

"King of the Beasts"

by
Mike Murphy

112 Lovering Street
Medway, MA 02053-2326
508-533-8310
mikeandzachary@gmail.com
WGAE Registered

1

EXT. AFRICAN HUNTING PRESERVE - LATE MORNING

1

A large, lush, heavily fenced place. It is roughly square. The business offices sit in a corner overlooking the animals' segregated homes. The calls of many of them - particularly the lions - can be heard frequently, even from inside.

ACROSS THE SCREEN: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

- Genesis 1:26 (King James version)

THEN:

"A lion is called a 'king of beasts' obviously for a reason." - Jack Hanna

2

INT. HUNTING PRESERVE - MOMENTS LATER

2

ACROSS THE SCREEN: AFRICA.

JOHN BAXTER, the proprietor of the preserve, leads MR. WASHINGTON, the representative of some potential clients, into the trophy room. The heads of many animals are mounted on the walls.

Baxter is in his early 40s. He wears a suit with an open shirt collar. His skin has been hardened by frequent exposure to the sun.

Washington, 58, is wearing a suit and tie, and sporting a bad toupee. He is impressed by all of the animal head trophies.

WASHINGTON

I must say, Mr. Baxter, you have an impressive collection here - the largest I have ever seen.

BAXTER

Thank you.

Washington bends to observe some trophies hung lower on the wall, then stands to face his host.

WASHINGTON

You killed all these creatures yourself?

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

(proudly)

Over the years, yes. I've been hunting since I was 12, and my father gave me my first rifle.

(beat)

I brought down a rabbit that day.

WASHINGTON

So these aren't *all* animals you've bagged while here in Africa?

BAXTER

Oh no. I'd say about a quarter of them are kills from this hunting preserve of mine.

(beat)

I've only been open for a year and a half.

WASHINGTON

I wouldn't think it possible to make a living from such an endeavor.

BAXTER

With the proper management - *mine* - it is. I stock a variety of animals here that a hunter would have to travel far and wide to face.

WASHINGTON

One-stop shopping?

Baxter chuckles.

BAXTER

You could say that.

Washington glances again at all the mounted trophies.

WASHINGTON

There's certainly a *wide* assortment.

BAXTER

Each one provides a unique challenge for a hunter's skills. One cannot stalk a leopard in the same way as a deer. A hunter must be able to adjust to suit his quarry.

(CONTINUED)

Baxter takes a couple of steps forward and points at a mounted lion's head.

BAXTER

My latest trophy.

Washington inspects it close up.

WASHINGTON

(surprised)

Quite a ferocious-looking beast!

BAXTER

It was.

(beat)

I was done for the day and heading inside. This building doubles as my home and my office. Out of nowhere - totally unexpected and unprovoked - it charged me.

Intrigued, Washington looks Baxter in the eye.

WASHINGTON

What did you do?

BAXTER

I had one bullet left in the chamber. I put it right between the beast's eyes. If you look closely, you can *just* see the mark.

Washington squints at the trophy.

WASHINGTON

It's *barely* noticeable.

(beat)

Your taxidermist did a wonderful job.

BAXTER

I don't like aiming for an animal's face, but that lion left me no choice.

WASHINGTON

Why do you feel that way?

BAXTER

It can ruin the animal's appearance once it's mounted.

Washington gets a good laugh from that.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

So, would you like to bring your club members here for some sport?

WASHINGTON

It would be a *grand* trip.

(beat)

I must ask the membership first.

BAXTER

Of course.

WASHINGTON

Our monthly meeting is on the 22nd. I'll bring it up.

BAXTER

Thank you.

WASHINGTON

Can you guarantee everyone will bag something?

BAXTER

I can guarantee there will be a wide array of animals available for the hunt. I'll see to it that the preserve is freshly stocked. Your members' chances of going home with a trophy depend upon their skill with their chosen firearm.

Washington smiles.

WASHINGTON

Spoken like a true businessman.

BAXTER

This *is* how I make my living. If any of your members doubts his skill, there are some wonderful establishments nearby that can help him brush up. My assistant, Katie, has their pamphlets. We want this excursion to be as rewarding as possible for everyone.

WASHINGTON

I'm sorry I can't give you a definite yes or no at this time.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Not a problem.

(beat)

Do remember that we offer
discounts for large parties and
advance bookings.

FADE TO:

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Baxter and Washington enter through a door in the trophy
room. KATIE, 30 and brunette, is busy on her computer.

The room is wood paneled. It boasts all the expected
electronics, including a desktop computer, a fax machine,
and a printer.

The men stroll towards Katie's desk.

BAXTER

Katie, will you please give Mr.
Washington Package B?

She stops typing.

KATIE

Of course.

She opens a desk drawer and removes a full manila
envelope. She hands it to Washington, who thanks her with
a nod.

KATIE

In addition to the usual
paperwork, there's also a DVD in
there about the preserve.

WASHINGTON

Thank you.

(beat)

Visual aides are always helpful.

KATIE

If you have any questions, you can
call here or email us from the
website: baxterhunting.com.

FADE TO:

4

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

4

As Washington closes the door behind him, Baxter sighs and flops down on an overstuffed chair. We hear Washington start his car and drive off. Some animal calls are also audible through the open windows.

KATIE

Are those tours tiring?

BAXTER

Very, but schmoozing is all part of the sell. It's like a test drive.

(beat)

Any messages?

KATIE

Only one: Mabenga.

BAXTER

Not again! What's on his mind?

KATIE

He said he must speak with you as soon as possible.

BAXTER

(hopefully)

Can I duck him?

KATIE

That wouldn't be wise. He's one of the oldest men in the village, and you know how the natives revere their elders.

BAXTER

That's the *only* characteristic of theirs I like.

KATIE

If you don't see him, it might be taken as a sign of disrespect. It could ruin our relations with our neighbors.

BAXTER

"Neighbors?" They're savages!

Katie gives him an all-knowing look.

Baxter shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Give him my earliest available
appointment.

She taps some keys on the computer keyboard.

KATIE

That would be tomorrow morning at
9:00.

BAXTER

What a way to start the day!

(beat)

Did he mention what he wants to
see me about?

KATIE

The usual.

BAXTER

The "gods?"

KATIE

Yes.

BAXTER

What do his nonexistent deities
want with me?

KATI

I'm not sure. You'll have to ask
Mabenga.

FADE TO:

Baxter walks in on Katie. A fresh pot of coffee is
percolating.

BAXTER

Morning, Katie.

KATIE

Good morning, sir.

BAXTER

What's on the docket for today?

Katie flips through some papers on her clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

You have a Zoom meeting with Mr. Davis at 10:00 a.m., then lunch in town with Mr. Sampson, and Mr. Williams will be here for his tour at 3:30.

BAXTER

Excellent. He seems keen on booking.

KATIE

Mabenga is waiting in my office.

Baxter looks at his wristwatch.

BAXTER

He's early.

KATIE

Twenty minutes.

BAXTER

(beat)

What's he. . . uhm. . . seem like today?

Katie throws up her hands.

KATIE

The man's a walking cipher. He always seems the same to me - never upset, never happy.

(beat)

Pleasant though.

BAXTER

I suppose the earlier I see him, the better.

KATIE

Shall I send him to your office?

Baxter grabs a mug from a nearby rack and sniffs the coffee in the air.

BAXTER

Give me five minutes. I haven't had coffee yet, and I can't face him without caffeine.

FADE TO:

6

INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

6

Resplendent in his colorful, plumed native dress, the tall, thin, white-haired Black man walks into Baxter's ornate office. Baxter meets him at the door.

He speaks with a slight British accent.

MABENGA

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice.

Baxter closes the door and faces his visitor.

BAXTER

The pleasure is mine.

(beat)

How are your people?

MABENGA

Well, thank you. Most everyone is healthy, and the crops are plentiful.

BAXTER

I'm glad to hear it. I've always tried to be a good neighbor to your village.

MABENGA

And you have succeeded.

(beat)

Some elders had trepidations when you began erecting your preserve, but our concerns have proved groundless.

BAXTER

(surprised)

"Our?"

(beat)

You were among the worried?

MABENGA

I was. I am no longer.

Baxter walks toward the brewing java.

BAXTER

Coffee?

He pours some into his mug.

(CONTINUED)

MABENGA

No thank you. I had some bora tea
before coming here.

Baxter shivers briefly at the name.

BAXTER

Give me coffee any day.

MABENGA

Bora *is* an acquired taste. If you
had been brought up on it, as I
was, you would appreciate it more.

Baxter sits behind his desk and gestures at a chair
before it.

BAXTER

Please sit.

Mabenga does so.

BAXTER

If you don't mind, my day is
rather busy. Can we get right to
the purpose of your visit?

MABENGA

I have come about a vision I had
two nights ago.

BAXTER

A vision?

MABENGA

It is the way the gods communicate
with me.

BAXTER

(flippantly)
What's on their minds?

MABENGA

(matter-of-factly)
They want you to close this place.

BAXTER

(very surprised)
I'm sorry?

MABENGA

They said I should tell you
personally.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MABENGA (CONT'D)

They do not care for the way you
are killing their animals.

BAXTER

No?

MABENGA

They wish you to kill no more.

Baxter leans forward in his chair.

BAXTER

This preserve is my livelihood.

MABENGA

Surely, you can find another job -
perhaps back in your United
States?

BAXTER

I don't want to.

MABENGA

The gods do not care about your
wants. It is not wise to deny
them.

Baxter takes a big swig of coffee, rises, and sits on the
corner of his desk - closer to Mabenga.

BAXTER

Mabenga, you understand that the
two of us are not of the same
religion.

MABENGA

Yes. You worship only *one* god.

Baxter nods.

BAXTER

In my holy book, it says that God
has given man dominion over the
animals.

MABENGA

Our scrolls say the same. However,
they also mention that we should
be good stewards of the animals
and allow them to flourish. My
people hunt only for food, not for
- what do you call it? - sport.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Have you ever experienced the
thrill of matching your wits
against a beast?

MABENGA

Of course, but only in the pursuit
of nourishment.

Baxter reaches for more coffee.

BAXTER

You said your gods' wishes came to
you in a vision.

MABENGA

That's true.

BAXTER

Have you had visions before?

MABENGA

Many times.

BAXTER

Has any of them come true?

MABENGA

Several.

(beat)

You know of the Kilosay Cliff just
beyond our village?

BAXTER

It's not much of a cliff.

MABENGA

Not *now*. Years ago, it jutted out
much more. Our young men would
climb it and stand at its
precipice to show how brave they
were.

(beat)

One evening, the gods sent me a
vision that a portion of the
Kilosay would soon break off. I
warned my fellow villagers.
Several days later, a large
section of it crumbled to the
ground. Fortunately, no one was
hurt.

Baxter leans in closer to Mabenga.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

You know I can't close the preserve.

MABENGA

You *must*.

BAXTER

Don't forget that this place benefits your people too. Many of my clients, after their hunt, wander down to your village and buy your pots, beads, and blankets. If I close up shop, you will lose that money.

MABENGA

I am aware of that. However, the will of the gods has been made known, and we are not to question it. As we did before your arrival, my people will survive. The gods will see to that.

Baxter stands, his patience at an end.

BAXTER

I *won't* close this place.

MABENGA

The gods will be displeased.

BAXTER

They'll have to learn to live with it.

MABENGA

(very seriously)

They do not learn from men.

BAXTER

(flippantly)

Maybe this is a good time for them to start.

Mabenga's usually stoic face becomes creased with sadness. He rises from his chair.

MABENGA

I wish you safety.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

(surprised)

Are you suggesting there may be
some retribution for my decision?

MABENGA

It is possible.

BAXTER

From *you*?

MABENGA

Certainly not! I am here to
deliver a message. I would not
presume myself worthy of acting
further on behalf of the gods.

BAXTER

(quickly)

What then?

(beat)

What *might* happen?

MABENGA

I cannot say. The gods have ways
of making their will occur.

He reaches out and touches Baxter on his right shoulder.

MABENGA

I *beg* you to reconsider.

BAXTER

Out of the question! I have two
parties booked for this weekend
alone. I'd lose thousands!

Sad, Mabenga removes his hand and briefly lowers his
head.

MABENGA

I have come here to do what the
gods asked of me, and I have. For
your sake, I pray they are
merciful.

FADE TO:

Baxter walks in, a mug of coffee in hand. Katie is
silent, which is not her usual self.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

No "good morning" today?

Seated at her desk, Katie doesn't look happy.

KATIE

I've been checking the voice mail.

BAXTER

Confirmations?

KATIE

Cancellations.

BAXTER

What?

Katie hands him some papers. Mumbling, he counts them.

BAXTER

Six.

(beat)

All cancellations?

KATIE

Yes.

Baxter flips through the pages as he speaks.

BAXTER

Dundon. . . Mercer. . . Waverly
. . . Pierce. Not Pierce!

KATIE

Afraid so.

BAXTER

That was a *big* booking!

(beat)

Did anybody say *why* they were
canceling?

KATIE

Not a one.

BAXTER

(hopefully)

Can we get any fees?

Katie shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

I checked the contracts. All of the cancellations are within the terms. We can't collect a cent.

BAXTER

Damn!

There is a knock on the door.

BAXTER

(calling)

Come in!

In walks Gren, the chubby, Black caretaker. He looks shaken and like he'd rather be anywhere else at that moment. He addresses Baxter.

GREN

(nervously)

Good. . . Good morning.

BAXTER

What is it, Gren?

(beat)

The staff meeting isn't until tomorrow.

KATIE

Is there a problem?

GREN

Sadly, yes.

BAXTER

Out with it, man!

GREN

I was doing my usual morning walk of the grounds when I noticed. . .

He shyly looks down at his shoes.

BAXTER

Noticed *what*?

Gren looks up.

GREN

They're missing.

BAXTER

Who's missing?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

GREN

The lions, sir. They're. . . gone.

FADE TO:

8 INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

8

Gren is nervously seated before Baxter's desk.

Baxter sits behind his desk. He reaches into the bottom drawer and removes a third-empty bottle of off-brand whiskey.

He fills his coffee mug, puts the bottle back where it was, and takes a big swig.

BAXTER

How can the lions be missing?

GREN

I wish I knew.

BAXTER

It's your job to know!

GREN

I looked into every possibility before I came here, sir.

(beat)

I'm at a loss.

BAXTER

Are you sure they haven't wandered away from their usual site? They've done that before.

GREN

Yes, sir. Also, their tracking chips aren't showing up on our screens anymore.

BAXTER

The security system?

GREN

Functioning properly. The fence is intact and electrified.

BAXTER

Could any of the other animals be responsible?

Gren is surprised by the question.

(CONTINUED)

GREN

You mean. . . could they have
eaten the lions?

BAXTER

Yes.

GREN

I doubt it. It would take an awful
lot of them to subdue even one.
And, if that had happened, there'd
be a carcass.

Baxter takes another swig from his mug.

BAXTER

Then what *did* happen?

GREN

Only the gods know.

Baxter's face lights up with sudden understanding.

BAXTER

The gods!
(beat)
Of course!

GREN

Sir?

BAXTER

Take a look around the security
fence.

GREN

I already have.

BAXTER

Look again!

GREN

What should I look for?

BAXTER

A man's footprints - sandals, to
be exact.

GREN

You think one man is responsible
for -

BAXTER

I do.

(CONTINUED)

GREN

But he would have to come in through the main gate. There is no sign of any entry or exit from there.

BAXTER

Check it again.

GREN

But, Mr. -

Baxter has had it.

BAXTER

Do I need to do it?

GREN

(quickly)

Of course not. I wasn't even suggesting -

BAXTER

I can find a new man to take your place. I'm sure someone from your smelly little village would *jump* at the chance.

(beat)

Is that what you want?

GREN

No, sir.

Baxter smiles a grin of self satisfaction.

BAXTER

I didn't think so.

(beat)

Check every inch of the security fence - inside and outside. Unless I miss my guess, you'll find some indication of an after-hours visitor.

GREN

Right away.

Gren springs up, quickly turns on his heel, and leaves, closing the office door behind him.

Baxter finishes the last drop of whiskey in his mug and angrily heaves it at the door, where it smashes into many pieces.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

He pounds a fist on the desk.

BAXTER

Damn it!

(beat)

I'll get you for this, Mabenga!

FADE TO:

9 INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - LATER

9

Baxter is on a Zoom call with Mr. Washington.

WASHINGTON

I'm afraid my club won't be coming to your establishment.

BAXTER

(surprised)

How can you know that already? You said your meeting wasn't until the 22nd.

WASHINGTON

It isn't, but Saxon but the kibosh on the idea.

BAXTER

Who's he?

WASHINGTON

The club president. It turns out his wife and daughter are very much against hunting.

(beat)

He said he would catch no end of grief if the trip was approved.

BAXTER

Can he simply reject the idea outright like that? Is it within your club's rules?

WASHINGTON

Not really, but I can't imagine anyone challenging a decision of Fred Saxon.

Baxter begins grabbing at straws.

BAXTER

Maybe I could speak with him - try to change his mind?

(CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON

That would be a waste of time.

(beat)

You're not married, are you?

BAXTER

No.

WASHINGTON

Edith Saxon runs that home with an iron fist, and daughter Amelia is as spoiled as year-old milk.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Baxter sighs a heavy sigh.

BAXTER

Likewise.

WASHINGTON

Don't give up hope. Our club elects a president every year. It's possible that someone more open to the idea may run against Saxon in November.

(beat)

Granted, no one has for the last five elections, but there's always a chance.

FADE TO:

INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Katie opens the door and walks in, stepping on a piece of broken mug on the floor. She looks at her boss seated behind his desk.

KATIE

(innocently)

Have an accident?

Baxter rubs his eyes.

BAXTER

I'm sorry. I'll. . . I'll clean it up later.

Katie closes the door.

KATIE

Bad news?

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Washington's club won't be coming.

He notices that Katie is holding a sheet of paper.

BAXTER

Is that *another* cancellation?

She nods.

KATIE

The Thompson party.

BAXTER

(sarcastically)
Great!

KATIE

Did I hear Gren correctly: The lions are missing?

BAXTER

That's right.

KATIE

How?

BAXTER

(longish beat)
It *has* to be Mabenga.

KATIE

That old man?

BAXTER

The same.

KATIE

Any signs of forced entry at the gate?

BAXTER

None.

KATIE

(beat)
Then how -

Baxter quickly stands up behind his desk.

BAXTER

I don't know! Maybe he. . . Maybe he *flew* in!

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Huh?

BAXTER

Maybe those "gods" of his picked him up and dropped him in here. Mabenga said they want me to close this place. It sounds like he's helping them bankrupt me.

KATIE

He has nothing to do with the cancellations. It's just. . . bad luck.

(beat)

You don't *really* think - even for a minute -

BAXTER

No, but I know one thing.

KATIE

What?

Baxter steps out from behind his desk.

BAXTER

It's time to pay Mabenga a visit.

FADE TO:

A small village. Several animals, especially chickens, call out and trod around unattended. Many Blacks, the majority of them barefoot, walk about in their colorful, native garb.

Mabenga ushers Baxter into his sparse mud-and-stone hut.

MABENGA

I assure you I have nothing to do with your troubles.

BAXTER

You *didn't* return to the preserve that night?

MABENGA

I did not.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

(quickly)

I don't believe you.

Mabenga looks hurt that someone would doubt his word.

MABENGA

I am sorry you think me dishonest.

(beat)

Why would I take your lions?

BAXTER

To make me believe the wish of
your gods was coming true.

MABENGA

You are accusing me falsely.

BAXTER

(adamantly)

Where are they?

MABENGA

I do not know. I assume the gods
have taken them to show their
displeasure with your decision.

Baxter gets right into Mabenga's face, though the Black
man is easily a foot taller.

BAXTER

Get one thing straight, old man: I
don't believe in your gods.
There's a perfectly logical and
earthly explanation to this.

MABENGA

Such as?

The solution occurs to Baxter.

BAXTER

Of course! How could I have been
so blind?

MABENGA

Sir?

BAXTER

What's your price?

Mabenga in astonished.

(CONTINUED)

MABENGA

I'm sorry?

BAXTER

How much do you want to give the
lions back and call off your gods?

MABENGA

I do not control the gods.

BAXTER

I want those lions returned!

MABENGA

I do not have -

BAXTER

A thousand? Five thousand?

He gestures at the hut's sparse construction.

BAXTER

You won't make that much in your
lifetime.

BAXTER

I want nothing of you, Mr. Baxter.
I have taken nothing from you.

BAXTER

Bullshit!

MABENGA

Do you know much of my religion?

BAXTER

A little. Why?

MABENGA

The gods can be merciless when
denied.

(beat)

I urge you one last time to *please*
close your preserve.

BAXTER

Out of the question!

He storms out of the hut.

FADE TO:

12 INT. BAXTER'S OFFICE - NIGHTTIME

12

Baxter, seated at his desk in his bathrobe, is enjoying some whiskey in a new mug. The bottle on the desk is dry.

BAXTER
(aloud to himself)
Close this place down, huh? No
way! Gods or whoever you are,
you've met your match.

As he takes a swig, he hears a low noise. He pauses, straining his ears. The sound comes again.

A distant lion's roar!

Happily, he quickly stands.

BAXTER
That old fool brought them back!

He rushes to Katie's office and grabs a flashlight from a desk drawer. He turns it on and opens the door to the starry, humid night.

He pans the beam around. Nothing.

He listens hard, and the roar comes again. And again.

BAXTER
(alarmed)
That's coming from *inside*!

FADE TO:

13 INT. HUNTING PRESERVE - MOMENTS LATER

13

Hunting rifle at the ready, Baxter walks the halls, taking his direction from what he hears.

BAXTER
Only one, I think.
(beat)
He better return the others if he
knows what's good for him.

The noise grows a bit louder. . . and changes. After every roar, there is an odd *thunk*. Baxter turns into the trophy room. The roar grows even louder.

He turns quickly, sensing his prey. Sweat sprouts on his brow. His eyes open wide. He holds his rifle shakily.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

You *can't* be. I killed you!

A *loud* roar.

Baxter fires several rounds and falls screaming to the sounds of very loud roars and the gnashing of teeth.

FADE TO:

Katie drives up in her car and parks. Mabenga is waiting for her outside the locked door. She approaches him. Some of the animals in the preserve call out.

Mabenga bows at the waist.

MABENGA

Good morning, miss.

Katie is surprised to see him.

KATIE

Hello.

(beat)

You're here early.

MABENGA

Yes. The sun is new in the sky.

Katie fishes the keys from her pocketbook.

KATIE

I don't recall you having an appointment with Mr. Baxter this morning.

She puts the proper key in the lock.

MABENGA

I do not, but I must see him.

She turns to face the white-haired man.

KATIE

Is something wrong?

The door opens, and they both walk in.

MABENGA

I had a vision that he will soon be in danger. I came to warn him.

(CONTINUED)

Katie flips on the lights. She walks to her desk and drops her pocketbook and the keys on her blotter.

KATIE

I'm sure he'll appreciate that.

(beat)

I'll let him know you're here.

She walks into the trophy room as Mabenga closes the door to the outside.

Her screams are piercing!

The old man rushes to her. Shaking, she points at the rug and buries her face in his chest, crying loudly all the while.

There isn't much left of John Baxter. Many of his bones are visible through his ripped-open skin. Some may even be missing.

Mabenga gently moves Katie aside. Hoping against hope, he feels the corpse's neck for a pulse. He looks at Katie and sadly shakes his head.

KATIE

(blubbing)

It looks like. . . like something

. . . ate him.

(beat)

What do we do?

MABENGA

Please call the authorities. I
will stay with the body.

Katie rushes back to her office to do so. We faintly hear her make the call.

Mabenga shakes his head.

MABENGA

You poor, poor man.

He notices something in his peripheral vision. He turns to the wall of mounted trophies. In the lion's mouth, the one Baxter bragged was his latest kill, is a bloody piece of the corpse's bathrobe.

FADE TO BLACK.