

Mabel

Leesburg senior citizen

Race: white

Age: 60+

Traits: Grandmother type, Southern accent

He sets the tire iron down and kneels beside the jack. Mabel takes a step back. He arranges the jack and slides it back under the car.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Now give me that tire iron.

Mabel raises the tire iron above her head and hits the man on the back of his head. He falls to the ground, still conscious, but badly hurt. In a panic he tries to crawl away.

Mabel hits him again. This time square in his back. The man screams.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Arrgg!

A car approaches and pulls off to the side. Buck steps out. He's in jeans and a sheriff's shirt. The Pastor crawls towards Buck.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Help me! The old bitch is crazy!

Mabel raises the tire iron above her head for one final blow, but is stopped when Buck fires two shots into her chest. She falls down dead.

Buck approaches the scene.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Thank God! If you hadn't show up I'd be ____

Buck pulls out a large folding knife and opens it. The man screams as Buck slices into his abdomen.

Mabel sits up and looks at her bloody blouse.

MABEL

Damn it Buck! This was my favorite blouse.

Buck is eating a piece of bloody raw flesh. The irises of his eyes are now white.

Mabel looks down at the mutilated body. She sticks her hand into the open chest wound.

MABEL (CONT'D)

It's not fair Buck! This one was mine.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

You took the kidneys and the liver?

Buck hands her a bloody piece of meat. She chews into it. Her irises also turn white as she eats.

BUCK

Sorry Mabel. I was really hungry.

MABEL

It's okay. We've all been getting a little crazy since that new interstate opened up.

Buck takes a bite of meat.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I know we don't get as many travelers passing through now a days, but I don't much like having to kill a man of God.

BUCK

I don't think God minds.

(beat)

Sometimes it's good to have a taste of religion.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, NEW YORK -- DAY

Weasel is watching KIDS play at a playground. As he watches, he strokes the hair of a baby doll he's holding.

He focuses in on a PRETTY LITTLE GIRL playing by herself on the swing sets. Her mother is sitting on a park bench, absorbed in a paperback romance novel.

He walks past the girl and waves the dolls hand at the girl. The little girl smiles.

Weasel walks several feet to the entrance of an alley and deliberately drops the doll before disappearing into the alley.

The girls stops swinging and looks at the the abandoned doll.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Weasel pours a liberal amount of chloroform onto a rag.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, NEW YORK -- CONTINUOUS

The little girl gets off the swing and runs towards the doll.