somethin' extra on the house. Come back any time.

He holds her gaze and takes the package.

CARUSO

Thanks, toots.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BILL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bill's nightstand alarm clock reads ten AM. He rolls over in bed with a GROAN, a hand on his forehead.

Sally walks in and undresses.

SALLY

What are you doing here. I just salted the walkway. You should be at work. Lazy man...

Bill doesn't move. She wraps a towel around herself and marches into the bathroom.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Useless.

Bill peaks from behind his hand and sees the empty room. Shower RUNS.

He rolls out of bed onto his knees and peers under the bed. He grabs the shoebox and lifts the cover:

THE GUN sits among some cash. Grazes his hand over it.

The shower STOPS and the curtain SLIDES. Bill takes a deep BREATH and holds the weapon in his hands. Sally SHOUTS from the other room:

SALLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bill! I need the car! I have that appointment with the fertility doctor.

Bill keeps his eyes on the gun.

BILL'S DAYDREAM

Bill wraps the heads of Ren and Stimpy in parchment.

A brain sits on fine china. A knife PRESSES into it.

AN EGG sits in a porcelain cup. A spoon CRACKS it, and deep red blood oozes out.

END BILL'S DAYDREAM

Sally hurries into the room. Bill pushes the shoebox under the bed. She looks at him kneeling there.

He looks up with droopy, pitiful eyes. She shakes her head.

Bill GROANS again and climbs back into bed as Sally changes.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Caruso hands a form over to Ren, a huge "PASS" stamped in red at the top of the page. Ren and Stimpy beam.

Caruso places his hat atop his head and tips it to Ren with a quick wink.

CARUSO

Be seeing you, Ms. Park.

Ren does a curtsy as Caruso turns to leave. Stimpy releases a quick SNICKER. They watch him walk through the door.

OUTSIDE

The bell CHIMES. Caruso stands with his back to Ren and Stimpy. He looks down at the package.

Ren and Stimpy watch wide-eyed from inside.

Suddenly, Caruso GASPS and clutches his chest.

Stimpy's eyes get wider. Ren covers her mouth with glee.

Caruso releases a huge SNEEZE. He CLEARS his throat and takes one step--

--And SLIPS on the ice. The package soars. Caruso lands HARD, his head SLAMS into the pavement. Blood bursts from his skull, spreading on icy bricks and dirty snow.

INSIDE

Ren and Stimpy lock eyes, speechless. They RUSH to the door to see the blood and the motionless body of Caruso.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bill simmers in bed, Sally now fully changed in a pretty blouse with her hair done. She seems excited.

SALLY

Ok, time for my appointment. You gonna do any work today?

Off Bill's blank face.

BILL

Gonna stay home, do some bills for the shop.

Sally SIGHS. Bill looks at her.

BILL (CONT'D)

And I need to get away from Ren and Stimpy for a goddamn second—

SALLY

Hey! Watch it. They're family. We don't treat family like that.

BILL

Don't we?

SALLY

Wandering souls need *guidance*. I'm foolish to think you'd supply it.

She gathers her coat and scarf and halts in the doorway.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Bye, Bill.

Bill GRUNTS, frustrated. He listens to her MARCH down the stairs and OPEN the front door. He tilts his head to watch her step to the car. She STARTS it.

Soon as she drives off, Bill hops out of bed and grabs his coat. He slides the gun into a jacket pocket and scurries from the room, still in his pajamas.

EXT. NIEDERMEYER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill walks to Niedermeyer's yard and looks at his fence. The eggshell white lead-based paint gleams up at him. He frowns.

He walks to the front door and KNOCKS. Larry appears.

LARRY
Hi-ya, Bill!

BILL'S DAYDREAM

Bill has the gun pointed at Larry. The beginnings of a smile crease his lips.

Bill FIRES — Larry's head jerks back and erupts with blood. He slumps to the ground with red smearing his door.

END DAYDREAM

Bill offers a forced smile.

BILL
Hey there, Larry.

LARRY
What can I do ya for?

Bill winces, trying to contain his contempt.

BILL
Well, see, the wifey took the car to an appointment, and well, there's a problem at the shop.

LARRY
Say, what kinda problem? Those delicious meats aren't in jeopardy, are they?

Bill can't hide his adoration for the passing comment.

BILL
No, no the meats are fine. Just old Ren and Stimpy, actin' up again. You know how those good-for-nothings are, don't you?

LARRY
Oh, sure do.

He flicks his keys over to Bill, who clumsily catches them.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Just bring'er back before five. Got
to pick up the misses from her
folks.

BILL
Say, thanks a lot, Larry!

Larry raises one hand, palm outward in solemn earnestness.

LARRY
Don't mention it.

INT./EXT. LARRY'S CAR - MOVING

Bill drives through town, catching up to Sally. He sees her turn at a green light.

Bill speeds through the light as it changes to red. Another driver HONKS.

She takes another turn, onto a street full of nice houses, all well-manicured and more expensive than Bill's.

Sally slows her car as she approaches a house. It's beautiful, the driveway neatly plowed and salted. Bill stops a few houses back and watches.

BILL
Fertility doctor, here?

Sally steps out and primps her hair. A smile brightens her face — a smile Bill hasn't seen for years. He SIMMERS.

She walks up to the door and knocks. A young, handsome Korean DOCTOR, 35, with a well-cropped full head of rich black hair, answers the door with the same bright smile.

The doctor lets her in and he shuts the door.

Bill FUMES in the car, his upper lip quivering. He grips the gun and narrows a laser-focused glare. A bead of sweat drips down his temple.

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

CLOSE ON PACKAGE: The blood-soaked bundle of rotten meats steams in the cold. Stimpy's severed, frost-bitten finger sticks up through the parchment.

Caruso lay motionless next to the package. Stimpy clutches him by the collar and drags him over the package, smearing rotten goo over the ice.

DING! The front door chimes as Stimpy drags him through. Ren mops, mostly smearing blood around on the tile.

Stimpy drops Caruso behind the counter.

REN

Careful!

Stimpy flashes puppy dog eyes.

STIMPY

But Ren. He's already...

REN

Just move it!

She lugs the bucket of water to the front door.

DING! And she DUMPS water over the bloody patch.

Ren looks at the mop water steaming in the cold. It turns a pale red as it mixes with blood.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren HUFFS as she brings the bucket back inside and fills it with more water at the industrial sink.

STIMPY

Hey...Ren?

REN

Ya?

STIMPY

I's just thinking. We just...killed this guy, right? Like, murder?

REN

It was self-defense, knucklehead.
Just like in those crime stories.
He was trying to swindle us!

Suddenly, a KNOCK on the front door. They glance up.

A couple (20s), a WHITE MAN with slicked-back hair and his YOUNG WHITE WIFE holding a BLACK INFANT, peer through the glass. He KNOCKS again, watching Ren and Stimpy.

WHITE MAN
(through glass door)
Hey! Aren't you open yet? It's
nearly quarter to noon!

Ren and Stimpy look down at Caruso, his legs sticking out from behind the counter.

REN
(panicked)
Take him to the walk-in freezer!

Stimpy's eyes bulge. Scrambling, he drags Caruso toward the back and leaves a blood trail.

Ren mops again, ignoring the couple.

WHITE MAN
(through the glass door)
We can see you...

The infant FUSSES. Ren GROANS and saunters to the door.

REN
We're closed! Read the sign!

The sign hanging on the door reads "CLOSED" back to Ren. The couple sees "OPEN." She flips it.

YOUNG WHITE WIFE
(through glass door)
Say...is that fella alright?

REN
That fella? Oh, you know, the
succulent meats just dropped him
near dead!

The couple nods, understanding.

YOUNG WHITE WIFE
(through glass door)
Ah yes. A doozy for some folks.

WHITE MAN
(through the glass door)
We're consumer whores. We can
handle it!

REN
And how!

A bright smile from everyone as they lock eyes cheerfully.

WHITE MAN
(through glass door)
Well, sorry to see you're closed.
We'll try again another time. Have
a nice day, now!

The infant WAILS. Ren waves as they walk off.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM

Stimpy drags Caruso down the hallway...

Passed the walk-in freezer and to the walk-in fridge. He
CLICKS the door open and looks into the dark fridge, offering
only a bored frown to the blackness.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - WALK-IN FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Stimpy DRAGS Caruso to a corner of the fridge and leaves him
slouched against the wall. Stimpy thinks...

He grabs a cardboard box stacked next to him and puts it in
front of Caruso.

Unsatisfied, he moves another box, and another, until the
body is hidden away in a cardboard fort. Stimpy smiles,
relieved and proud of his concealment strategy.

He turns and exits the fridge, sealing the blackness.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stimpy sees Ren yank a roll of paper towels. Rock music
ECHOES through the front room.

REN
You put him in the freezer?

STIMPY
Yep!

Ren nods and spreads the paper towels across the tile.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The house is spotless and well-decorated. Sally's and the
doctor's feet poke out from under the covers.

SALLY

(Korean)

I swapped the papers. Before we leave tomorrow, I'll tell Ren and Stimp. They're running the shop again today as Bill snores at home.

She puffs a cigarette. He holds her face, kisses her cheek.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(Korean)

And this time tomorrow, we'll be on the road...

He takes the cigarette from her hands and rolls on top of her.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The space looks...decent! Ren stuffs giant wads of bloody paper towel into the trash bin and SIGHS with relief.

Stimp. shakes the blood and water off his hands and WHISTLES.

STIMP.

Say, sis. Like he was never here.

Ren flicks Stimp.'s forehead with her fingers. He flinches.

The front door CHIMES--

--A MAN walks in with stringy black hair spread on his fatty head. His teeth are fucked and there's a lame name tag pinned to his filthy shirt. This is THE FAKE HEALTH INSPECTOR.

FAKE HEALTH INSPECTOR

I'm here to inspect your shop!

Ren GROANS, throwing her hands up to cover her face.

STIMP.

Wait...So that's, the real one?

Ugh.

REN

Shut up, Stimp. Let's get this joker outta here.

Stimp. smiles.

STIMPY

Please, have a seat and we'll be
right with you.

There aren't any chairs in the store. The fake health
inspector blinks.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - LATER

Ren and StimpY push the greasy fake health inspector out the
door, his arms full of packaged meats.

STIMPY

If you have any questions--

REN

--Don't ask them.

StimpY SLAMS the door and twists the lock. The fake health
inspector carefully navigates the icy walkway and leaves.

STIMPY

Sure you don't wanna call Bi-

REN

Zip it.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY

Bill BREATHES heavily. He's still outside of the doctor's
house. He grips the gun handle, stroking the metal.

The front door opens and Sally steps out, primping her hair.
She turns and hugs the doctor and flashes that smile again.
He hands her a manila folder full of papers.

Bill slouches in the car seat and watches his wife.

She walks toward her car, hips swaying. She gets in and REVS
the engine, HONKS twice and pulls out.

INT./EXT. LARRY'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bill fumbles to get the car started and PEELS out after her.

FUMES as he follows. She stops at a red light. Bill ekes up.

Green light. Sally accelerates, Bill in tow. She turns a
corner and pulls into a grocery store.

Bill trolls by, glaring. Then he SPEEDS off.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bill SCREECHES into a dingy bar with just one car in the lot. The place is run-down and doesn't look open.

He STOMPS out of the car up to the front door.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Bill BURSTS in and looks around the empty bar. A BARTENDER (60s) takes chairs off the tables to prep for opening.

BARTENDER
Ain't serving yet, friend.

Bill GRUFFS, glancing again at his watch.

BILL
When the hell will you be serving?

BARTENDER
Bout forty minutes.

BILL
I'll fucking wait.

Bill leans against the door, furious, with his arms crossed.

BARTENDER
Sure thing...

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark. The hard, steely door of the walk-in fridge looms at the end of the hall. The shop is silent, save for rhythmic POUNDING from behind the door.

PRE-LAP: MOANING.

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stimpy holds a bottle of beer, trying to twist the cap off with his injured hand. He MOANS at the pain.

REN
Gimme that.

She POPS it open and hands it back. They both take a deep chug from their beers. The apartment is dark, the sole light at the center of the room seems weak amongst the emptiness.

STIMPY

I think you're right, Ren.

REN

I'm always right Stimp. Just,
remind me what it is I'm right
about this time.

STIMPY

We don't need Bill. He would have
lost his marbles today. We sell
butchered animal carcasses for
chrissakes! Hardly the place to get
ethical.

Ren CHUCKLES, not quite convinced. Nervous, even.

REN

Yeah...ethics, right?

Stimp lumbers to the kitchen. Ren sits on the couch. Her
eyes find the front door at the end of the entranceway.

The door looms. The darkness seems to have weight. The thin
sliver of light at the bottom of the door flickers.

An invisible presence has entered the apartment. Ren can feel
it. Her eyes go WIDE.

A hard KNOCK on the door breaks her trance.

STIMPY (O.S.)

(calling from kitchen)

Ren? Someone at the door?

Another KNOCK. She looks at the wall: a clock reads "11:30."

Ren stands and creeps forward, disappearing in the darkness
before the door. She unlatches the lock and opens--

INT./EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A POSTMAN (50s) stands with a package. He's tiny, maybe five-
two. Pale white skin, no eyebrows and tiny teeth. His
starched uniform is oversized, and his hat tilts on his bald
head. His dark eyes light up as he smiles.

POSTMAN

Hello. Stimp and Ren?

Ren nods, unsure of what's happening. Postman reaches the
package out to her.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
I have a package for you.

He smiles wider. Ren looks at the package, then at the empty street, barren at this hour. Back to the little Postman.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
We were running a little behind
this evening. But we wanted to
ensure we delivered it to you.

Ren takes it – a small box wrapped in paper.

REN
Thank you.

The Postman flashes a toothy grin and walks away.

Ren watches him, stunned. He makes his way to the dark street until he's no longer visible.

Ren stares. Glass SHATTERS from inside the house and snaps her out of the daze. Stimpy MOANS. Ren SLAMS the door.

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ren carries the package into the kitchen, where Stimpy has dropped a bottle of beer. He reaches in the fridge for another, ignoring the mess.

STIMPY
The hell was that?

REN
A postman. Delivered a package.

STIMPY
To us? It's after eleven.

Ren sits at the table and looks at the package, their names scrawled in elegant cursive penmanship. Stimpy sips and looks over Ren's shoulder, curious.

She undoes the neat wrapping to reveal a small black box. She opens it:

A hardboiled egg sits among paper stuffing. No shell, just the egg. Ren and Stimpy look at it dumbfounded.

STIMPY (CONT'D)
Who's this from?

REN
Didn't say.

She holds the egg and stares at it. Then sniffs it.

STIMPY
Someone sent us an egg?

Stimpy shoves a beer at Ren and saunters back to the couch. He plops down and turns to Ren, who can't look away.

STIMPY (CONT'D)
Throw that thing away. It's
creeping me out.

Ren moves the egg to her mouth and SINKS her teeth into it, her lips wrapping around the white. She CHEWS, savoring it.

Stimpy crinkles his nose.

STIMPY (CONT'D)
You ate it? How is it?

Ren SWALLOWS.

REN
Fine. You want some?

Stimpy shakes his head. She gets up and places the egg atop the mound of overflowing trash.

REN (CONT'D)
Never received a package that late.

Ren walks back to the front door and LATCHES the lock.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Larry's car RUMBLES down the street. It SCRAPES the mailbox as Bill pulls into the driveway and SMASHES Larry's precious white fence, splintering painted wood across the snow.

The tail lights flicker off and Bill stumbles out, wasted. He kicks a shard of fence away from him and a dog BARKS. He waves his fist at the sky.

BILL
Ah, SHADDUP!

Leaves the car door open and stumbles inside, SLAMMING the door.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - MEAT FRIDGE - NIGHT

Caruso's feet stick out from under Stimpy's cardboard fort. Suddenly, his foot twitches. Caruso SHUDDERS and MOVES, pushing himself out from under the boxes.

CLOSE ON CARUSO: Pale face. His eyes shoot open. He GASPS.

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark, quiet. The muted TV plays. Ren sleeps in her bed, Stimpy on the couch.

In the kitchen, the half-eaten egg sits atop the mound of trash. The pantry door swings open—

Postman crouches in the dark. But it's not the Postman from earlier. His face has no features: no eyes, no nose, no mouth. Just a smooth, threatening, pale egg-head beneath his large hat.

Ren snaps her eyes open and she SCREAMS.

Stimpy opens his mouth — blackness pours out.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - NEXT DAY

Ren and Stimpy are drained. Bloodshot eyes, messy hair. Stimpy slices turkey while Ren wipes the counters.

Stimpy glances down the hall at the meat freezer. A BUMP and a MOAN from behind the door...but he's not sure if he heard it. He shoves a hunk of turkey into his mouth.

Ren wipes back and forth, totally zoned out.

Stimpy stops the slicer. Another BUMP. A droning MOAN. He *definitely* heard it this time.

STIMPY

Hey, Ren?

Ren is miles away. She looks at the counter, at a speck of blood on the shiny stainless steel. She scrubs at it, only to make the speck larger with every swipe. The blood grows more and more as she tries to wipe it away.

BUMP from the fridge. MOAN. Caruso STRUGGLES.

STIMPY (CONT'D)

Ren!

Ren SLAMS the towel down.

REN

What?!

COUGHING from the fridge. Ren hears it now. They lock eyes--

--DING of the front door. OFFICER WESTON HANCOCK (40s) steps into the shop, adjusting his trousers as he looks around.

Ren and Stimpy freeze.

Hancock is balding and a bit overweight, his pale skin covered in dark hair. Piercing blue eyes add gravity to his appearance and authoritative presence.

HANCOCK

Ren, Stimpy. How we doin today?

GULP. The slicer WHIRS. Muffled MOANS from the fridge.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

Good, I take it. Where's Bill?
Heard he ain't been round.

Stimpy doesn't take his eyes off Hancock as he jams another slice of turkey into his mouth.

REN

Officer Hancock. No, we -- haven't seen him. Wasn't feeling well the other day.

HANCOCK

So he left the shop to you?

STIMPY

Yeah-huh.

Hancock: surprised. Then, a THUMP. Did he hear it?

HANCOCK

Well. Never thought I'd see the day. How're you holdin' up on your own? Kinda trouble you sink yourselves into?

REN

No trouble. Nothing to report.

Hancock approaches the counter, enamored with the meats on display. They're still disheveled, but gleam under lights.

HANCOCK
Believe that when I see it. You
mutts never could keep your goddamn
noses clean.

THUMP. Another MOAN. *Fuck.*

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Your roast beef extra rare today?

REN
Sure is.

HANCOCK
I'll take a pound.

He looks around the store and SNIFFS, adjusting his trousers.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Bill stares at the ceiling with bloodshot eyes. Drool sticks to the side of his mouth. Sally marches into the room in an oversized t-shirt and cleaning gloves on her hands.

SALLY
No work again today?

Blank stare.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Why am I not surprised? Good for
nothing. Ren and Stimpy have been
running the shop alone?

Bill COUGHS.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Well. I got myself a job interview.
After I finish cleaning I'm gonna
go do the man's job, too. I'll take
the car.

She walks to the door.

BILL
Fertility doctor again?

Stops.

SALLY
What?

Nothing from Bill.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Bill. Get your act together.

She leaves. Bill GROANS and pulls himself out of bed and throws a bathrobe on over his pajamas. He gets his slippers on and STOMPS down the stairs.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill lumbers in his bathrobe down the street.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

Bill grabs a bottle of whiskey off the shelf.

SLAMS a ten on the counter. CA-CHING!

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - OFFICE

Bill STORMS into his office and SLAMS the door. He CLICKS the lock and PLOPS down at his desk, pulling from the bottle.

SALLY (O.S.)
(through the door)
Bill! Drinking all day again? Check
on Ren and Stimpy for chrissake!
It's your store!

Bill SIGHS and grabs the gun from a drawer in his desk.

SALLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(through the door)
I'll do that myself, too...

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Hancock takes a package of roast beef from Ren, who offers a meek smile. Hancock looks at Stimpy, mindlessly running the slicer over a new ham, adding the meat to his pile of turkey.

A wave of pity passes over Hancock's gruff face.

HANCOCK
I feel for you guys sometimes.

Stimpy looks up. A THUMP from the fridge.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
You drew a tough hand. I know it
ain't easy. And I've been tough on
ya in the past.

Ren begins swiping the counter again. The slicer WHIRS.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
But it was to help set ya straight.
You needed *guidance* and weren't
gettin' none from Bill, that
bumbling idiot.

Stimpy CHUCKLES. Ren GIGGLES. Hancock winks.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Keep that one to yourselves. But
really, I'm sorry for the way I've
been tough on ya. You still got
time to turn your lives around.

The loudest THUMP yet, and a long, droning MOAN. Ren's eyes
go wide and she scurries to the radio and CLICKS it on. Rock
MUSIC plays, drowning out Caruso.

REN
You like this new rock music,
Officer Hancock?

Hancock raises an eyebrow. He looks at Stimpy.

Stimpy looks back at Hancock with his puppy dog eyes. Ren
narrows her look, sensing the sincerity.

HANCOCK
You've got some chutzpah. Enough to
drive me crazy for a few years.
Just keep workin hard. Things can
turn around. That's the beauty of
this country, and I imagine that's
why your mama got with a white man.

Stimpy looks at Ren. Hancock nods.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Lord knows that war took a lot
outta your home land. But that's
why the United States is here, to
get involved when it counts.

He's dead serious.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
You live in a great nation. Plenty
of resources in the land of
opportunity. Use it.

Hancock pats the counter and CLICKS his tongue. He adjusts his trousers one more time and nods in satisfaction at his monologue of advice. Turns for the door.

THUMP.

Hancock stops and glances back at Ren and Stimpy.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Like I said. Keep outta trouble.

He LIGHTS a cigarette and CHIMES the bell as he leaves.

An exasperated SIGH of relief from Ren and Stimpy. They watch Hancock walk to his cruiser.

STIMPY
Quick thinkin with the radio, Ren.

REN
I had it under control.

Stimpy takes a fistful of ham and crams it into his mouth.

STIMPY
Say, that was a close call. Let's
close shop.

REN
Yeah that's enough for one day. I
could use about a dozen drinks.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits at his desk next to an empty bottle of whiskey. He POPS a fresh one and SWIGS. A BANG on the door.

SALLY (O.S.)
(through the door)
Bill! It's four pm! You've been
there since eleven. Get to work!

Bill picks up the gun and presses it against his forehead.

SALLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(through the door)
Ren and Stimpy are gonna burn the
place down!

Bill looks at the trigger.

SALLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through the door)
 I have my interview. Post office,
 secretary. I'm taking the car.

At this, Bill moves the gun from his forehead and angles it at the door.

EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Sally pulls up as the doctor steps out of the house.

SALLY
 (Korean)
 I need the cash from the shop safe.

DOCTOR
 (Korean)
 You sure you don't want to come in?
 What's the rush.

She rolls her eyes.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 (Korean)
 It's our special day, baby.

A smile spreads across her lips. She turns the car off.

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ren and Stimpy are hammered. The mess in the house is getting out of control. A sea of empties scattered across the floor, flies BUZZ around the trash heap in their kitchen.

They CRACK fresh beers and pull from the cans. An open package of ham and roast beef sits on the dirty coffee table between them, and they pick at slices of deli as they talk.

REN
 We've dodged some bullets so far.
 But all and all, I think we're off
 to a good start.

Stimpy considers this.

STIMPY
 Shouldn't we order some more food
 or something? How did Bill do that?

Ren waves it off.

REN

Let's just hire someone. We own the joint, we're allowed to hire folks.

STIMPY

How do we get paid?

Ren walks to the bathroom. She keeps the door open as pees.

REN

It comes in the mail every week.

STIMPY

Mail, huh? Well. The post office has been creeping me out lately.

Stimpy looks at the pantry door, threatening in the dark.

STIMPY (CONT'D)

Should we reach out to Bill?

Ren shuffles in ZIPPING her pants.

REN

No! He said it ours if we never talk to him again. We don't need his help.

STIMPY

Aw, gee, Ren, I don't know how serious of a threat that was. We can't just dance a flamingo around our problems...

Ren pauses.

REN

What? Where did you learn that?

Stimpy shrugs.

STIMPY

I saw it on the boob tube.

She FLICKS his forehead and walks to the fridge.

REN

We don't need Bill's help. And we sure as shit don't need *Officer Hancock's* help, spewing about the great nation...

Stimpy rubs his face.

STIMPY
That guy's square.

REN
But you're right, we do have quite
a mess at our shop.

Ren notices the now-rotting hard-boiled egg festering atop
the trash pile.

REN (CONT'D)
Let's say, we give that fake health
inspector a proper burial.

Stimpy perks up.

STIMPY
Gee, Ren, I think that'd clean my
conscience out a bit.

REN
It'd clear the evidence out of the
shop. Can't be good to leave a body
in the freezer.

Stimpy puts on his jacket and hat. Ren tosses him a beer.

STIMPY
Where should we take him?

REN
A field somewhere...

Ren walks from the kitchen to get her coat. The pantry door
looms in the corner of the kitchen, shrouded in darkness.

They OPEN the door and walk out of the house.

Light flickers. Something MOVES behind the pantry door.

PRE-LAP: MOANING.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - MEAT FRIDGE - NIGHT

MOANS echo through the dark fridge. Caruso SHUFFLES on the
floor. He FLICKS on his lighter, illuminating his face:

His dry tongue hangs from his mouth. Dried blood crusts on
the top of his head. He's sickly pale and shivering in the
cold. He COUGHS and HURLS, cutting out the lighter.

INT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sally rests her head on the doctor's chest as he smokes.

DOCTOR
(Korean)
You ready to run away, baby?

SALLY
(Korean)
You can only imagine...

They share a moment of peace together. Then--

--She bolts up.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Shit!

DOCTOR
What?

SALLY
(Korean)
I have to get something. I forgot
something *very important*.

DOCTOR
(Korean)
What is it? We can buy another one.

Sally shakes her head as she pulls on her clothes.

SALLY
(Korean)
It was my sister's. I **MUST** have it.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Ren steers the car into the lot, leaving it canted across a few spots. Stimpy stumbles out after her.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren and Stimpy CHIME in. STATIC spews from the radio.

Stimpy plucks a slice of deli from behind the counter. Ren flicks his forehead and pushes him down the hallway.

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren grips the handle of the meat freezer and EXHALES, mustering the courage to pull the door open.

CLICK. She tugs it open and FLIPS on the light to reveal:

An empty meat freezer. No sign of Caruso.

No blood. No body.

Stimpy's mouth drops open. Ren eyes dart back and forth, her mind moving fast.

STIMPY

Where the fuck is he?

Ren SLAPS her hand on her forehead.

REN

You *idiot*, Stimpy. You stuck him in the meat *fridge*, not the freezer, didn't you.

A bit of ham falls from Stimpy's mouth.

STIMPY

Oh. I guess so...

Ren SHUTS the door and SMACKS Stimpy on the back of the head. She grabs the handle of the meat fridge.

REN

Almost gave me goddamn heart freeze.

She TUGS the door open and flicks on the light:

A gruesome scene. Caruso lies face-down. The wound on the back of his head has blackened and crusted over. A chilled pool of sticky blood has solidified around him. Dark red blood covers the cardboard boxes.

The floor and walls are littered with bloody handprints.

INSIDE THE FRIDGE

Ren and Stimpy follow a trail of bloody handprints that dance around the handle. Caruso almost found it.

REN

Christ almighty, Stimp.

An open package of hot dogs sits on the floor, a few with bites taken out.

STIMPY
This is nasty, Ren.

REN
Sucker *wasn't* dead after all.

STIMPY
Is he dead now?

REN
I sure hope so. Grab his arms.

She moves to pick up his legs. They lift.

Ren glances at the wall and sees FINGERNAILS BURIED INTO THE WALL. A look of fascination crosses her face.

Stimpy drops Caruso's upper body and he THUMPS to the floor.

Ren: *What the hell?*

Stimpy shrugs.

STIMPY
Just to make sure he's dead.

They carry him through the fridge door. Ren FLICKS off the light and shuts the door on the bloody scene inside.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill breathes with his mouth open, staring at the clock on the wall. It's eight o'clock.

He's still at his desk with the gun in one hand and the second bottle of whiskey in the other.

Hears the front door OPEN and Sally ENTER. He snaps to attention and bolts upright, taking the gun with him.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sally crouches in the closet shuffling boards around. She hears Bill and looks up at him.

He holds the bottle but keeps the gun out of sight.

BILL
Where the fuck were you? No call?

Sally puts a smile on.

SALLY
Bill! I got the job! I work at the
post office now!

She sees the intensity in his face.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Bill narrows his glare, BREATHING heavily.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You that drunk? Bill! I officially
do everything around-

She stops. Bill points the gun.

BILL
Who is he?

Sally puts her hands out.

SALLY
What?

BILL
Who are you fucking!?

Sally's horrified. Fierceness in Bill's eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)
You bitch!

He COCKS the gun. Sally SCREAMS.

Bill's finger PRESSES the trigger.

CLICK.

Nothing. He looks at the gun in disbelief. No bullets!

BILL (CONT'D)
What...?

His mind races. Sally darts for the phone. Bill panics and
throws the gun at Sally.

SLAM! It hits her head. She falls.

BANG! She hits her head on a table.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Blood is spread all over the floor. DRAGGING sound. GRUNTS.

Ren and Stimp pull the overweight Caruso across the tile. It's dark, but night lights from the meat case let them see.

REN

Fatty's dead weight, huh?

Stimp GASPS.

STIMPY

He's so cold...

REN

He's been in the fridge all day!

Ren sees the blood trail.

REN (CONT'D)

Shit. Stimp, we can't get all this in our car. We need a plan.

Stimp stops and thinks.

STIMPY

Bleedin' like a stuck pig.

A lightbulb goes off in Ren.

REN

We'll wrap him in parchment paper!

Stimp smiles. Ren GIGGLES and hops behind the counter, takes an entire roll of parchment from a drawer.

PULLS it apart and hands Stimp one end. They set it on the floor and roll Caruso onto the paper.

They wrap him head to toe, pressing blood against the paper.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - LATER

Caruso's body, covered by just one layer. Stimp holds the empty roll.

REN
Damn. We didn't have nearly enough
parchment paper, huh?

Stimpy looks at Caruso's body...

REN (CONT'D)
Swell...I'll just buy more
tomorrow.

STIMPY
But now we don't have any for the
customers!

REN
Shut the fuck up and help me put
him in the trunk. We'll deal with
that bridge when we cross it.

They drag him across the rest of the floor and CHIME the
front bell, leaving behind a bloody mess. It looks like a pig
was slaughtered in the center of the shop.

INT./EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S CAR - MOVING

Ren drives through dark streets, illuminated by streetlights.

Stimpy looks out the window at the dark silhouettes of bare
trees. Then he remembers the beer in his coat.

He CRACKS it open and swigs, then hands it to Ren. She chugs
it behind the wheel.

STIMPY
Where are we taking him?

The car wavers across the midline.

REN
To a field. Out of town a bit.

STIMPY
He's gotta be dead now, right?

She hands the beer back to him and course-corrects the car.

Another car drives toward them, headlights pierce the night.

Ren's car ekes toward the shoulder. She course-corrects again
but overcompensates, swerving the car across the road—

Right into the path of the other car.

Ren and Stimpy's eyes go wide.

She SWERVES at the last second. Tires SCREECH. HORNS.

They JUST miss each other. Ren speeds down the road.

STIMPY (CONT'D)

Gee, Ren...

The other car is A POLICE CRUISER. It SCREECHES to a halt and spins around.

Ren looks in the rearview mirror just as the police lights burst on and the siren WHOOPS. Her heart sinks.

REN

Shit.

STIMPY

Is that a cop?

REN

What does it look like, dummy?

STIMPY

Well, it looks like a police officer's car. And we have a dead body in the trunk...

Shakes her head and slows down.

REN

No shit, Sherlock.

The police car WHOOPS the siren again. They both pull over.

REN (CONT'D)

Just stay chill.

STIMPY

Like the body in the trunk?

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sally's tied up and gagged with a dish towel. A tear falls down her cheek, running over the duct tape.

Bill sits at the table holding the bottle of whiskey. The last sip SWISHES as his mind races.

BILL

Who the fuck is he?

Sally MOANS and CRIES, her voice muffled.

BILL (CONT'D)
That doctor? Yellow guy, just like
you. Bet I know fellas who killed
his friend-o's overseas.

Bill looks at the gun.

BILL (CONT'D)
No fuckin bullets, sweetie. My
sweet Korean princess.

MOANS.

BILL (CONT'D)
Remember the day I met you.

He PULLS from the bottle.

BILL (CONT'D)
You had just moved. Walked right
into my shop...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNGER BILL, skinnier, with more hair works behind the
counter. He looks up and a wave of awe falls across his face.

YOUNGER SALLY, with rich, flowing black hair, bright eyes and
a pretty smile strolls into the store.

BILL (V.O.)
Fresh off the train. Escaping your
personal hell in your godforsaken
home country. Just looking for a
neighborhood butcher.

Younger Bill smiles - one Older Bill hasn't flashed in years
- and motions to the display of meats to Younger Sally.

BILL (V.O.)
Right then and there. I realized I
had made the right decision.

Younger Sally lifts a hearty chunk of roast beef to her
mouth, dangling it for a moment between her slender red lips.

Younger Bill beams. She chews, her eyes rolling back.

BILL (V.O.)
Missing the draft was the right
move. A message from god himself
walked through my door. Did it only
a few weeks before you came in.

In orgasmic revelry, she savors the roast beef. She opens her
eyes again and stares at Bill. Pure love.

BILL (V.O.)
My princess from the east. Some
people called it disgraceful. But
they don't know what I would have
been leaving behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bill stares at Sally, tears streaming down her face.

BILL
And what happened...

Sally MOANS.

BILL (CONT'D)
Your goddamn niece and nephew.

Sally struggles at the bounds, but it's no use.

BILL (CONT'D)
They turned you on me. And bit by
bit you fell under their spell.
You've been sucking the life out of
me ever since.

PULLS from the bottle again.

BILL (CONT'D)
They never respected me. You saw
the way they treated me and they
soured you.

He grabs the gun from off the table.

BILL (CONT'D)
You wicked, *nasty woman*. You've
cursed me.

Smiles.

BILL (CONT'D)
No lost love now, right sugar?

Blows a kiss to Sally and stands.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go to the shop and get
bullets. Then I'm gonna come back
here. And you're gonna call your
chop-stick lover boy. You're gonna
invite him over. And I'm gonna
shoot the both of you in the head.

Bill walks out of the house. Sally SCREAMS behind her gag,
tears flowing, straining with all her might.

INT./EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ren grips the wheel, nervous. Stimpy BREATHES heavily in the
front seat, the can of beer between his legs.

The officer approaches: Officer Weston Hancock.

HANCOCK
Tsk tsk. Ren and Stimpy, at it
again, huh? Up to no good, are ya?

STIMPY
No sir!

Hancock CLICKS his tongue and rests his arm on the car.

HANCOCK
What am I to do with you. Drunk
driving again. Lucky nobody's dog
was around this time.

Ren looks up at him, her blue eyes shining in his flashlight.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Go home, now. And drive slow. Stay
in your goddamn lane.

He CHUCKLES.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
That's good advice for ya's on the
road or in life.

REN
Yessir.

STIMPY

Thanks Officer Hancock. We're just gonna crash at the store—

Ren SLAPS her hand on his lips.

HANCOCK

What's that? No you ain't.

REN

No sir. I mean — yessir, we will, NOT be going to the shop. We'll be heading straight home.

HANCOCK

Good. Now get on with it.

Saunters back to his car and TAPS the trunk as he passes. Ren watches him in the mirror until he DRIVES OFF.

STIMPY

Phew...that was close.

Ren flicks his forehead.

REN

You're telling me, doofus! Just go with what he says!

STIMPY

Sorry, Ren. I just wanted—

REN

No! From now on, shut your trap. I'M doing all the talking.

Stimpy pouts.

REN (CONT'D)

Gimme the beer.

She snatches it and polishes it off, then rolls down the window and tosses it outside.

The car races down the street, cutting through darkness.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Off a dirt road, Ren parks the car and POPS the trunk.

REN

Let's bury this sucker.

Stimpy runs to the back of the car, pulls Caruso to the ground and drags him.

STIMPY

No need to be careful now, right?

Ren reaches in the back and grabs a shovel.

REN

No way, Jorge.

EXT. MIDDLE OF FIELD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Stimpy PLOPS him on the ground, exhausted. His breath PUFFS in the cold night air. Ren trudges over to him.

A thin layer of snow covers the hard ground.

STIMPY

We'll say "Amen," right?

REN

Sure, Stimp. Amen will make the difference.

Ren raises the shovel and JAMS it into the ground--

--DING!

She winces with pain. The blade got nowhere.

Tries again.

DING!

The blade harmlessly bounces off the frozen dirt.

REN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Stimpy takes the shovel. He heaves--

DING!

CRIES out in pain, clutching his wounded hand.

REN (CONT'D)

You idiot! We can't bury a body in the middle of winter! Ground's frozen solid!

Stimpy PANTS, puffing in the cold. His eyes scan the dark field...and rest on something...

Something that unsettles him.

REN (CONT'D)
Gee, what a stupid idea, Stimpy.
Let's take him back to the shop.

Stimpy's eyes bulge. Pure fear.

REN (CONT'D)
We'll figure something out there...

Ren notices Stimpy staring. She follows his gaze and squints:

Ren can make out the tree line in the distance, the shadows of bony trees reaching up to a starry sky, as if groping for redemption from a feckless god.

Wind WHOOSHES. A FIGURE is visible, moving toward them.

REN (CONT'D)
Someone there?

Figure comes into view:

THE POSTMAN.

His smooth featureless face is threatening and pale.

Ren covers her mouth. Stimpy MOANS. They stare into the face of an incessant void marching toward them.

Ren grabs Stimpy's hand and pulls him to Caruso. They each take a leg and drag him toward the car.

Ren slips and falls. Stimpy helps her up and turns back:

THE POSTMAN MARCHES.

EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ren and Stimpy toss Caruso in the back seat and PEEL out on the dirt road.

The wind CALMS to a light breeze. The world settles into the darkness again.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill stumbles out of his house. Takes one step on the walkway and loses it, legs flying up, LANDS hard on his ass.

He releases a loud GROAN and eases himself up.

LARRY (O.S.)
Hi-ya Bill!

A louder GROAN from Bill. He marches toward his car as Larry approaches him with a much different demeanor this time.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Hey, what the heck, Bill. You left
the misses waiting, and you trashed
my car! Now what's the idea!

Bill tries to get into his car but Larry pulls him upright.

LARRY (CONT'D)
And you trashed my fence! You
oughta pay for that, too, buddy--

Bill pulls back and CLOCKS Larry on the nose, sending him sprawling to the walkway.

BILL
I gotta take care of something at
my shop!

Bill PLOPS into his car and SLAMS the door.

LARRY
(scrambling)
Now wait just a minute, fella!

Bill PEELS out and almost runs him over. Larry glares at him, his nose busted and already bleeding.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry heads straight for the phone. SPINS the rotary dial.

LARRY
(into phone)
Hi, yes, I'd like to make a report.
A formal tip to the police station.

INT./EXT. REN AND STIMPY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ren and Stimpy race down the road, Caruso sprawled out in the back. They're drunk, now shaken.

STIMPY
Just get back to the shop...get
back to the shop...

REN

Stimp. Stimp snap out of it...

But he's lost in his head.

REN (CONT'D)

Stimpy!

She flicks his forehead. He doesn't react.

It begins to snow. Ren sees the beauty above her: small flakes drifting from a dark, expansive sky.

STIMPY

Get back...to the shop...

Snow whizzes over the windshield. The headlights reflect off oversized snowflakes. She races on.

Stimpy puts his head in his hands and starts to MOAN.

Ren SLAMS the breaks and stops the car. Turns to her brother:

REN

Stimp. Stimpy listen to me. We're getting through this. We'll dump the sucker in the freezer and figure out a place to ditch him in the morning. The store's doing great, and Hancock suspects squat.

Stimpy looks up, begging her with his eyes.

REN (CONT'D)

I'm still here. I'm still in this with you. We're gonna be fine.

Pained panic on Stimpy's face.

STIMPY

We gotta get back to the shop.

REN

I know. I'm taking you to the shop.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Silence at the shop. Snow falls and water DRIPS from the broken gutter onto the walkway. The unused bag of salt has a shell of fallen snow cresting its top.

The night lights of the meat case illuminate the peaceful, if otherwise bloody, front room.

Bill CAREENS down the street in his station wagon and SCREECHES to a halt near the front door.

He leaves the car door open. CRUNCHES through the snow.

DING of the front door.

INSIDE THE SHOP - FRONT ROOM

Bill leaves the lights off. And freezes at the sight of the bloody mess.

He paces back and forth, soaking in the bizarre disaster.

BILL
Ren! Stimpy! FUCK!!

Night lights illuminate the blood.

BILL (CONT'D)
Shit...shitload of blood...fuck.

He storms through the counter toward the back office.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bill storms into the office and flicks on the light.

BILL
Fuck it...just get back to the
bitch, Bill...

He rips the closet door open and kneels down to get the bullets. Sees them spilled out over the floor.

MUMBLING, he loads the gun, grabs a handful more and crams them in his pocket.

BILL (CONT'D)
Fuckin Ren and Stimpy.

FLICKS off the light. He tracks the trail of blood from the fridge to the front room...

...Follows the trail...

FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Careful not to get his shoe prints in the blood.

Bill tracks it to the front door as

PARKING LOT

Ren PEELS in...

INT. REN AND STIMPY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ren PARKS and sees Bill's pathetic parking job.

REN
Fuck. That's Uncle Bill. Stimp, you
with me?

STIMPY
I'm here, sis.

REN
Atta boy.

Ren thinks.

REN (CONT'D)
Ok. Stimp. You stay here with the
body. I'll go inside and try to
defuse the situation. Talk some
sense into Bill long enough for...

Stimp waits.

REN (CONT'D)
...I don't know. Us to figure
something out.

Nods.

REN (CONT'D)
If he sees your face, he'll really
lose his shit.

Nods again.

STIMPY
Stay with the body...

REN
Yes. Good. I'll be right back.

Stimp watches her CRUNCH through the snow--

--And turns around to look at Caruso: mouth open, eyes shut.

Stimp BREATHEs. Snow falls around Bill's Butcher Shop.

Caruso is still...perfectly still...

BANG!

A gunshot ERUPTS through the parking lot, startling Stimpy.

Then it hits him:

STIMPY

Ren!

He jumps out of the car...but then he turns back...

STIMPY (CONT'D)

The body!

Stimpy slips and falls HARD to the ground. SHOUTS.

He RIPS the door open and TUGS Caruso out of the back seat. DRAGS him across the ground in a panic.

Stimpy opens the front door and the bell CHIMES. He steps inside and looks up...

FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill FUMES with the gun outstretched over his head. Plaster falls from the bullet hole in the ceiling.

Ren clutches her shoulders, frightened. She HICCUPS.

Bill looks at Stimpy in the doorway with the body. Ren bends over and PUKES on the tile. The vomit slides over the floor.

Bill BURPS, dumbfounded and hammered. He gazes at Stimpy holding the limp Caruso in the doorway.

BILL

What. The. Fuck. Did you guys do.

Ren looks at Stimpy.

MOAN FROM CARUSO!

A loud, horrible YOWL, like a diseased cat.

Stimpy jumps and drops him. He flops to the floor.

Bill panics at the piercing sound, and with his eyes wide, aims the gun at Ren.

BANG!

He shoots Ren and she collapses to the floor.

Stimpy sees her fall.

STIMPY

Ren!

Stimpy turns a mad gaze to Bill, who's spooked at the looming intensity of the humongous frame.

Stimpy loses it. With a YELL, he charges.

Bill can't get himself together fast enough to aim the gun and fire. Stimpy gets to him and knocks the gun loose.

BILL

Stimpy! Wait!

There's no stopping him. He lifts Bill up by the collar and SLAMS him on the counter.

Stimpy BANGS Bill's head against the counter...

Twice...

Three times...

Then he CLOCKS Bill in the face. He CAREENS into the gum ball machine, sending them FLYING across the floor.

A handful of gum balls gather in Ren's vomit.

Stimpy walks toward Bill for more...

INT. HANCOCK'S CRUISER - MOVING

Officer Hancock drives through dark, snowy roads, HUMMING along to rock MUSIC. He takes a sip of from a shiny thermos.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(over radio)

Fine evenin, folks, for Johnny B's
Flakey New Frets of the Fifties.
Following up The Five Satins with
some freaky new frets from the
Fabulous Wailers.

Hancock is charmed and TURNS IT UP.

He looks out at a wide, stretching field, admiring the beauty of the snow and the bright night sky.

Then his two-way police radio CHIRPS to life.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(over radio)
Attention officers we have a call
into Bill's Butcher Shop, reckless
and drunk driving with a report of
assault committed by one *William*
Morrissey. Please respond.

Hancock CHUCKLES and shakes his head. He picks up the radio.

HANCOCK
(into radio)
Ahh, Central, this is Officer
Hancock, reporting in response to
the call, over.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(over radio)
Copy that, Hancock, over.

Hancock pulls over and WHIPS the oversized cruiser around.

HANCOCK
Don't dodge the draft, you won't
get teased, Billy.

He flashes the bubblers and WHOOPS the siren, taking off down
the snowy road.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Stimpy HUFFS and PUFFS. Bill lay motionless and bloody.

CARUSO crawls toward the front door. One eye's shut, blood
and dirt and snow caked on his fucked-up head.

REN STANDS. The bullet just grazed her arm. A small trail of
blood leaks down her forearm. She smiles.

REN
Uncle Bill's a shit shot, Stimp.

Wipes his brow, revealing bloodied knuckles.

DING! Caruso pushes the front door open and makes his way
down the walkway, one GRUNT and shove at a time.

Ren looks down at Bill and smiles.

REN (CONT'D)
Good job, Stimp.

He BEAMS.

REN (CONT'D)
But JESUS, let's get him in the
goddamn *freezer*, this time, eh?

She flicks his forehead and Stimpie jumps to attention. Points to Caruso, crawling away on the walkway.

REN (CONT'D)
Let's get this guy in the freezer
once and for all.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Ren steps across the walkway and grabs Caruso by the feet. He YELPS and as he's tugged inside.

Caruso sinks his blackened fingertips (he's missing most of his fingernails) into the ice in desperation--

--Leaving finger trails and bloodstains in the walkway.

REN
How is this fucker still kickin'?

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren TUGS him back inside.

REN
He's got some fight, eh Stimpie?

She turns to see Stimpie, on one knee, PUNCHING Bill in the face over and over.

Bill's teeth SCATTER across the tile as blood flecks.

REN (CONT'D)
Jeeze, Stimpie. He's out already.
Let's stick'em in the freezer.

Stimpie finally stops.

Bill is barely recognizable. Stimpie had used his wounded hand, and black blood from Bill covers his mangled fist.

Tears streak Stimpie's face.

STIMPY
Why did you shoot Ren, Uncle Bill?

Shakes the unconscious man. Bill's mouth falls open and his tongue spills out, revealing the few teeth he has left.

REN

Stimp, I'm alright. Let's just
stash these two and get to cleanin.

Stimpy SOBS and hoists Bill over his shoulder.

STIMPY

He shouldn't have done that, Ren.

Ren tugs Caruso with her good arm.

REN

No, he shouldn't have. Sure he
knows that now.

Bill MOANS over Stimpy's shoulder and drools blood onto his
back. He GURGLES and MUMBLES.

REN (CONT'D)

We'll stick these two in the
freezer and clean up, then deal
with them in the morning. Lord
knows we could use a drink.

Stimpy CLICKS the freezer open. Ren smirks.

REN (CONT'D)

Atta boy, Stimp. That's the one.

INSIDE THE FREEZER

Ren DRAGS Caruso in. Stimpy drops Bill.

Then, Bill WAILS. A sloppy, wet HOWL. Ren covers her ears.

Caruso startles to life and releases a helpless SCREAM,
GURGLING, CHOKING on blood. They wail in sick harmony.

Stimpy KICKS Caruso in the head to silence him. Bill stops to
BREATH.

STIMPY

Shut up, Uncle Bill. Just die.

Ren grabs Stimpy by the hand, leading him to the hallway. She
pushes the door shut.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren picks up the mop and bucket and RUNS the water. She's
focused, determined, lucid.

REN

Stimpy. Sweep up Uncle Bill's teeth, then cover the blood trail out front with fresh snow. If it keeps fallin' like this, evidence will be covered by dawn.

She PLOPS down the bucket and sinks the mop into the fresh water. She lifts it and swipes.

REN (CONT'D)

I'll mop this massacre. We'll be good as new soon, with time for some brews before we gotta open.

Stimpy has a broom and collects Bill's teeth into a neat little pile. They're mixed with gum balls and blood.

STIMPY

Aw, Ren. Can't we open late tomorrow? I'm so tired...

Ren swipes the tile with the mop. She PRESSES the bloody water into the bucket.

REN

Ya know, we're still the proprietors. I guess we can make the executive decision to open up a smidgen late tomorrow...

Stimpy BEAMS and empties a fistful of teeth in the trash bin.

REN (CONT'D)

Now get outside and take care of that.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Stimpy spreads fresh snow over Caruso's blood trail.

A car WHOOSHES up to the shop. Stimpy glances up--

It glides right by. Stimpy EXHALES.

He GRUNTS, pushing snow across the bloodstains.

Then, a POLICE CRUISER approaches the lot.

Stimpy stares at it...And the cruiser pulls in.

INT. HANCOCK'S CRUISER - MOVING

Hancock turns the wheel and glides into the lot. He sees the two cars, both with multiple doors open and horribly parked.

HANCOCK

The hell?

Then he sees Stimpy shoveling snow *onto* the walkway.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

What's he doin'?

As he parks, Stimpy scampers inside the shop. Hancock kills the engine but keeps the bubblers on as he steps out.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Hancock sees the messy shoveling job Stimpy pulled off. Suspicious, Hancock UNCLIPS his firearm.

At the door, he peers inside to see Ren and Stimpy behind the counter. Nothing catches his eye.

He CHIMES the front door and steps in.

FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hancock adjusts his trousers and looks around. He takes off his hat and brushes the snow off, then meets Ren's gaze.

REN

Welcome to Bill's Butcher Shop, may
I take your order?

He looks at Stimpy, eager to start the slicer. Hancock CHUCKLES.

HANCOCK

Well. I have never expected such a
formal introduction to this
establishment. You two burnin' the
midnight oil?

STIMPY

You know, officer. Just trying to
turn this place around since Bill
left us in charge.

Ren winks at Hancock, who CLICKS his tongue.

HANCOCK
Say, speaking of that fella, where
is he?

REN
What do you mean?

Hancock steps toward the counter.

Stimpy averts his gaze and his eyes fall upon a TOOTH ON THE
FLOOR.

HANCOCK
I mean. Where is Bill?

Hancock looks around the front room, scanning the floor. Then
looks up at the main light.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
Why the lights off?

REN
Save electricity.

HANCOCK
Ain't that savvy. Now where's Bill.

STIMPY
He's not here!

Hancock cocks his head and flashes a toothy grin.

HANCOCK
Oh, no? What's his car doin' here?

Stimpy's eyes dart back to the tooth on the floor. Hancock
steps right up to the counter, facing Ren.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
What do you say about that Ren?

REN
I haven't seen Uncle Bill.

Hancock holds his hat and meanders around the counter.

HANCOCK
Got a call about your uncle.

Hancock squints at a bloodstain near the roast beef.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
I respect that you may be trying to
protect him but he assaulted a man.

Ren and Stimpy lock eyes.

REN
We don't know anything about that
officer, and that's the truth.

Hancock nods.

HANCOCK
So where's he hidin'?

A brightness swells in Ren's eyes and she plays along:

REN
Ah, well, he didn't say much,
really, he just barged in here when
we were tryna close up.

HANCOCK
Ok.

REN
And he ah, ran out the back.

Ren flips her head toward the walk-in freezer. Hancock
squints at her.

Stimpy: pure disbelief in his eyes.

REN (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's ah...gone now.

Ren mouths "freezer." Hancock gets it. Turns to the freezer.

HANCOCK
I might just poke around but I'll
be out of your hair in a jiffy.

A BANG from the freezer and a muffled MOAN. Hancock starts
down the hallway.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
How drunk you get yourself, Bill.

Ren winks at Stimpy. She motions to the cash register. Stimpy
follows her gaze...

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hancock steps down the hallway, seeing the blood trail. The
mop and bucket.

Looks at the freezer door at the end of the hall.

Ren and Stimpy creep behind him.

Hancock steps around the blood trail.

HANCOCK
Bill? You in there?

MOANS and THUMPS behind the steel door.

Hancock grips the handle. He PULLS--

--WHOOSH--

Steam from the cold air clouds around him.

His eyes fall upon what's inside and pure terror and disgust spread across his face. His eyes go wide and wet with fear.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)
My god. What IS THAT--

Ren CLICKS the radio and rock MUSIC echoes through the shop.

Hancock jolts and reaches for his gun--

CA-CHING!

The cash register SLAMS on Hancock's head. He YELPS and crumbles. Stimpy stands behind him, HEAVING.

Ren slides her finger over the knob of the radio and saunters down the hall, gliding her hands on Stimpy's shoulders.

REN
Good get, Stimp.

Stimpy FUMES. He sucks on his chopped finger. Blood stains his teeth.

Hancock: motionless. Blood seeps across the floor. Some trickles from his mouth. Stimpy pushes him inside the freezer and steps back.

Ren stands in the light, looking down at the three bodies. Someone MOANS. She pulls the door shut and seals the light.

REN (CONT'D)
Simple as that.

Blackness.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Ren STARTS up Bill's car. It CREAKS over snow and ice.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ren glides Bill's car out of sight from the road. She KILLS the engine and drops the keys into her pocket.

The back door swings open: Stimp.

Ren walks through the door and gently flicks his forehead, almost flirtatious. Stimp smirks and lets the door shut.

THE LOCK: unlatched.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM

Stimp stands over Bill's tooth on the tile. He plucks it off the floor and pops it into his mouth. SUCKS on it.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM

Ren finishes up the last of the blood stain and strains the mop in the bucket. She puts her ear up to the freezer door and listens to a few THUMPS and muffled MOANS.

A smile creeps across her face.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM

Ren and Stimp wipe down counters, finishing the cleanup.

Ren adjusts a few of the signs around the meats. She takes care, angling each one.

Stimp SUCKS on the tooth, wiping down the deli slicer with care. He licks his chopped finger.

STIMP

Hey, Ren?

REN

Yeah, Stimp?

STIMP

I'm actually a little excited to start work tomorrow.

REN
I think we'll handle the rush ok.

STIMPY
Crack a beer soon?

REN
Would love to.

A car WHOOSHES outside on the street. It slows.

REN (CONT'D)
But we have one more customer
tonight.

Ren and StimpY watch as the car pulls into the lot.

They lock eyes.

Ren CLICKS the radio off. SILENCE.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Larry Niedermeyer steps out of his banged-up car and looks at the scene. He sees Ren and StimpY's car, and the police cruiser with the bubblers still flashing.

He CRUNCHES to the walkway.

The front door CHIMES.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM

Ren grips Bill's gun. StimpY SUCKS the tooth.

Puts a forefinger up to her lips.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - FRONT ROOM

Larry at the counter, searches for evidence of someone.

LARRY
Hello? Anyone here?

Larry peaks behind the counter:

Nothing.

He meanders to the hallway.

A SINGLE GUM BALL rolls down the hallway and taps Larry on the foot. He looks down at it.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Hello? Bill?

He starts down the hallway.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Ren? Stimpy? I see the cars out
front. Officer Hancock?

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Larry walks, cautious. Steps by the dark office doorway.

The light FLICKS ON--

Larry JUMPS. Ren holds the gun up to his temple.

REN
Don't move.

Larry puts his hands out.

LARRY
Now. I don't want no trouble.

Gun on his skin.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I just came here looking for Bill.

Stimpy appears at the other end of the hall, sucking on the tooth. He looks on with fascination.

Larry looks at him, horrified.

STIMPY
A few folks have come through
looking for Uncle Bill.

LARRY
Now, listen, I just--

BANG!

Ren DROPS him. The bullet splits his head open and blood mists the wall.

They're fascinated by the gore.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - MEAT FREEZER - NIGHT

Ren and Stimpy push Larry's body into the freezer, adding him to the pile.

A pleading MOAN from off screen, one of the survivors.

Ren and Stimpy look down at their collection. Then Ren pulls the door shut, once again shutting out the light.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Ren scrubs the blood spray on the wall.

STIMPY

Say, we're pretty good at this.

REN

Sure are.

Stimpy SUCKS on the tooth.

REN (CONT'D)

Hey Stimp? I was thinkin'. Remember yesterday. We were looking for forms to give the fake inspector.

STIMPY

Yeah-huh.

REN

And we found that safe with Uncle Bill's bullets.

Stimpy nods.

REN (CONT'D)

Think there's cash in there?

Stimpy considers.

REN (CONT'D)

I bet Bill is too stupid to remember to take it all home. Let's see what kinda funds he's hiding.

STIMPY

That's a good idea.

REN

I know. And I thought maybe we just leave the shop behind, start...

She trails off. StimpY waits for her to continue...

STIMPY

What?

Ren shrugs as she wipes the blood.

REN

Nothin'. I don't know. Just find
that cash, would ya?

StimpY nods and disappears in the back office.

Ren scrubs a bloodstain on the carpet. But it doesn't get
larger, like earlier. It dilutes and washes away. Ren smiles.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK LOT - NIGHT

Yet another car approaches Bill's Butcher Shop. This time,
slow and quiet.

It comes to rest behind Bill's car.

INT. DOCTOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Sally in the passenger seat, makeup smeared and hair messy.
She lifts a hand to brush hair out of her eyes, and reveals
bruises on her wrists.

Next to her, the doctor. He's nervous, but calm.

Sally looks strung out and MAD. She sees the open back door.
Then pulls a snub-nosed pistol from her coat pocket, checks
the bullets, and CLICKS off the safety.

Doctor puts an arm on her back.

DOCTOR

(Korean)

You sure you'll be alright?

Sally nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(Korean)

Be careful.

The doctor pulls Sally in and kisses her hard.

Finally, Sally breaks away. In the back: suitcases piled
high...They're set to run.

She steps out with the gun, creeps to the door and peaks in.

INSIDE: Stimpny shuts the freezer, shaking his head.

STIMPY

Gee, Ren. The bodies are really
piling up in there.

REN (O.S.)

I know. You find any cash yet?

Stimpny shakes his head.

STIMPY

Not yet, but I'll keep poking
around in the closet.

He walks into the office.

Sally glances back at the doctor. Then eases the back door
open and glides through.

STIMPY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who was that last guy, anyway?

REN (O.S.)

No idea, pal.

Sally creeps along the wall of the dark hallway. She can see
the office door, open with the light on.

STIMPY (O.S.)

The police officer is still alive,
by the way.

Sally's eyes widen at this news.

REN (O.S.)

Won't last long in the freezer.

REN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is Uncle Bill dead yet?

Sally freezes.

STIMPY (O.S.)

I think so. It's hard to tell.

Sally takes this in. Looks down at the snub nose in her hand.

REN (O.S.)

Well, like I said. The freezer will
make quick work of him.

Sally steps to the hallway where Ren scrubs the blood stain.

REN (CONT'D)
Who knows about that fake health
inspector though, right? That guy
just wouldn't croak.

Ren works the carpet. Behind her, Sally steps into view with the gun pointed down at Ren.

SALLY
What the hell have you two done?

Ren freezes, eyes wide.

She whizzes around and looks up at Sally. Ren transforms her surprise into cheerfulness.

REN
Aunty Sally! How are you!

Sally looks at the blood spot.

REN (CONT'D)
Stimpy! Come say hi to Aunty Sally!

Sally pushes her eyes to the doorway, where Stimpy appears with Bill's gun drawn.

STIMPY
Aunty!

Nothing from Sally.

REN
Stimpy...say...hi...

Stimpy is conflicted. He has the gun pointed at Sally, and Sally has the gun pointed at Ren.

REN (CONT'D)
Can't you see she wants you to say
hi, Stimpy? Say hi to Aunty Sally.

Stimpy looks at Ren, then back at Sally, the gun quivering in his hand.

Beat.

STIMPY
Aunty! I'm sorry!

Stimpy COCKS the gun.

REN

Shoot her!

Sally spins and--

BANG!

Stimpy takes it between the eyes. Blood spreads. His eyes jerk inside his skull and he slumps to the floor.

Ren SCREAMS.

Sally turns back to face her.

SALLY

You are beyond saving now. You were dishonorable, but I did my best.

Ren PANTS, looking up at her aunt.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I can only walk you so far through life. You cannot wander forever. You are souls with nothing attached.

Ren stands. Sally points the gun at her, totally still.

Tears.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Your mother wouldn't want this.

A BREATH.

Ren SCREAMS and rushes at Sally.

BANG!

Sally drops her, right between the eyes.

She CLICKS the safety and pockets the weapon.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - OFFICE

Sally reaches in the closet and removes a false board from the wall. Behind it:

Another safe.

She WHIZZES the dial until it CLICKS open. Inside:

Wads of cash. A box of rounds for her snub-nose.

She grabs the cash and bullets, and swings the safe shut.

CLICKS the light off.

INT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sally walks toward the back door, but freezes at the steely freezer door, looming in the dark.

She cocks her head and considers.

Puts her hand on the handle.

CLICK.

Swings open and cold air WHOOSHES out to greet her. She peers into the darkness.

A ridiculous scene. Bodies piled. Caruso. Her husband Bill Morrissey. Officer Hancock. And the neighbor Larry Niedermeyer. All motionless, dead and bloody.

In the corner: THE POSTMAN. His face featureless, pale white and smooth, naked this time, crouched like a threatened cat. The face angles toward the door.

The silhouette of Sally stands in the doorway.

Sally's face absorbs the scene, emotionless.

The Postman wipes some blood off the floor and rubs it onto the pale white skin of his blank face.

The threatening, pale face. The bony body. Death. The void.

DRONING sound BOOMS through the freezer--

Postman JERKS into movement, crawling on all fours with lightning agility toward the door--

Sally calmly shuts the freezer door. It CLICKS, sealing out the blackness for the last time. She turns and walks away.

INT. DOCTOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Sally emerges from the back door. Doctor SIGHS with relief.

She OPENS the door and steps in.

DOCTOR
(Korean)
You get the cash?

Sally reaches into her pockets and unloads the wads of cash. She turns to the doctor, still emotionless.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(Korean)

You ok, love?

SALLY

(Korean)

Take me away from here.

He leans in and kisses her vigorously. She soaks it in, relaxing at his touch.

He STARTS the car and REVS the engine. Sally leans back and closes her eyes. They locks hands.

EXT. BILL'S BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

The doctor's car pulls away and drives off.

Bill's Butcher Shop rests in the night.

Snow falls from a brightened sky. It dusts the trees and quiet roads, peaceful homes and driveways.

The night is dark, but hides a greater darkness.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.