

24/7
"THE MONSTER(S) OF WATER CREEK"

Written by
Eric Schinzer

EXT. HIGHWAY I-247 - SUNSET

The open 2-lane road of I-247. Cornfields surround either side of the highway, with landmarks of a small town somewhere nearby: an illuminated billboard for local, super-white injury lawyer Neil Killian with his face and the phrase "Accident? Accidentes? 555-KILL"; signage for the upcoming exit, including the logo for "24/7" under GAS. Headlights sweep across the sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - CHASE

A Ford F-150 speeds down the highway. Bumper stickers inform us of the driver's personality: a police shield with "BLEED BLUE" as the subtitle; "My Other Truck is a Gun," and one of those stupid Calvin piss graphics, but he's pissing into a toilet.

Shania Twain's "You're Still the One" plays.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S TRUCK

MIKE (mustached, late 30s with a gut and looks like he's a cop) sings along with "You're Still the One" with as much passion as he could possibly have.

The truck BOUNCES VIOLENTLY as it goes over a rough patch of road. This startles Mike.

MIKE

Jesus Christ, they need to fix that road!

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTA'S MINIVAN - SOMEWHERE ELSE ON I-247 - CHASE

A mirror image of the previous scene, a 2009 Chrysler Town & Country speeds down the road. Bumper stickers line the back of the car: "My Child is a ~~Honor Roll~~ Student", that stupid butterfly design imprinted on the rear window, and "You Can't Fix Stupid."

CUT TO:

INT. MARTA'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

MARTA (mid 30s, Latina, heavier set mom bod) picks up countless dolls and toys from off the floor of her car. She's doing a million things while talking to her iPhone mounted on a car holder.

MARTA

Okay so Steven needs to be put down at 8, don't forget Shana has swimming practice after school and needs to be picked up at 7.

A milquetoast white man's voice responds from the phone. Thousands of kids scream in the background.

SEAN

Okay honey, I think I got it. I love yo-

Marta hangs up the phone by instinct like she's too busy cleaning up the car.

A CAR HORN honks and blows by her. She grips the wheel.

MARTA

Keep your eyes on the road asshole!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROCK INN - SAME TIME

A typical lower-tier roadside hotel. The building is off-white with a sign that displays a man sleeping on a rock bed. The marquee below says "Now with clean sheets!"

DAVE PATEL (40s, Indian, of shorter stature) and KIRIN PATEL (40s, Indian, Dave's wife and moderately tall) stand in the parking lot in front of a 2007 Toyota Camry. BRIAN PATEL (20s, Indian, smalltown handsome) has the driver's side window rolled down. Dave beams like a sad mom sending her kid off to college.

DAVE

Alright, my Bri guy's off to his first day of work! Now if things get too rough, you can always come back and work at the hotel.

BRIAN

Thanks dad, but I think I'll be okay.

DAVE

Okay. But if anything, *anything* happens, you let your dad know, okay?

BRIAN

(shaking his head)
Alright dad. Bye mom.

KIRIN

We'll see ya later.

Brian speeds off into the distance. Dave immediately loses it and weeps into Kirin's shoulder. Kirin cradles his head.

DAVE

My baby boy! My baby boy is growing up! He's leaving us!

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA ABOVE BEDROCK INN - DRONE SHOT

Wide angle of the hotel. The Camry drives along the road. The camera follows the car as it turns left at the first intersection, and then pulls into the gas station not but 20 feet from the Bedrock Inn.

KIRIN (V.O.)

Dave, come on. He's not going that far.

CUT TO:

EXT. 24/7 GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A modern gas station with six gas pumps covered by a metal freestanding roof and a station off to the side for semi refueling. Cars of various models sit at the pumps.

The Camry pulls into the gas station as the camera focuses on the corner of the metal roof to the logo on the right side to reveal the name of the gas station: "24/7".

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE

Miniature aisles of products, bags of road salt and car care in the front, two walls lined with refrigerators with a million beverages. The front counter sits on the side of the room that doesn't have a refrigerator on the wall.

Brian enters into the middle of Marta and Mike's argument.

MIKE

Marta, you are four minutes late!
FOUR minutes! That is a write up,
that is totally a write up!

Mike circles Marta.

MARTA

Oh I'm sorry Mike, let me apologize
to all the people who have been
waiting for me to arrive! SORRY
EVERYONE!

Marta shouts to an empty store.

MIKE

No, I have to report this! You're
not getting away this time!

Marta spins around to face Mike and crosses her arms.

MARTA

Okay, Mike. Report it to your
supervisor.

A nervous beat. Mike can't break the chain of command.

MIKE

Supervisor Marta?

MARTA

Yes Mike?

MIKE

An...An employee was late to her
shift.

MARTA

How many minutes was she late?

MIKE
Four minutes.

MARTA
And which employee was it, Mike?

MIKE
...Marta.

A beat. No one moves.

MARTA
I'll take it into consideration.

Marta walks away. Mike explodes into a begging frenzy.

MIKE
No, come on Marta! Come on!

MARTA
Nope! You had your chance on the day shift and you "couldn't work well with others", could you? So now you're here with me, interrupting my quiet time! So let's take our positions: my fat ass on this chair reading my People magazine, and you standing over there, looking out the window at God knows what.

MIKE
(correcting her)
It's called scanning the perimeter. The first step in defense is identifying the threat.

MARTA
Yeah well, what if the threat is...RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU! HA!

Marta pokes Mike in the side haunches. Mike laughs in discomfort and pain, but it still tickles.

MIKE
Okay, okay STOP!

Brian coughs. Mike and Marta look in his direction.

BRIAN
Uh, hi? I'm Brian. I start today.

MIKE
What do you start?

BRIAN

Work?

MIKE

Well looks like you're already making a piss poor impression, because you're already fifteen minutes late! The shift starts at seven!

BRIAN

Actually I was told to come in at 7:15 to start my training.

MIKE

Ohhh, and who told you that, huh?

MARTA

The supervisor told him that, Mike.
(to Brian)
Hi, I'm Marta. Welcome to the 24/7.

MIKE

Unbelievable.

MARTA

And Mike is going to train you.

Mike's face lights up like he just opened a present.

MIKE

For REAL???

MARTA

See? I'm not a bitch ALL the time.

Marta goes back to her chair. Mike comes from around the front counter and gets in Brian's face. He speaks with an authoritarian tone.

MIKE

Alright, listen up Rook-

BRIAN

My name's Brian.

MIKE

-Rook, tomorrow you show up promptly at 7 pm SHARP. You can't even be-

(glances back at Marta)

-Four minutes late.

MARTA (O.S.)
Yes he can.

MIKE
No he can't!

Mike circles behind the counter.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Emergency shut off is here, don't
ever press it unless there's a
fire.

Mike presses a little too hard on the Emergency shut off.
Alarm bells and flashing lights go off. He pries at it with
his fingernails and resets it. The alarms abruptly stop.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Trash needs to be emptied every
hour on the hour, keep the pump
areas clean and fill up the nasty
window washing things nobody uses
every six hours! If something looks
suspicious, it probably is. Watch
out for tweakers, screamers, drunks
punks and monks passing out flyers.
NO SOLICITATION ON THE PROPERTY,
you or the monks! And never, EVER
get out on the highway for any
reason! Otherwise the Water Creek
Monster will get you and not leave
any remains for an open casket
funeral or a closed casket funeral!
There will be no casket!

BRIAN
Wait, what's the Water Creek
monster?

A clogged toilet flushes. TYLER (50s, a fatter Stephen Root)
emerges from the bathroom. He's the Harbinger archetype,
delivering a cryptic message.

TYLER
The Water Creek monster. I've seen
him.

Mike rolls his eyes like this happens every time.

MIKE
Yes Tyler, we were just talking
about him.

TYLER

(ignoring Mike)

I was driving past here from Detroit. He's as fast as a Dodge Charger, but as black as the night itself! Terrifying with glowing eyes that sink into your very soul! He appeared in front of my truck, but before I could get my phone to Snapchat that bitch, he was gone! But I'll never forget the unholy sound he made.

Tyler lets out a pathetic noise. He clears his throat and tries again. And again. And again. It is very underwhelming. The Harbinger tone is immediately lost.

MARTA

That is the least terrifying noise I've ever heard.

BRIAN

You know Snapchat only posts for 24 hours and then it's gone. It's a terrible format to record and archive something.

TYLER

IT'S TRUE!

(spooky voice)

Beware the Monster of Water Creek!

Tyler shakes his arms above his head. No one is phased. A pause, and then Tyler drops the act.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Anyway, shitter's full.

He lets out one last fart and waddles out.

Mike looks at Marta.

MIKE

I'm not cleaning that up.

MARTA

Yes you are, you're on the schedule.

MIKE

(like a pouty child)

No I'm not, I did it yesterday!

MARTA

Talk to the person who makes the schedule then.

Mike slowly pieces it together.

MIKE

The supervisor makes the schedule. You're the supervisor. You made the schedule. I'M TALKING TO YOU!

A beat.

MARTA

I'll take it into consideration.

Mike fumes, then realizes he has a lackey now. He turns to Brian with a scheming look.

MIKE

Alright Rook, you're on the schedule tonight. Get cleaning.

Brian looks at Marta, and she confirms. Brian shuffles off.

Mike puts his hands behind his head.

MIKE (CONT'D)

He's on the schedule.

MARTA

Yep, and you're on the schedule tomorrow.

MIKE

OH COME ON!

CUT TO:

EXT. 24/7 GAS STATION - PUMP #3 - NIGHT

A DAD reaches for the window squeegee at the pump. It's sopping wet. The Dad inspects it for a moment, then wipes it across the windshield of his SNOW WHITE Ford Escape. The window is dirtier than it was before. He watches the murky water drizzle down onto the hood, making it clear this is dirt water. He sighs deeply and returns the squeegee.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Brian walks out of the bathroom like he's just been in a warzone.

BRIAN

That was a shit-ton of...shit.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - FRONT DESK

MR. WILSON (an ANCIENT man dressed in Kool cigarettes swag from head to toe: jacket, hat, glasses. He has a trach from smoking all his life) steps to the front counter. Mike greets him.

MIKE

Mr. Wilson! Your usual?

MR. WILSON

(through the trach)

You know it baby.

Mike grabs a pack of Kools from the cigarette rack.

MIKE

You know you should think about quitting.

MR. WILSON

Too late!

Mr. Wilson takes the cigarettes and exits.

MIKE

Man, those things will kill ya.
That's why I vape.

Mike takes a fat hit and blows a fat cloud. Brian appears behind Mike.

BRIAN

I'm done.

Mike coughs in surprise.

MIKE

Holy shit!
(coughing)
Rook, where have you been?
(smelling)
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Ugh, it smells like week-old wet
 Chinese food!

BRIAN
 I want to puke forever.

SHERIFF FRED HEDGSPETH (50s, modeled after Brian Cox, kind of
 lax Sheriff's attire) walks through the front doors.
 Following close behind him is OFFICER (JIM) MAUER (30s, eager
 eyes, modeled after Joe Lo Truglio).

Mike snaps to military attention.

MIKE
 OFFICERS ON DECK!

HEDGSPETH
 That's not how the police works,
 Mike.

MIKE
 Sir, yes sir!

HEDGSPETH
 (sighing)
 Alright, at ease, or whatever
 command gets you to stop.

Mike transitions into an "at ease" stance, which looks more
 painful than the previous stance.

Fred moves past Mike to Marta's area.

HEDGSPETH (CONT'D)
 How ya doing, Marta?

MARTA
 I'm good Fred, how about you?

HEDGSPETH
 Doing good. We got a picture we'd
 like to hang in the window.

MARTA
 Huh, hope it's a picture of the
 entire Calhoun County police force.
 (staring directly at
 Hedgspeth)
 Nude.

HEDGSPETH
 (without missing a beat)
 Nope, it's a serial killer.

MARTA
(thinks for a moment)
Close enough. Go ahead.

Officer Mauer hangs the photo in the upper right of the front window. The picture is terrifying: like a Dwight Schrute but much more menacing and with a 5 o'clock shadow.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Great, now I gotta look at that every day.

MAUER
Hi name is Paul Kligerman. He's a six foot two caucasian male at 186 pounds.

HEDGSPETH
Okay, thank you Jim-

MAUER
-he lures his victims on the side of the highway by pretending his car broke down. Much like Ted Bundy, but our killer-

HEDGSPETH
-you don't have to tell them this stuff-

MAUER
-likes to torture his victims until they're unconscious, then makes a small incision-

HEDGSPETH
-stop it please-

MAUER
-and inserts a LEGO piece. We're calling him the LEGO Maniac.

HEDGSPETH
Great, way more info than they needed or cared to know.

MIKE
What do the LEGO pieces make?

HEDGSPETH

I got my nephew working on that.
Anyway, if you see this guy you
should consider him extremely
dangerous. Do not confront him.
Marta, I'm looking at you.

MARTA

What, think he can stop these guns?

Marta gives a Hulk Hogan pose.

HEDGSPETH

Marta-

MARTA

Or did you forget two weeks ago at
Callahan's Cantina?

CUT TO:

INT. CALLAHAN'S CANTINA - TWO WEEKS AGO

An Irish-Mexican restaurant. This place doesn't know what it is. Strong Mexican and Irish themes litter the restaurant. There's a mariachi band with one guy on the bagpipes. Hedgspeth and Marta sit at a table. Mauer is standing up behind Hedgspeth for moral support.

Hedgspeth looks like he's a few drinks deep, his sleeves rolled up. He gets into arm wrestling position and locks hands with Marta.

HEDGSPETH

Okay Marta, you ready to order a
slice of humble pie?

MARTA

Yeah, and it's going on your tab.

They begin to arm wrestle. It looks like Fred is going to win, but Marta moves her ponytail from the right side to the left, ala *Over The Top*.

MAUER

She's moving her scrunchie! Oh no,
now she's serious, you can tell!

Marta slams down Fred's arm.

A WAITER dressed in an orange and green sombrero eclipses the scene.

WAITER
Who wants haggis tacos???

BACK TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - PRESENT DAY

Hedgpeth and Mauer look down like they're reliving the moment 1000 times harder. Hedgpeth breaks the image.

HEDGSPETH
Just don't do anything. Please.

Hedgpeth and Mauer walk to the front door. Hedgpeth pauses in front of Mike.

HEDGSPETH (CONT'D)
(sighing)
Cut it out.

Mauer and Hedgpeth exit. Mike relaxes and lets out an exasperated breath. He takes in the picture.

MIKE
So this is the perp, huh?

MARTA
Stop talking like you're a cop.

MIKE
I almost was! It's that stupid fitness test that got me.

MARTA
Yeah, you can't run two feet without wheezing like a grandma.

MIKE
I'M WORKING ON IT! I'm trying a new diet.

MARTA
What's the diet?

MIKE
The one where I live under the shadow of a tyrant boss so I'm too nervous to eat anything.

MARTA
Is it working?

MIKE
I've lost ten pounds.

MARTA
Happy to help.

Brian walks to the picture and studies it.

BRIAN
I hope he doesn't come in here.

AN OBSCURED FACE presses itself to the glass of the window, right next to the picture. The face has thick glasses and looks somewhat like the picture.

Brian FALLS BACKWARDS onto the floor. He crawls in reverse.

A tall, lanky figure dressed in a mechanic's suit opens the front door and walks slowly and menacing toward Brian. His eyes are magnified by his coke bottle glasses. Brian is in full panic mode. His legs are paralyzed with fear.

The lanky figure looms over Brian. He HAS to be the serial killer.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - WHERE WE LAST LEFT OFF

The lanky figure looms over Brian. Marta breaks his concentration on Brian.

MARTA (O.S.)
Murdock! Why are you using the
front door?

The lanky figure is MURDOCK (30s, maladroit, an S-shape, Napoleon Dynamite type). He speaks like he's constantly exhaling.

MURDOCK
Hey Marta, did a package come for
me?

MARTA
No, I haven't seen anything today
sweetie. Why is this package so
important?

Murdock hesitates, like he's really bad at keeping a secret.

MURDOCK
...No reason.

MARTA
Well help Brian up, he just
started.

Murdock extends his hand to Brian. Brian hesitantly takes it. Murdock lifts him upright.

MURDOCK
Hi I'm Murdock. I live in the
garage around the corner.

BRIAN
Oh, you're the mechanic, right?

Murdock hesitates again like he's keeping a secret.

MURDOCK
...Yes.

BRIAN
I'm Brian. It's nice to meet you.

MURDOCK

Yes, very nice.

(to Marta)

Marta, please tell me when my package arrives.

MARTA (O.S.)

Okay sweetie.

Murdock awkwardly and quickly shakes Brian's hand. He goes to one of the wall refrigerators and grabs a YooHoo. He guzzles it as he exits. All of this happens as one fluid motion.

Mike and Marta don't bat an eye. Mike picks the conversation back up.

MIKE

I tell you what, I hope that LEGO killer does come in here. If I bring him in, that'll be some major bonus points with the force. Maybe I'll even make Captain.

MARTA

You heard what Fred said, Mike. Just call the *real* cops.

MIKE

Yeah, well he doesn't know I'm working with *this*.

Mike produces a pump-action shotgun and racks it.

BRIAN

Whoa, holy shit Mike!

MARTA

Jesus, not this again!

Mike holds his hand up.

MIKE

Ah ah ah! I am the only one who can legally use this as I have my Firearms license, and it is my duty to protect my co-workers in times of peril!

BRIAN

I would feel much more protected if you put that away and I never saw it again.

Mike puts the shotgun away.

MIKE

Lesson number-

(struggling to find the
number)

-the most important lesson, Rook:
always be prepared. I have a gun
everywhere I need it.

BRIAN

Where do you need a gun?

MIKE

You know--in the couch, in the
basement, in a flower pot in the
garden, in the bathroom, in the
kitchen, under my bed and one under
my pillow.

BRIAN

Why do you need a gun under your
bed and under your pillow?

MIKE

Eh, the one under my pillow helps
me sleep better.

(moving to the bathroom)

Hey, I'm gonna take a leak. Why
do't you man the register?

Mike exits. Brian cautiously moves behind the counter. Marta
senses his uneasiness.

MARTA

Don't worry sweetie. Mike may seem
like an idiot...well he is an
idiot, but a harmless one.

(indicating the register)

You know how to run that?

BRIAN

Yeah, I think so. I used to work
at...at a Burger King.

MARTA

(smiling)

Alright. Maybe we can have a quiet
night now.

The door chime rings. DWEEZ (20s, a tweaker, the grossest
teeth and fingernails) walks in wearing what looks like a
cobbled-together tux made out of vinyl, duct tape, and carpet
samples. He has a tall stovepipe hat made out of cardboard.

He peruses the energy drinks, picks out a Mountain Dew Gamer Fuel and holds it with his fingertips like a fancy champagne.

He walks to the register.

DWEEZ

Good morrow, my good man! One of
your finest energy drinks please!

Brian rings it up.

BRIAN

That'll be \$2.35

Dweez throws a random amount of change onto the counter.

DWEEZ

Keep the change my good man!

Brian quickly tallies it up.

BRIAN

This is fifty cents short.

Dweez's eyes dart around. He coughs like a French aristocrat.

DWEEZ

Cough cough! I seem to have a
cough! Do you perchance have any
cough medicine perchance? Any
Seudophedrine will do!

MARTA (O.S.)

Not a chance, Dweez. You're just
going to make meth with it.

Dweez looks at the direction of the voice. Then back at Brian. He drops the act and gives a sinister look.

DWEEZ

Well riddle me this, gas man: what
do you do when my partner has
stolen all the bottles from your
precious trash?

BRIAN

I'd say that I don't have to empty
them tonight and hope that you
recycle.

Dweez is taken aback. Then tries to double down.

DWEEZ

Well that's just what we did baby!
That's just what we did! HA HA HA
HA HA!

KRONOS (20s, similarly disgusting as Dweez with dreadlocks) runs past the outside window with a giant Santa Claus-sized clear sack of various plastic and glass bottles.

KRONOS

We got 'em Dweez! We're rich!

Dweez backs away to the exit like he's a mastermind.

DWEEZ

See you later, suckbags! Ha ha ha!

Brian starts writing down details.

BRIAN

Five foot 8, no wait, that's with
the hat.

MARTA

Don't bother, these guys are
morons.

Mike emerges from the bathroom at the commotion.

MIKE

ROBBERY IN PROGRESS!

Mike bolts for the counter and gets the shotgun.

BRIAN

Mike no, they just took bottles!

Mike is in the zone, he doesn't hear anything anyone's saying.

MIKE

(going through his
training)
10-38 in progress, fire a warning
shot and ask for surrender.
(back to shouting)
HEY PERPS! POLICE!

Mike raises the shotgun to shoot in the air, but he's still inside.

BRIAN

No Mike don't!

Mike fires the shotgun, filling the ceiling light above him with buckshot. The light sparks and flickers. Ceiling tile falls on Mike.

MARTA
Goddammit Mike!

Marta runs over to Mike and removes the shotgun. Brian flanks him on the other side, watching Dweez and Kronos drive off laughing.

MIKE
(overly calm)
Marta, I would like to rescind my previous complaint about your tardiness in hopes that this incident is not considered in your report.

MARTA
Oh this is definitely going in my report.

A beat.

MIKE
Fair enough.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Murdock stands on a stepladder and fiddles with the damaged light. Marta, Brian and Mike surround him and look on.

One final spark as Murdock connects cables. The light flickers on and off with one faulty bulb and one missing.

Murdock comes down the ladder and gives his prognosis.

MURDOCK
The cords seem okay, it's just missing a bulb and one needs to be replaced.

MARTA
Alright, well let's get some replacement lights and be done with it.

MURDOCK
Oh you don't have any more.

MARTA
...Why's that?

Murdock stares for a beat.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 GARAGE - MURDOCK'S DOMAIN - FLASHBACK

Murdock stands in front of his invention: 38 fluorescent bulbs rigged with wires facing him like a giant seasonal depression lamp. Murdock takes a detonator button in his hand. He looks straight ahead.

MURDOCK
Take this, seasonal depression.

Murdock presses the button and the lamp illuminates with the power of a thousand suns. Murdock reacts like he's being hit with ultimate power.

CUT TO:

EXT. 24/7 GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Heavenly beams shoot out of the window in the garage door.

BACK TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - PRESENT DAY

Murdock is still staring.

MURDOCK
...No reason.

MARTA
Alright, well I can think of no better candidate to go to the Supermart for lightbulbs than the guy WHO SHOT OUT THE FUCKING LIGHTBULB!

Mike sulks toward the exit.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Brian, go with him! I want to make sure he doesn't screw up anything else tonight. Both of you get!

CUT TO:

EXT. 24/7 GAS STATION

Mike's truck pulls out of the station and heads to the left onto the highway. At the same time, a small US Mail truck pulls into the lot and parks parallel to the front door.

A large MAILMAN (40s, Opera singer) gets out of the truck carrying a package and a beautiful musical score accentuates his singing.

MAILMAN

Ohhhhh, I love to deliver the mail!
/ It's one of my favorite things to
do! / Even though I'm slow as a
snail, / the mail will get to you!
/ Ohhhhh!

Murdock slides into frame.

MURDOCK

Thank you goodbye.

He rips the package from the Mailman's hands. All music stops and the Mailman looks incredibly sad. The Mailman shuffles back to his truck.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - FRONT DESK CLOSE - MOMENTS
LATER

Marta mans the register. She's still on her chair, still reading her People Magazine. She's the only one in the store.

The light flickers on and off. She gives it a look, then back to her magazine.

The door chime rings. Footsteps move past Marta. She doesn't lift her head up from her magazine. The footsteps come back and plant themselves right in front of Marta. She doesn't look up. A sinister voice addresses her: It's the LEGO MANIAC.

LEGO MANIAC (O.S.)

Excuse me, do you have a children's
toy aisle?

MARTA

Yeah, it should be the one that
looks like it has all the kid shit
on it.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - LEGO MANIAC REVERSE

The LEGO MANIAC looks just as sinister as his picture hanging in the window. The lights flicker in dramatic action.

LEGO MANIAC

I was just down that aisle, and I was looking for some LEGOs.

MARTA

If it's not there, we don't have it.

LEGO MANIAC

A shame. Because I really need some LEGOs for my...nephew.

MARTA

To the left and about a half a mile down is a Supermart. They have LEGOs.

The Lego Maniac takes a beat. This woman is clearly not afraid of him. He tries to be more sinister.

LEGO MANIAC

You're very beautiful. But you can always BUILD on beauty.

MARTA

(without skipping a beat)
They got makeup there too.

The Lego Maniac pauses.

LEGO MANIAC

Great, thank you.

He exits. Marta looks up with one eye.

MARTA

What a weirdo.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SUPERMART - ENTRANCE

Mike and Brian enter through the automatic doors of the Supermart (for all effective purposes, looks just like a WalMart). Mr. Wilson is the greeter, still all his Kool wear on, just a vest over it.

MR. WILSON

Hello and welcome to Supermart!

MIKE

Not now Mr. Wilson, we're on a mission!

MR. WILSON

Awesome, baby!

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMART - LIGHTING AISLE

Mike and Brian walk down the aisle. Mike takes various delicate bulbs and throws them back on the shelf.

MIKE

Look Rook, I want you to know that tonight I endangered you and I wanted to say I'm sorry. Usually I'm a pretty gentle guy.

Mike plays with a lightbulb in his hands. He gets so uptight that he squeezes it too hard and it shatters. He puts it back on the shelf.

Brian decides between letting Mike squirm or make him feel better. He chooses the latter.

BRIAN

Don't be so hard on yourself. You were trying to protect us. And even though those guys posed no real threat and weren't actually stealing anything, and a shotgun is overkill for any situation really, it's...it's the thought that counts.

MIKE

Thanks Rook.

BRIAN

To be honest, this is the first
real job I've had. Sure, it's hard
work, but it's way more exciting
than working at the hotel with my
dad-

Brian looks up and catches the LEGO Maniac in the toy aisle.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMART - TOY AISLE

The LEGO Maniac grips a box of LEGOs and hugs it.

BACK TO:

INT. SUPERMART - LIGHTING AISLE

BRIAN

-Oh my God there he is.

MIKE

Who, your dad?

BRIAN

No, the serial killer!

MIKE

(craning his neck)
What, where?

BRIAN

No, don't look at him!

Mike formulates a plan.

MIKE

Okay Rook, here's what we do: we
act natural and we tail him from
the parking lot. Follow my lead.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMART - CHECKOUT LANES

Brian and Mike walk up to the self checkout kiosks with their
fluorescent bulbs.

MIKE

Why yes, I did find everything quite easily! This store is great and I shall shop here again!

BRIAN

It's a self checkout Mike.

MIKE

(whispering)

I know, I'm just keeping appearances!

(back to yelling)

Good day!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Brian wait in the truck. They see the LEGO Maniac walk to his car: a grey 2005 Kia Sorento.

BRIAN

Huh, that's a pretty modest car for a serial killer.

MIKE

Probably fucks squirrels in the back of it.

BRIAN

What?

MIKE

Alright he's pulling out. Let's tail him.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY WESTBOUND- CONTINUOUS

The LEGO Maniac's car drives the speed limit. Mike is following close behind.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S TRUCK

MIKE

Okay Rook, you got that license plate number?

BRIAN

Got it.

MIKE

Alright, let's call it in.

(into his cell phone)

Yeah hi, this is Cadet Mike
McCallan calling. Yes, from the
academy tests last month--yes, the
one who needed to be carted off the
field during the fitness test. Well
have I got news for you-

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY EASTBOUND - SAME TIME

Kronos and Dweez speed down the highway in their busted 1987 Nissan Pickup with way too many bottles in the back. Most of them are loose.

CUT TO:

INT. KRONOS AND DWEEZ PICKUP

Dweez and Kronos are ecstatic at their haul. They talk like they're on cocaine and so are their ideas.

KRONOS

I'm telling you man! We just got
500 bottles tonight!

DWEEZ

And we only had to drive 25 miles
in three separate cities!

KRONOS

Yes! At ten cents a bottle that is
50 dollars my man!

DWEEZ

We are gonna buy so much drugs!

KRONOS

Hell yeah!

They go over the same bump in the road. The cab shakes.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY EASTBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Glass bottles rattle off the truck and smash into the oncoming lane.

KRONOS (V.O.)
 Goddamn! Someone needs to fix that road!

The truck speeds off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY WESTBOUND - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Brian still follow behind the LEGO Maniac.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Alright, the plate is Z, 9, 5, U-

Both cars' tires are shredded by the glass bottles. Mike swerves to the side of the road.

MIKE
 What the hell happened?? Oh holy fuck Dispatch, we're going down!

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY - WESTBOUND SIDE OF THE ROAD

Mike and Brian leap out of the cab, ready to face the killer.

The LEGO Maniac exits the vehicle. He sucks on a LEGO piece that would be the last shape you would suck on.

LEGO MANIAC
 Well, it looks like my plans have changed. But I'm sure we can PIECE TOGETHER something.

BRIAN
 Mike, get your gun!

MIKE
 (confidently to killer)
 I just want you to know, I have a gun everywhere I need it-
 (pointing to the truck)
 -except in my truck.

BRIAN
Are you kidding me??

The LEGO Maniac produces a handgun. It is terrifying. Mike and Brian's faces sink.

LEGO MANIAC
Hah...this is for when the pieces
just don't seem to fit.

The LEGO Maniac aims the gun at Mike. Brian steps in front, as if to block the shot.

BRIAN
(trying to sound tough)
Hey killer guy! Haven't you heard
of-

Brian's eyes catch the sign right beyond the killer. It reads "**WATER CREEK.**"

BRIAN (CONT'D)
-Of the Water Creek monster? We
shouldn't be out here! Because-
because he's as fast as a Dodge
Charger and as black as the night!
I got a Snapchat of him but the 24
hours just expired so you can't see
it now!

A pathetic howl is heard, EXACTLY like Tyler's impression earlier. It fills the air with an eerie tone.

MIKE
(to himself)
Oh my God, Tyler was right.

The howl is heard again, this time closer. Suddenly a BLACK STREAK eclipses the LEGO Maniac. He's knocked down, the gun goes flying out of his hand, and the black figure awkwardly drags him into the cornfield.

LEGO MANIAC
No, noooo! No, please, please!

The pathetic roar is heard again, and the sound of a neck snapping. All is quiet. Brian and Mike stand, shocked.

MIKE
It was the Water Creek monster.

BRIAN
It looked like a guy in a cat suit.

MIKE

No, it was definitely the Water Creek Monster. Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Mike and Brian walk through the front door. They look like they've been through hell.

Brian takes the lightbulbs from Mike, gets on the stepladder. He takes out the one bad one, hands it to Mike and puts in the replacements. The bulbs come to life and Brian shuts the plastic grate. Everything looks normal, minus all the holes in the ceiling.

MARTA

You guys took your sweet time.

BRIAN

We saw the Monster of Water Cr-

MIKE

-We got a flat on the way back. Had to get out the spare.

Mike looks at Brian like this will be our secret.

MARTA

Well, let's hope that's the last accident of the night. Things are finally starting to quiet down.

BRIAN & MIKE

Please.

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike is back in his usual position. Brian finishes mopping the floors. He sets the mop back in the bucket. Marta walks up to him.

MARTA

So what do you think of your first day sweetie? Hope we didn't scare you too bad.

BRIAN

No, it was exciting, in a weird way.

MARTA

Well, that's good.

BRIAN

Hey when do we close?

MARTA

Close? Honey, this place never closes. We're 24-7.

Marta walks away with a smile. Brian looks off into the distance; a little bit excited, then a little bit concerned.

BRIAN

Hey, where's Murdock?

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 GARAGE - MURDOCK'S DOMAIN - FLASHBACK

Murdock sits in a chair in the center of the garage. Discarded in the corner is the broken mega-seasonal depression lamp. He watches a YouTube video on his phone.

CUT TO:

YOUTUBE VIDEO - DR. BAUMBERG'S CURE FOR SEASONAL DEPRESSION

An elderly woman psychologist sits in a fancy chair. She addresses the camera.

DR. BAUMBERG

Many people experience seasonal depression. But these lamps? They do nothing.

Murdock looks at the broken mega-lamp.

DR. BAUMBERG (CONT'D)

The best way to fight seasonal depression is to do something active. Go for a run! Anytime is the right time!

CUT TO:

INT. 24/7 GARAGE - MURDOCK'S DOMAIN

Murdock opens his package. Inside is Ronny's Roid Rations, Bull Penis supplements, and a variety of multicolored pills.

DR. BAUMBERG (V.O.)
Maybe dress up to feel special!

Murdock looks to a fuzzy black cat onesie hanging on a wall. Weird ruby welding goggles hang by the head of the costume.

DR. BAUMBERG (V.O.)
And, don't forget breathing
exercises! Oooooaaahhhh!

Murdock emulates the video. It sounds like the pathetic roar of the Water Creek Monster.

CUT TO:

EXT. 24/7 GARAGE - GARAGE DOOR

The garage door lifts up, revealing Murdock in full cat suit and goggles. He pops one of Ronny's Roid Rations.

MURDOCK (V.O.)
No one must know my terrible
secret. That I must become the
night.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-247 HIGHWAY - WESTBOUND SHOULDER - CONTINUOUS

Murdock weirdly runs down the side of the highway. The full moon shines behind him, making his body a silhouette.

MURDOCK (V.O.)
At least I don't have seasonal
depression.

Murdock howls at the moon. FREEZE FRAME on Murdock howling.

END