

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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INT. WAREHOUSE - PERSON'S POV - NIGHT

Dirty walls, broken boxes, filth everywhere. PERSON'S POV at floor level, being dragged across the floor by his feet, by TOMMY. (NOTE: All cursing BEEPED OUT.)

TOMMY

(to OS Director)

Thing you gotta remember; can't leave any evidence behind, not one molecule. Not with all this CSI shit they got goin' on nowadays. They can nail you with one nose hair! One fuckin' hair!

He stops dragging the body. Kneels down halfway OUT OF FRAME. SOUND of CLANKING, stuff moving around.

Tommy pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a silver Zippo lighter and lights his smoke.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

(OS)

So, how do you make sure nothing is left behind?

Tommy rises INTO FRAME, flapping a clear tarp onto the ground.

TOMMY

Preparation... you MUST be prepared. Just like a boy scout... only different.

Tommy EXITS FRAME. The camera jerks up and down as Tommy tries to move the body.

Tommy ENTERS FRAME and talks to the Director OS.

TOMMY

This fucker is heavy. Help me lift him onto the tarp.

DIRECTOR

Me?

TOMMY

(pissed)

NO, the pizza delivery dude... Of course you.

Director LEANS into FRAME disgusted.

DIRECTOR
OK.....?

Tommy EXITS FRAME as does the Director.

The camera/body lifts off the ground to reveal the director holding the body by the hands with a documentary film crew standing behind him.

The body is dropped on the tarp with a THUD.

Tommy ENTERS FRAME out of breath.

TOMMY
Damn.

Tommy kneels down halfway OUT OF FRAME. SOUND of CLANKING, stuff moving around.

Tommy rises INTO FRAME, holding BATTERY POWERED SAW, wearing HEAD-MOUNTED FACE-SHIELD, plastic shield flipped up.

TOMMY
(re: saw)
Saws-all. Cuts through anything!
Bone, flesh... even bread.

He flips the shield down to cover his face. Powers saw. Kneels down halfway OUT OF FRAME, begins CUTTING THROUGH LEG of body. BLOOD SPATTERS on face-shield, and Tommy turns away, begins to dry heave.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE
(OS)
Are you all right?

TOMMY
Blood makes me nauseous.

He forces himself to continue cutting, and we HEAR A GRINDING SOUND as the saw gets stuck in leg-bone. Tommy GUNS the saw, tries to continue cutting. GRINDING SOUND, still stuck in bone. Tries again. No dice. Attempts to remove saw from leg. Stuck.

The Director ENTERS FRAME holding an old Polaroid camera and takes a picture of Tommy at work.

TOMMY
What the fuck you doin'?

DIRECTOR
It's...for continuity.

TOMMY

Yeah, I don't think so.

The Director BACKS OUT OF FRAME.

Tommy tries YANKING the saw loose, and POV moves slightly with each tug. Tommy rises, glaring down at POV, annoyed. Takes a deep breath, reaches down and PULLS with all his might. RIP SOUND, and Tommy RISES INTO FRAME. Holding saw, CHUNKS OF RAGGED FLESH dangling from the blade.

Tommy looks at saw, nods to himself. Is about to continue cutting when we HEAR A FAINT MOANING SOUND. Tommy slowly turns to CAMERA'S POV. Steps forward and kneels down.

TOMMY

Shit! Dude, I am so sorry. Thought I killed you.

Tommy looks up and away.

TOMMY

Note to self: make sure mark is dead, before dismemberment.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

(OS)

I thought his name was Carl.

Tommy rolls his eyes, shakes his head.

TOMMY

So much to learn. So little time.
(to POV)
I'll fix you right up.

He stands and looks around. Walks OUT OF FRAME. Moment passes, and DIRECTOR slowly peeks INTO FRAME, horrified. Covers his mouth and quickly EXITS FRAME.

Tommy ENTERS FRAME, holding a CROQUET MALLET. To POV, slight shrug:

TOMMY

I say we go with big blue here.

Tommy spins the mallet in his hands.

TOMMY

Sorry. This is so embarrassing.

WHACK! Hits CAMERA'S POV with CROQUET MALLET.

CUT TO:

BLACK

TOMMY'S VOICE

Let's get this over with, he ain't
the only one needs to die tonight.

SOUND of SAW. BUZZZ! SOUND OF CUTTING THROUGH BONE and FLESH.

CAMERA SLOWLY FADES IN, revealing Tommy. Saw in hand,
placing aside a SEVERED LEG. He turns to continue sawing,
whistling to himself, and blinks, looking at CAMERA'S POV.
Whistling abruptly stops. Tommy tilts his head. We HEAR A
FAINT MOAN.

TOMMY

You have got to be kidding me!

A CHUCKLE IS HEARD OS.

TOMMY

What's so funny? Imagine if you
were in his shoes.

Tommy looks to the body.

TOMMY

Well, shoe.

He lets out an annoyed breath. Reaches into coat, pulls out
PISTOL. Leans down close to CAMERA'S POV.

He places his hand with the gun in a LARGE zip lock bag and
closes it with a zip tie using his mouth.

A cell phone begins to RING.

Tommy looks around for the sound.

TOMMY

Is that you?

Tommy looks to the Director.

DIRECTOR

No!... I'm on vibrate.

The phone RINGS again.

Tommy looks around, realizes RING is coming from the body.

Tommy leans down and goes through the body's pockets and
finds the ringing RED phone. Tommy stands and answers it.

TOMMY

Hello? Uh huh....No, he's a little
tied up right now....I will....Bye
Bye.

Tommy hangs up the phone and tosses it to the body.

TOMMY

That was your wife, wants you to
call her later.

Tommy POINTS the gun at the camera.

TOMMY

Now, she's gonna think you don't
care.
(rises and lowers pistol)

BANG! CUT TO BLACK.

Everyone dies. Not everyone kills.

PROJECT HITMAN