

MECHANIC SHOP 1528: Vengeance  
By C. A. Boone

FADE IN:

EXT. A WHITE HOUSE-MORNING

A white house with a driveway leading up to the porch. No other houses touch it. It's a single home with YELLOW POLICE TAPE wrapped around it. Slightly yellowed grass is overgrown in the front yard.

View of a chain link fence surrounding the backyard. The lock is MISSING. The gate CREAKS as it swings open and close in the breeze. The grass is yellowed back here also.

The sliding glass door leading to the kitchen is open a crack. We ZOOM inside through the glass.

INT. A WHITE HOUSE-MORNING

A medium sized kitchen with a rectangular table in front of the glass door. Dirty dishes sit in the sink. We hear and see the flies BUZZING around them.

View of the front room with dark wood polished floors where crime scene markers mark droplets of blood.

View of the upstairs hallway--EMPTY

View of bedroom--EMPTY. The bed has been stripped of its sheets. A cell phone lies on the nightstand. One missed call shows.

There is no sign of life in the whole house.

View of the front door.

BANG!

The door is SLAMMED open.

A silhouette of a HUGE MAN standing in the doorway. As he enters, we see that a plastic tube runs under his nose connected to an oxygen tank he carries in his left hand.

His shoulder length black hair is unkempt and overgrown, making it hard to see his face. A scar on his neck can be seen where a blunt object has once tore it open, but is now healing.

The man walks urgently to a spot in the living room, looking down on the floor for something. He then goes to the kitchen. We hear the METALLIC CLINK of the tank as he sits it HEAVILY on the floor.

He digs in the trash, pulling out pieces of a shattered orange clay mask.

INT. WHITE HOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

The Huge Man sits at a desk, gluing pieces of the mask together. He BREATHES HEAVILY through the tube. We see that the mask is of a smiling gargoyle type face, happy but menacing.

INT. WHITE HOUSE-CLOSET/STAIRS-MORNING

View of a closet in the side of the stairs. The closet is filled with 4 other gargoyle masks, each a different color, sitting on a stand.

The Huge Man places the orange mask on the fourth stand. His hand then moves down the line to the first mask, a dark blue gargoyle with horns and teeth. The teeth do not touch, leaving a space between them.

INT. WHITE HOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

A dark blue jumpsuit is quickly laid on the desk. The Huge Man RIPS off one sleeve then the other.

JUMP CUT:

The Huge Man feverishly SCRATCHES out the logo on the jumpsuit with a very sharp tool. After he is done he SHAKES it out. The jumpsuit fills the screen.

The scene reopens with the Huge Man standing in front of a mirror dressed in the jumpsuit with a logo that is unrecognizable. Long black sleeves of the under shirt he wears shows were the sleeves of the jumpsuit once were.

He ZIPS up.

He rips away the tube from under his nose. He inhales the air in a great GASP. He is able to breathe without it.

He picks up the blue gargoyle mask lying on the dresser. He shakes the hair from his face as he slips it on covering his face before we can clearly see it. The Huge Man turns to leave, filling the camera--The screen goes black.

EXT. PARKING LOT-MORNING

The scene reopens on a BURGUNDY PICK-UP TRUCK parked in a small open gated lot behind a concrete building.

A hand throws back the tarp covering the bed, revealing a toolbox, a rifle, and a machete. The hand quickly grabs the machete, pulling it from its case.

The menacing reflection of the gargoyle mask shows in the thick blade.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOODMAN'S AUTO-MORNING

CAPTION: ONE MONTH EARLIER

View of a building on a dusty road. The building is one huge rectangle and one small rectangle connected together.

The small rectangle is the payment center/supply shop for customers. The huge rectangle is the car repair area for the auto shop. A sign over the huge rectangle reads GOODMAN'S AUTO.

INT. GOODMAN'S AUTO-CAR REPAIR AREA-MORNING

A huge rectangular concrete building with gray slab floors and caged lights that hang from the ceiling.

There are two exits, a steel front door in the left corner and a large steel car gate to the right used for cars to enter and exit the car repair area. The large gate is raised and the sunlight filters in.

Three garages line the wall to the left and two to the right. An open tool closet with double steel doors, stand between the two garages on the right.

The garages are individual work stations for the mechanics, complete with tools, V-shaped work tables, benches, and fluorescent lights. Barred windows let in sunlight during the day.

The steel gates used to lock up the individual work stations are raised so that we can see the mechanics busy at work on cars and trucks.

They are all wearing dark blue jumpsuits with the company name, GOODMAN'S, written in the upper left hand corner in yellow.

The supervisor of GOODMAN'S AUTO, MR. ANDERSON, a relaxed fellow in a dress shirt, jeans, sneaks, and a dark blue cap with "GOODMAN'S" written across it in yellow is showing around a new employee, named ALLISON.

Allison is a southern blonde beauty in her mid-twenties; very voluptuous; stacked. She is dressed professionally with a cotton shirt under her suit jacket, a skirt, and high heels. She is the kind of beauty most men want, but few can obtain.

MR. ANDERSON

This is the car repair area. We do everything from detailing to fixing engines to installing new equipment here at Goodman's Auto. Also, known as Mechanic Shop 1528, cause we are located at 1528 Rio Road. Just in case someone asks for Mechanic Shop 1528, you know what they mean.

Allison nods.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

Let me introduce you to the mechanics.

Mr. Anderson goes to the first garage on the left where A MAN, is WELDING something underneath a car.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

You can't see his face right now, but that is Dave. He has been here 5 years. Very good worker. I'm sure you'll get to meet him later.

He moves to the second garage where A WOMAN is using a paint gun.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

This is Shirley. She's the only woman mechanic here but she does a heck of a job. Better than some of the men, I say.

Shirley is wearing a mask over her mouth. Her curly hair pulled back in a tie. The car she is spraying has a spot where the gray metal body shows through. The spot is being covered by DARK BLOOD RED PAINT as she moves the gun back and forth.

Shirley stops what she is doing. She turns around and pulls down her mask. Her facial features are hard, not so pretty. She walks over to Allison, holding out her hand.

SHIRLEY

Nice to meet youuu...

ALLISON

Allison, my name is Allison. And nice to meet you, too.

They shake hands. Another mechanic, named BEN, spots Allison as he stands in the door of the third garage. Ben is a Mid-30's short male with a menacing appearance.

BEN

Damn!

ERIC, a mechanic sporting an army cut, is standing next to him.

ERIC  
Who's that?

BEN  
I don't know, but I wouldn't mind getting some of that action. (beat)  
I'll be right back.

Ben walks over to Allison as he wipes his hands on a cloth.

BEN (Cont'd)  
I'm Ben.

Ben takes in her beauty as he shakes her hand.

ALLISON  
Hi.

MR. ANDERSON  
Allison is new in accounting. I am just showing her around.

Ben looks deep into her eyes.

BEN  
Allison? What a beautiful name.

Allison winches an uncomfortable smile as she manages to free her hand from his. She rolls her eyes slightly as she looks away--Oh, Goodness!

Mr. Anderson gestures to Eric still standing at Ben's garage.

MR. ANDERSON  
And that's Eric.

Eric waves. Allison waves back.

BEN  
(to Allison)  
Did you meet the freak, yet?

ALLISON  
The who?

Ben points to the first garage on the right.

BEN  
That right there.

Allison looks towards the 1<sup>st</sup> garage.

We see MIKE, a big guy with broad shoulders and long black hair. A Metal Head in his early 30's. He is tall, about 6 feet.

Although he is big, he is mostly muscle. The hair tucked behind his right ear dangles towards the engine as he works on it.

Allison turns to Ben.

ALLISON  
Why you call him that?

Eric walks up beside Ben.

ERIC  
Cause he's retarded.

MR. ANDERSON  
No, he's not.

ERIC  
Sorry, I mean slow. That's the correct terminology, isn't it?

Ben and Shirley SNICKER.

MR. ANDERSON  
He's just quiet.

SHIRLEY  
Too quiet. A guy like that probably has something to hide.

MR. ANDERSON  
Maybe he doesn't want to share his business with y'all.

BEN  
But he doesn't socialize with anyone, not just us. Something's off with that boy I tell you. Socially awkward, weird...been that way since he was a kid. You lived in this town your whole life, you know what I mean, Jim. I mean Mr. Anderson.

MR. ANDERSON  
Ben, that's enough.

BEN  
(to Allison)  
You know he's a Satanist.

MR. ANDERSON

That's enough! He just comes here every day and does his job like he's paid to do and doesn't talk to the likes of you. What a shame. You guys get back to work (beat) Now!

Ben and Shirley go back to their stations on the left as Eric crosses to the last garage on the right.

Allison watches Mike work. There's something about him she likes.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

Don't pay any attention to them.

Allison looks at Mr. Anderson.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

Most customers ask for him. He's the best and the fastest. And he does talk if you talk to him.

Allison glances back at Mike again as he continues to work. He never looks up. He never stops working.

Mr. Anderson leads Allison to a set of stairs at the back of the work area. The stairs lead up to a second floor platform where there are glass double doors. They ascend the stairs.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

As you can see, you have to walk through the car repair area to get to the offices. Don't worry you can't hear any noise coming from the shop back here. The glass doors are sound proof.

Mr. Anderson opens one of the glass doors for Allison.

MR. ANDERSON (Cont'd)

Let me show you to your office.

Allison walks through. Mr. Anderson follows.

INT. GOODMAN'S AUTO-MIKE'S GARAGE-NOON

Mike is working on a different car than the one from this morning. He is putting on the left front tire. He tightens the lug nuts.

ALLISON

You still working?

Mike looks up. Allison is standing at the garage door.

MIKE

Yup.

He is guarded, not much for conversation. He turns his attention back to the tire.

ALLISON

I'm Allison. I'm new in accounting.

Mike doesn't respond.

ALLISON (Cont'd)

And you are?

MIKE

Mike.

ALLISON

Hi, Mike.

Mike SIGHS.

ALLISON (Cont'd)

You're not going to lunch?

MIKE

Nope.

Mike finishes the tire. He puts on the hub cap and stands up. He lets the car down quickly from the jack. The car BOUNCES slightly as it HITS the floor.

ALLISON

But it's noon.

MIKE

(annoyed)

I know what time it is.

He walks over to his work table where there are numerous tools lining the wall behind it. Mike hangs the lug wrench on the wall.

ALLISON

I guess you like to take a late lunch, huh?

Mike sits the jack down on the table HARD. He takes a deep breath, closing his eyes. As he reopens them--

MIKE

What are you doing?

ALLISON

Excuse me?

Mike turns around.

MIKE

What do you want?

ALLISON

I am just making conver...

MIKE

No one else talks to me. So why are you?

ALLISON

I just want to get to know you.

Mike folds his arms.

MIKE

Why?

ALLISON

It is my first day. I want to get to know everyone.

MIKE

Even the freak? (beat) I am sure you heard by now, seeing as that's the first thing they tell a new employee about me.

ALLISON

I don't listen to what people say. I have my own mind you know.

Allison slowly walks into the garage.

ALLISON (Cont'd)

Anyway, I'm originally from Cokesbury...Cokesbury, South Carolina. I don't really know anyone and I was hoping you'd be kind enough to show me around. Maybe tell me the real story about you.

Allison stops near the car.

Mike SNICKERS.

MIKE

Look, I am not going to play your game. I know this is a small town, but there are other people here and you ask me?

ALLISON

I'm serious. Where I'm from everyone is friendly and warm. Everybody knows everybody. It's not uncommon to start a conversation and try to get to know people.

MIKE

Well, I've lived here all my life and I can tell you not everyone in Meridian, Oklahoma is as friendly and warm. Not everyone wants to get to know everyone, especially me.

ALLISON

Especially you? Why's that?

Before Mike can answer, Mr. Anderson shows up at the garage door.

MR. ANDERSON

Mike, you on break?

MIKE

No. Not yet.

MR. ANDERSON

There's a customer out front. I need you to take care of him.

MIKE

Ok, coming.

Mike jumps at the chance to leave the uncomfortable situation. He quickly exits the garage. Allison watches him go.

INT. GOODMAN'S AUTO-ALLISON'S OFFICE-MORNING

Allison is at her desk crunching numbers. She picks up a report. She studies it. A confused expression appears on her face. Then a sudden slow smile emerges. She gets up to leave.

INT. GOODMAN'S AUTO-MIKE'S GARAGE-MORNING

Mike is under the hood of a car removing the engine. A brand new engine and battery sit on the work table in the background with some car parts that have already been removed in order to get to the old engine.

Allison leans slightly under the hood as she holds the report.

ALLISON

(cheerful)

Hi!

Mike glances up at her. He answers as he continues to work.

MIKE

Hi.