

Incident Report 08/12/2008

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FADE IN

INT. POLICE CRUISER- DAY

Detectives STONE and LAMBERT are driving in their cruiser towards a suburban neighborhood not far from Baltimore. Stone is roughly 45 years old and driving, wearing a dull-colored suit and a plain tie. Lambert is roughly 23. and wearing a polo shirt with khakis and a police baseball cap. The weather is cold and overcast. On the car radio, soft, gentle is playing.

STONE

Alright, give me the lowdown. What were we called in for?

LAMBERT

Homeowner called in to complain of a smell in the residence adjacent to hers. Residence is unoccupied, possible commune for the homeless.

STONE

Don't jump to conclusions, now. It could be any number of things.

Stone approaches a yellow traffic light and guns through the intersection just before the light turns red.

STONE

But yes, that was the call that we received. What's the address of the place?

LAMBERT

Uh...1216 Oakland Terrace Drive,  
Arbutus, Maryland

The song on the radio ends, switching to an eery, foreboding song.

STONE

That's right. Tell me what happens if one of us gets injured on the job.

Lambert produces a small notebook from his back pocket and flips through it, reading from a page.

LAMBERT

"If an officer is harmed in the line of duty, it is the responsibility-"

(CONTINUED)

STONE

No, no, don't give me that recycled textbook crap. Just tell me what you would do if I got hurt.

LAMBERT

Well, I would call for medical dispatch, then for backup, if necessary.

STONE

Good. Don't rely so much on what you learned in the academy, alright? True police work relies on instinct. It comes from within, not from a damn book.

They pull up to a house. Stone turns the radio off.

STONE

This is the place. Ready?

LAMBERT

I guess so. What's gonna be inside?

STONE

Don't know. I've seen a million cases like this. It could be anything.

The officers exit the car.

EXT. HOUSE- DAY

Stone and Lambert approach the house, climbing up the porch, and stopping outside of the front door.

STONE

You wanna do the honors?

LAMBERT

(Pounding on the door) Police, open up!

Beat.

STONE

No answer. We gotta breach.

LAMBERT

Okay... Have you done this before?

(CONTINUED)

STONE

Sure, dozens of times. I get better at it every time.

Stone gets in position to breach the door. Both officers equip their handguns and 6-cell flashlights.

STONE

On me. 1, 2...3!

Stone kicks open the door. The officers slowly walk inside, flashlights on and guns at the ready.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- DAY

The officers walk in slowly. The interior of the house is dimly lit. Methodically, they make their way through a hallway.

STONE

Police! Come out where we can see you!

They enter a kitchen area, where they see the corpse of a man with a hole in his head resting face down on the white blood-stained table cloth. He is wearing a hunting outfit-blue jeans, boots, a red flannel shirt, and a hunting vest. A revolver is loosely held in his hand, and a pocket knife is poking out of his back pocket.

LAMBERT

Jesus Christ... The smell...

STONE

Get it together, Lambert. There's something underneath the table.

Stone lifts the table cloth up, revealing a young woman, wearing nothing but a dirty bra and panties, and covered in bruises and cuts, handcuffed to a table leg. She is catatonic, and has the number "6" carved into her forehead.

STONE

Lambert, get medical dispatch on the line. And go find a towel!

Lambert leaves the room quickly to locate a towel. Stone squats down to speak with "6".

STONE

What's your name?

She doesn't answer, but looks at him blankly.

(CONTINUED)

STONE

It's alright, we're gonna help you.  
Can you tell me what happened?

No answer. "6" instead looks beyond Stone at the door across from the table. Fear is in her eyes.

Lambert comes back with a towel and drapes it over "6".

STONE

Lambert, there's something behind that door. It could be another victim. On me.

Stone and Lambert prepare to breach the door, guns at the ready. Stone kicks open the door, revealing wooden steps that lead down into a dark basement. "6" recoils at the action. Stone points his gun down the steps.

STONE

Police, come up with your hands up!

LAMBERT

Wait, we don't know what's down there. I think we'd better call for backup...

STONE

Whatever's down there can't be much worse than what's up here. I can handle it.

Stone exhales slowly, hiding the fact that he is shaking slightly.

STONE

Stay here with the girl. And call for dispatch, dammit!

Stone clicks the light switch. No power.

STONE

(whispering) Shit...

Stone begins to descend the stairs. As soon as his foot reaches the first step, "6" screams in primal fear and scrambles away from the door. She has no teeth. Lambert is startled.

STONE

Lambert, restrain her! If I'm not back in fifteen minutes, call for backup!

Stone takes a few deep breaths, then goes down the steps.

INT. BASEMENT- DAY

It is dark. A slight chill hangs in the air as Stone shakily aims his flashlight around his surroundings. A faint chewing sound can be heard not far from him. Stone is terrified.

STONE:  
Pol-police! Come to the stairs  
slowly!

The chewing sounds abruptly stop. Faintly, some scampering sound takes its place. Stone points his flashlight all around him in the dark, yet he sees nothing. his hands are shaking.

STONE  
(to himself, quietly) It's just a  
little dark...I can do this...

Stone continues walking through the basement until he enters an alcove. On the floor, the barely recognizable remains of a man ooze blood. The body appears to have been half eaten, and there is nothing below his waist. The number "9" is carved into his forehead.

STONE  
What the hell...9?

Footsteps are heard behind Stone. He wheels around and comes face to face with a shirtless man in filthy, tattered jeans, about 25, with blood and viscera coating his mouth and face. His hands are sporting long, sharp fingernails. He looks barely human, and has the number "7" carved into his forehead.

STONE  
Get down on your knees!

"7" growls at Stone. Stone is trying to keep a brave appearance, but his hands are shaking and his breathing is ragged. He approaches Stone.

STONE  
STOP OR I WILL SHOOT!

"7" ignores Stone and lunges at him. Stone hesitates, and "7" slashes at his leg, taking him down.

"7" lunges on top of Stone, preparing to go right for his jugular. Just as it reaches his neck, Stone fires his pistol into "7"'s chest. "7" collapses onto Stone, dead.

(CONTINUED)

Stone quickly pushes the body off of him and scrambles up against the wall. He has broken out in a sweat and is breathing hard. Stone has a breakdown, and holds his head in his hands as he yells. He remains huddled against the wall for a while, then tries to compose himself. Shakily, he gets up and heads for the stairs.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE- DAY

Lambert is holding the towel-wrapped body of "6", whose neck is bleeding openly, and sobbing over it as Stone climbs back up from the basement. Stone is still shaking slightly, but acts composed. He kneels in front of Lambert.

STONE

What happened, Paul?

LAMBERT

(crying) She...I went to call for dispatch, and-and when my back was turned...

Lambert looks on the ground next to "6"'s body at the pocket knife belonging to the man at the table, which has a fresh tinge of blood.

STONE

...She killed herself.

LAMBERT

She was-She was just so terrified of what was in the basement...What the hell was down there!?

STONE

...There was a man. Had a "9" carved into his head. Half eaten.

Stone rests against the wall, staring ahead at nothing.

STONE

Another man, number 7, was...eating him. I had to put him down.

LAMBERT

What kind of sick fuck does this to people!?

Stone shifts his gaze to the dead man sitting at the table. He then unpins his badge from his uniform and tosses it to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

STONE  
I'm done. I thought I could handle  
anything, but...

Stone looks up at the ceiling resting his head on the wall.

STONE  
I couldn't even save the girl.  
Serve and protect, huh.

From outside, the sounds of an ambulance arriving can be heard. Lambert starts to get up.

LAMBERT  
That's the medic...Come on, we  
gotta tell them what happened.

STONE  
You can tell them whatever you  
want, Lambert. I think I'll go  
home.

Lambert nods gravely, then starts to head outside. A few steps in, he turns and looks back at Stone, still on the ground.

LAMBERT  
Just...I just have one question. I  
can't wrap my mind around it.

STONE  
(looking up at Lambert) What's  
that?

The final lines are spoken absolutely deadpan.

LAMBERT  
Why was "6" afraid of "7"?

STONE  
Isn't it obvious?

Beat.

STONE  
Because "7" ate "9".

CUT TO BLACK

END