

METH LAB BLUES

Written by

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INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

The small town station is cramped, one main room, a few desks, two of which are occupied by SHERIFF BRUCE (50s) and volunteer receptionist AUDREY McTAMMY (70s).

The sheriff lounges, feet up on his desk. Audrey tends to her knitting.

A call comes in, Audrey answers.

AUDREY
Sheriff's office ... yes, Mrs.
Bruce ... Let me check.

She turns to the sheriff who waves his hands in the universal "I'm not here" gesture.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Mrs. Bruce, he doesn't
appear ... no, ma'am, he's not at
the roadhouse. I don't know where
he ... I don't know why he's not
answering his cell ... he went out
on a call earlier ... yes, I'll let
him know you called.

She hangs up, turns to the sheriff.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
What did that poor woman ever do to
you? She loves you so much, and I
can't figure out why.

SHERIFF BRUCE
I love my wife, I just don't *like*
her all that much.

AUDREY
Her cooking too good? Laundry too
perfectly pressed? She even mows
the lawn.

SHERIFF BRUCE
She likes it.

AUDREY
No, she doesn't. She's too nice to
tell you to get off your ass and do
it yourself.

2.

SHERIFF BRUCE
I have my hands full with the
constabulary of this here hamlet.
Justice is my mistress.

Audrey gives him the long "Are you fucking kidding me?"
stare.

The sheriff sucks his teeth.

A call comes in.

AUDREY
Sheriff's office ... slow down, Mr.
Willoughby, we're here to help.
What exactly is the problem?

SHERIFF BRUCE
Probably got his dick caught in the
milker again.

AUDREY
You smell what? ... How do you know
it's meth, you sure you didn't
leave your oven on again ... yes, I
remember your cousin Cleetus ...
ah, I was not aware he blew himself
up trying to cook meth with diesel
and a camp stove, my condolences
... ok, Mr. Willoughby, I'll send
Jimmy over to check it out.

She hangs up.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Meth? He wouldn't know meth if it
climbed aboard his mustache and did
the Charleston.

AUDREY
If I don't send Jimmy around, he'll
just keep calling.

Audrey uses the radio, places her microphone headset.

AUDREY
Unit two, this is the station, come
back.

A moment of static, then the line picks up. Audrey patches
the audio to an external speaker.

DEPUTY JIMMY
This is Jimmy, what's up?

3.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

AUDREY
Need you to stop by the
Willoughby's.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Is he smellin' things again?

AUFREY
Affirmative.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Shit on a shingle. What was it last
time?

AUDREY
I believe he complained about the
smell coming from the hippie
commune. Says they use candle wax
for deodorant.

DEPUTY JIMMY
The witches that have that
artisanal brewery? I kind of like
the smell of hops in the morning.

AUDREY
Well, I think it's-

DEPUTY JIMMY
I said, I like the smell of hops in
the morning.

The sheriff busies himself with rolling a cigarette.

SHERIFF BRUCE
You know he's not going to move on
until you guess the movie.

Audrey rolls her eyes for the millionth time.

AUDREY
Apocalypse Now.

DEPUTY JIMMY
There it is.

AUDREY
So, about this smell.

DEPUTY JIMMY
I'm on County-24. Be there shortly.
Jimmy out.

4.

Audrey goes to the coffee machine, sees there's barely a drop left.

AUDREY
Hey look at that, no coffee.

SHERIFF BRUCE
(dead serious)
I can call my wife.

Incredulity lies spread-eagle on Audrey's face as she prepares a new pot.

AUDREY
I do believe you are serious.

SHERIFF BRUCE
What? She loves doing the little things for me.

AUDREY
Yeah, I'm guessing she's used to the little thing.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Things.

AUDREY
Right.

A call over the radio.

DEPUTY JIMMY
This is Jimmy, come back.

AUDREY
Read you, was it his oven?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Well, not exactly. There's definitely a smell, and it's pretty strong. Followed it over to the next property. A trailer, branches all over it like camouflage. Pretty suspicious.

In the background they can hear Mr. Willoughby's editorial comments.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
It's meth, I tells ya. Gotta be.

5.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Dammit Bob, stay behind me. You're in the firing line.

AUDREY

You have your gun out?

DEPUTY JIMMY

Sure as shit I do. Tracked the smell to a trailer a few hundred yards in the woods. Looks like there's smoke coming from a makeshift chimney. I can see red lights on inside.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Cocksuckers brewin' up some nasty shit in there. I say we go in and blast 'em.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Do I have permission to blast 'em?

AUDREY

Good lord, no.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Did you ask the sheriff?

The sheriff shrugs.

AUDREY

He does not give you permission. You have no idea what's going on.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Looks sketchy.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Don't worry, I got your back.

The PUMP of a shotgun.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Goddammit, Bobby. I told you no guns.

MR. WILLOUGHBY

Just exercising my second amendment right to bear a shotgun and blow some meth heads right out of their hemp sandals.

6.

DEPUTY JIMMY
At least point it at the ground
when you're behind me.

The sheriff finally becomes engaged, leans in to the radio's microphone.

SHERIFF BRUCE
This is sheriff Bruce. I hereby
deputize Bobby Willoughby.

Audrey eyebrows shoot up over her head.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Goddam right.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Where'd you get that badge?

MR. WILLOUGHBY
This is a long time coming.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Give 'em a knock, Jimmy.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Approaching.

They hear the two men shuffle through the grass.

A KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the trailer door.

No answer.

A few more KNOCKS.

DEPUTY JIMMY
This is Deputy Falstaf with the
sheriff's department. Open up.

Nothing.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Kick the door down.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Someone's in there.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

DEPUTY JIMMY
Come on now. I can hear you movin'
around. Open up!

7.

No answer.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Well, sheriff?

SHERIFF BRUCE
Kick the door in.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Roger that.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
It's about time.

AUDREY
May I suggest an alternate tactic?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Like what?

AUDREY
Is the door locked?

The sound of a door handle JIGGLING, then the door opens a crack.

DEPUTY JIMMY
It's not even locked. What self-respecting meth cook doesn't secure their lab?

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Do we go in guns blazing or toss a grenade.

AUDREY
Please tell me he doesn't have a grenade.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Nah, it's a paperweight. (to Willoughby) That's a paperweight, right?

MR. WILLOUGHBY
Only one way to find out. GRUNT!

DEPUTY JIMMY
Dammit, Bobby. He just pulled his back tryin' to yank on the pin. It ain't real.

8.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Announce yourself, then make egress
to locate the smell.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Roger that.

Audrey and the sheriff listen as the deputies climb the metal
steps into the trailer.

DEPUTY JIMMY
This is definitely where the stink
is coming from. There's a bunch of
brass pots around, burning
something. So much smoke. (cough)
Candles. Something on the floor.

SHERIFF BRUCE
What about the lab? Do you see
paraphernalia? Chemicals?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Not yet. Maybe it's at the back.

MR. WILLOUGHBY
I'll go check it out.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Looks like some kind of white
powder in a symbol on the floor.
Candles around it at each point.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Is it cocaine? Angel dust?

Audrey looks at the sheriff.

AUDREY
Does he have a test kit?

Sheriff shrugs.

DEPUTY JIMMY
It's salt.

SHERIFF BRUCE
How do you know?

DEPUTY JIMMY
It tastes like salt.

Audrey rolls her eyes.

9.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Jesus, Jimmy. What if that had been
fentanyl? You'd be flopping around
like a beached trout.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Hey, what's those star symbols you
see in horror films?

Audrey and the sheriff exchange a confused glance.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Star sign?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Yeah, it's always in the scene with
the Satanic cult about to sacrifice
a virgin. I think I saw one on a
Rush album.

They all think about it.

AUDREY
A pentagram?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Yes! That's it. A pentagram.

SHERIFF BRUCE
What about it?

DEPUTY JIMMY
The salt. It's been poured in the
shape of a pentagram.

Audrey and the sheriff suddenly look concerned.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Where's Bobby?

DEPUTY JIMMY
Shit, he went to the back, through
a partition.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Jesus, Jimmy. Check on him.

DEPUTY JIMMY
Roger that.

They listen to the deputy move through the trailer, pull the
partition aside.

DEPUTY JIMMY

Oh God.

SHERIFF BRUCE

Jimmy?

DEPUTY JIMMY

No. No.

His gun clears its holster, BLAM BLAM BLAM!

SHERIFF BRUCE

Deputy!

A moment of silence, then a sickening, wet TEARING sound followed by the SLURP of a tongue, CHOMPS and a SWALLOW.

SHERIFF BRUCE

Call in the staties. I'm headin' to the scene.

The sheriff grabs his jacket and hat, bolts out the door.

Audrey dials-in a frequency on the radio.

DISPATCH

State police dispatch.

AUDREY

I need you out here on the double.

DISPATCH

Who is this?

AUDREY

Oh, uh, Sulfur Lake sheriff's department. We have a situation. Suspected meth lab. Casualties. Armed people. Something's gone wrong.

DISPATCH

We have an investigator about fifteen minutes outside of Sulfur Lake. Have you dispatched your fire-rescue services?

AUDREY

No, not yet. That's a good idea.

DISPATCH

Investigator is en route. Stand-by.

Audrey makes a call on the phone.

11.

AUDREY

Marty? I need a truck out at the Willoughby's ... not a fire, although it could be ... look for the sheriff's car. I got the staties coming in ... I don't know, just get there.

A blast of STATIC erupts from the radio, Audrey turns back to the local frequency.

SHERIFF BRUCE

I'm pullin' up.

AUDREY

Got the state police on the way, fire truck, too.

SHERIFF BRUCE

Should I wait for them?

AUDREY

Jimmy might be in trouble.

SHERIFF BRUCE

Shit. Ok, going in.

Footsteps through grass, up the metal steps.

SHERIFF BRUCE

Jesus, it's just like he described. (cough) Smoke everywhere. I think it's incense they were smelling. He was right about the pentagram thing. Boot print in the salt.

AUDREY

You see Jimmy?

SHERIFF BRUCE

No. The partition is closed. Shit.

Audrey takes a call on the phone.

AUDREY

Ok, I'll let him know.

She goes back to the radio.

AUDREY

Fire truck's about five minutes away.

12.

SHERIFF BRUCE
10-4. Going in to the rear of the
trailer.

Audrey hears the partition pulled aside.

SHERIFF BRUCE
Oh God. Jimmy? Jimmy?

Some sort of LOW DRONE emanates from the speaker. Like a
guttural HUM.

AUDREY
Is Jimmy ok? What's happening?

The DRONE increases in volume, a dissonant chorus of tortured
voices rises underneath it.

AUDREY
What is that? Sheriff?

SHERIFF BRUCE
Jimmy's here. So is Bobby.

AUDREY
They're fine?

SHERIFF BRUCE
Some of them is here. Some of them,
is gone.

AUDREY
Please repeat, sheriff. What do you
mean?

SHERIFF BRUCE
They can't take me. They won't take
me.

The sound of a gun being COCKED.

AUDREY
Sheriff? What are you doing?

BLAM! BLOOD SPLAT, a body crumples to the floor.

In the distance, the SIREN of a fire engine echoes.

Something takes the sheriff's radio, a voice drips from the
speaker.

STRANGE VOICE
Audrey?

AUDREY
Sheriff? What's wrong?

STRANGE VOICE
Listen closely, Audrey. Do you hear
your heartbeat? The thunder in your
chest? The rush of sweet blood in
your ears, like a red river in the
Spring? They're all missing you,
Audrey. More to come. You have
called them to me. It is only fair
you join them. They are so alone,
and you are so warm. A doorway has
opened. It will be nice to finally
meet you.

The sounds of something DEVOURING flesh and guts assails
Audrey.

She tries to turn the radio off, but the horrible sounds
mixed with the fire engine's siren get louder, and louder,
and louder and...

THE END.