

Murder Room, Inc

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BLACK:

HEAVY BREATHING.

**INT. MURDER ROOM - DAY**

A row of books of various shapes and sizes - The BREATHING, MORE FRANTIC - a hand comes and pushes the books off the shelf revealing THE VICTIM - terrified, frenzied.

He rips through the shelf, opening boxes and jars, dumping them out and moving on. A timer looms on the wall - 02:00 minutes and counting.

More searching and quick looks at the clock. His eyes keep shifting to a thick looking metal door - The only way in or out. Finally, after tossing aside some more shelves, he sees a glass case with two round openings perfect for his arms.

Inside is a key. Another look at the clock - only a few seconds now. The victim reaches into the case...

HISS - something locks around his arm. He screams and pulls it out - big mistake. His arm comes free, minus the skin.

He can only look on in shock at his exposed muscle and sinew as the countdown finishes. The Victim raises his good hand to clutch at his exposed, raw muscle when a laser shoots through the air, slicing off the fingers. Before he can process this - or even scream - more lasers blast from the walls and ceiling, slicing the poor victim to pieces.

Blood, gore, and body parts litter the floor. The metal door opens, and two booted feet step in to survey the damage. It's a MAN, dressed in overalls with a name tag reading WALTER - MURDER ROOM, INC.

Walter wheels a mop and bucket over to the remains of the victim. It's another day at work for him, he slips on gloves, takes out his phone, and dials a number while he cleans.

WALTER  
(on phone)  
Hey honey.

On the other end is his wife, KATHY.

KATHY (V.O.)  
(windy)  
Oh hey, still at the office?

Walter picks up the severed head as bits of flesh and tissue fall out of the neck.

WALTER  
Yeah, this clean up should only  
take me a minute.

KATHY (V.O.)  
Oh, oh I thought you would be  
later. Wasn't this that  
businessman from Japan?

WALTER  
That's next week. This was some  
Wall Street type, slept with his  
boss's wife.

KATHY (V.O.)  
Oh...oh...

Walter picks up some fingers and tosses them in the bucket  
along with the head.

WALTER  
You alright? You sound out of  
breath.

KATHY (V.O.)  
What? Yeah, I'm fine, just was  
outside. You know, my allergies.

As she speaks, ANOTHER MALE VOICE CAN BE HEARD IN THE  
BACKGROUND.

WALTER  
Hey, is someone with you?

KATHY (V.O.)  
What?

The VOICE IS LOUDER.

WALTER  
Who is that?

KATHY (V.O.)  
Oh it's...

WALTER  
Is that Jimmy Foddle?

KATHY (V.O.)  
He just came over to show me his  
new racket set.

WALTER  
His racket set?

KATHY (V.O.)  
 You know that he's been dying to  
 get us to join his racketball  
 league. He was showing me a few  
 moves.

Walter tosses a foot into the back, followed by some  
 intestines.

WALTER  
 Yeah, dying...

KATHY (V.O.)  
 Walter, I don't know what you're  
 so upset about. He's just Jimmy  
 from next door. We all work  
 together for Christ's sake.

WALTER  
 Yeah but Jimmy's up there in his  
 ivory tower in billing while I'm  
 stuck down here.

KATHY (V.O.)  
 Walter.

MURMURS FROM THE MALE VOICE.

WALTER  
 What is that? What's he saying?

He tosses more body parts in the pail as the OTHER VOICE GETS  
 ON THE LINE.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
 Hey Walt, whatcha doing?

WALTER  
 What are you doing?

JIMMY (V.O.)  
 Just a neighborly game of  
 racketball. Say, are you still at  
 the office? I thought this was a  
 routine clean up.

WALTER  
 Yeah, I'm almost --

He stands, slipping on some of the blood. Walter stumbles and  
 falls back, hitting a lever against the wall --

The door SLAMS SHUT. The timer on the wall starts.

05:00 minutes.

Walter stares at it as Jimmy prattles on.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I was showing Kathy some swings,  
boy, the arm on her! You should -

WALTER  
Hey Jimmy, I'll have to call you  
back.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Right-o!

Walter takes a radio from his belt.

WALTER  
(into radio)  
Hey control, this is Walt. Can you  
disable Room 212?

No response.

WALTER  
Control, disable Room 212!

Still silence.

WALTER  
Control!

Nothing. He shoves the radio back in his belt and runs to the door - locked. Walter pulls and rams but nothing. His eyes race around the room, falling on --

-- the glass case! He rushes over, almost shoving his hand, but stops, remembering. Walter's eyes race around the room, falling on --

-- The severed, de-gloved arm. Walter lifts it and shoves in in the case, once again hearing the HISS as something locks around it.

It's like a gorier version of the claw game from arcades as Walter manipulates the arm, trying to use the fingers to hook the key.

He gets it! Walter tries to pull the arm out but it's locked in place by the death trap! The clock ticks as Walter twists and pulls and gives a mighty heave --

-- The arm snaps! Walter falls but quickly rises, now looking at part of the arm in his hands and the other half stuck in the case.

He takes out his phone and dials a number.

Someone answers.

WALTER  
(into phone)  
Kathy!

JIMMY (V.O.)  
Hey neighbor!

WALTER  
Where's Kathy?

JIMMY (V.O.)  
She's indisposed at the moment.  
Let me tell you, we had a  
rather...spirited game... a real  
--

Walter hangs up. He tears through the room, tossing stuff off shelves, finally finding a solid looking hammer and attacks the door.

Nothing. The door stands. Walter looks at the clock.

02:00.

Defeated, he takes out his phone and dials.

KATHY (V.O.)  
Hey --

WALTER  
Kath --

KATHY  
-- You've reached Kathy, I'm not  
at my phone right now, but if  
you'd like to leave a message,  
wait for the beep!

BEEP.

WALTER  
(into phone)  
Hey Kath, I...Look, I don't want  
the last thing I said to you to  
be...I just...you're the most  
important thing in the world to  
me. You make me want to be a  
better person and I love you and  
I...I'm so dedicated to my job I  
just...  
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I thought I was losing you...Maybe  
I did lose you, I just want you to  
know, in these final moments that  
I --

The door CLICKS. A second later it pulls open and Walter darts forward.

JIMMY steps in and Walter embraces him.

JIMMY  
Whoa there, glad to see me?

WALTER  
Oh Jimmy! I am, I really am.

JIMMY  
Sorry, I would have been here  
sooner, but Kathy, you know.

Walter steps back.

WALTER  
No, I don't.

JIMMY  
She's such a physical woman,  
honestly I didn't think that I  
would be able to keep up! The  
stamina on her! And those legs!  
Let me tell you, she gave me a  
good run for --

Walter's face darkens and he swings the hammer across Jimmy's face. Jimmy's legs buckle and he falls just as Walter steps past him and closes the door behind him.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A moment later, JIMMY'S BLOODCURDLING SCREAM can be heard from the other side. Walter pulls the door open, looks in at the fresh pool of blood and body parts, and smiles.

Pleased with himself, and somewhat relieved, Walter strolls down the hallway and steps around the corner into --

#### **INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

A wall of his MURDER INC COWORKERS, with KATHY front and center. They have cake, food, and drinks. A banner hangs reading HAPPY BIRTHDAY WALTER!

KATHY AND COWORKERS  
 Surprise!

They swarm him, patting him, congratulating him. Kathy comes up and kisses him.

WALTER  
 Kathy, what...

KATHY  
 Jimmy and I have been planning this for weeks. We were in the middle of setting up when you called.

WALTER  
 I...So you weren't...

She smiles and hands him a racket with a bow wrapped around it.

KATHY  
 Jimmy does want us to join his racketball league.

COWORKERS MINGLE AND TALK AROUND THEM. An EXPERIENCED MALE COWORKER talks to a GREEN FEMALE COWORKER.

EXPERIENCED MALE COWORKER  
 I mean, a few have escaped using the keys, but mostly the clients want these people to suffer so giving the victims false hope is part of the presentation.

GREEN FEMALE COWORKER  
 Don't we have some big-wig from Japan coming in next week that the client wants to have a slow death?

EXPERIENCED COWORKER  
 Yeah but that's easy, all you gotta do is...

As he talks, her eyes drift to --

# **HALLWAY**

-- And the open door to the Murder Room.

# **OFFICE**

Walter and Kathy clink glasses.

WALTER  
 I love you.



KATHY  
 Couples who slay together, stay to  
 --

A SCREAM. All eyes turn to --

**HALLWAY**

Green Female Coworker stares into the Murder Room in horror,  
 screaming, as the rest of the coworkers rush over...

THE END