

DARK SIDE OF MAN

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The white new snow glows in the moonlight.

BOBBY (18) medium height and slim runs for his life. He wears nothing besides a stained T-shirt. No shoes, no pants. He's exhausted, his face in fear.

Blood streaks down his legs.

He darts between the barren trees. He looks back.

Nothing's there.

His breath shows in the cold air, his eyes are filled with tears of terror and pain.

His bare feet slip in the snow and he goes down.

His face digs into the fresh powder on the ground.

The blood on his legs stain the virgin snow.

He panicky glances back again.

Someone's coming.

JERRY (40) clumsily bulldozes his large body through the woods, twigs and branches break in his way.

Bobby frantically tries to get up to run, but his trembling legs won't carry him. He falls again and the sound of Jerry getting closer puts a look of helplessness on his face.

Jerry gets closer and closer. He staggers and breathes hard.

Bobby gives it a last desperate try and gets up and continues to run. He runs towards a flat open field. He looks back.

Jerry comes closer and closer.

He continues to run out on the field. He looks back.

Jerry has stopped at the edge of the field, he does not follow Bobby.

Exhausted, Bobby slows down his pace.

There's a gurgling, bubbling sound. Bobby looks down, suddenly the ice breaks and he falls through up to his thighs. He tries to grab the snow and ice to pull himself up, but there's nothing to grab.

He sinks further down into the icy water. He glances back at Jerry.

Jerry watches as Bobby desperately tries to get a grip on something, anything, but all he gets is loose snow and slippery ice.

Bobby sinks down to his waist. He glances at Jerry again.

Jerry's on all fours crawling out onto the ice.

Jerry carefully moves out to Bobby. When he closes in he low crawls until he's an arms length away.

Bobby is down to his chest in water. He's cold and his teeth chatter. He stares at Jerry, his face a combination of fear, desperation and hope.

Jerry reaches out with his right hand to Bobby.

Their eyes lock.

JERRY

C'mon, just grab my hand... if you  
don't you'll die.

Bobby hesitates.

The ice around the edge of the opening cracks loudly and break open even more. Neither one of them moves for a moment. They both nervously stare at the ice.

Bobby makes up his mind and reaches out and grabs Jerry's hand. Jerry gets a good hold on him and starts to slowly crawl backwards, pulling Bobby with him out of the water.

When closer to the edge of the lake, Jerry lets go of Bobby's hand and stands up. His large body looms over a frightened and frozen Bobby.

Bobby tries to get up, but his legs are not willing.

He looks up at Jerry and into his bloodshot eyes.

Without warning Jerry's tightened, large fist slams into Bobby's face.

Bobby's body sags down, he's out cold on the snowy ice.

Jerry bends down and picks him up, tosses him over his shoulder and starts to walk back.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

In a small clearing in the forest sits a modest cinder block house. Dim light emanates from some of the windows.

Two cars are parked in front and a shed is to the side.

Jerry walks up to the house still carrying Bobby over his shoulder. When he reaches the front door he carelessly dumps him on the ground like a carcass.

There's no movement from Bobby. His wet shirt is frozen stiff. His skin pale blue in the moonlight.

Jerry fishes out a key chain from his jeans pocket and opens the door. He bends down and pulls Bobby inside by his hair.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sparingly decorated with simple old furniture. No personal items whatsoever.

Jerry drags Bobby by the hair down a hallway and stops by a door. He takes out his key chain again and unlocks it.

A narrow stairway leads down to the basement.

Jerry yanks Bobby into the stairway, turns and locks the door behind.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jerry comes down the stairs dragging Bobby behind by his arm.

The room is dirty and messy. A large bed occupies one corner of the room.

ALLY (17) with long blond hair lies on the bed. She wears a black bra and panties. Her mouth is taped shut with black duct tape and she's hog tied with the same type of tape.

A video camera on a tripod face the bed.

There are several sturdy hooks in the ceiling with chains connected to pulleys and levers on the wall. Various S&M and Bondage gear are here and there. Some vicious looking tools lie on a bench.

Jerry pulls Bobby over to an area of the room that has a hot glowing space heater, a table and some chairs, a counter with a sink and a deep chest freezer.

He dumps Bobby by the heater and pulls a chair over. He props Bobby up on the chair and duct tapes his arms and legs to the chair. Bobby's still out cold.

With eyes wide in fear, Ally watches from the bed.

Jerry slaps him in the face.

JERRY

Hey Bobby! Oh Bobby!

He slaps him again. Bobby moans.

Jerry walks over and grabs a bottle of booze from the table then heads back over to Bobby.

He grabs Bobby's hair and yanks his head back.

Bobby's mouth is open. Jerry pours some liquid down his mouth. Bobby sputter and coughs. His eyes pop open.

He stares into Jerry's face, jerks his arms and legs, but soon realize he's stuck to he chair.

Jerry pulls the chair in front of the space heater.

He tilts the bottle by Bobby's mouth.

JERRY

Have some of this. It will warm you up.

Bobby trembles violently, his teeth sound like maracas. He shakes his head no.

Jerry firmly grabs a hold of his chin and forces his mouth open. He pours the liquor into Bobby's mouth.

Bobby tries to shake his head away. Booze spills down his chin down onto his shirt.

JERRY

What, you're not man enough to handle it?

He pours some liquor on Bobby's face. Some splatter into his eyes. He screams.

Jerry laughs and takes a big swig out of the bottle himself.

JERRY

C'mon Bobby! It will help you relax...loosen up.

He splashes some more on his face. Laughs and with long slow licks cleans Bobby's face.

JERRY

Mmmmm!

Bobby's red eyes stare with terror into Jerry's.

BOBBY

Please...please stop.

JERRY

No no, we're just getting started here.

BOBBY

Let us go please.

Jerry takes another gulp out of the bottle.

JERRY

Sorry. Can't do that. This is a one way trip for you and her.

He gestures towards Ally.

JERRY

No way back. No return.

BOBBY

Why are you doing this to us? This isn't what we agreed on.

Ally squirms on the bed and muffled cries are heard.

JERRY

What exactly did we agree on Bobby?

BOBBY

You invited us over for a party.

JERRY

Did I offer you money?

BOBBY

Yes! Yes you did.

JERRY

Did you seriously think I was going to give you money to come here and party?

BOBBY

You said you wanted us to help you make a video.

JERRY

We already made some of it.

He grins as he slides his hand up between Bobby's legs.

Bobby shudders.

BOBBY

Let us go then.

JERRY

We have to finish it.

BOBBY

Let's do it then. Get it over with.

JERRY

What kind of film did you think we were going to make?

BOBBY

A dirty movie.

JERRY

What kind of dirty movie?

BOBBY

Me and Ally having sex.

Jerry laughs and drinks some more.

JERRY

Who wants to see two teenagers having sex? It's been done before you know. No one wants to see that shit anymore.

Bobby looks confused.

BOBBY

I don't get it. What kind of video did you mean then?

JERRY

Everyone's already seen everything. Every kid with a cellphone or a webcam puts everything they have up on the internet for everyone to see. It's boring! Two teenagers fucking just don't do the trick anymore. People want something more...something more exotic.

Jerry smiles wickedly.

Bobby looks seriously worried.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

Jerry gets up and staggers towards the deep chest freezer. He looks back at Bobby and smiles.

JERRY

You know... something different.

He opens the lid. It's full of human body parts.

He grabs a man's head by the hair and picks it up. Dangles it and turns and looks at Bobby.

Bobby's eyes bug out at the sight of the severed head.

Ally stares at the head and breathes in short hard breaths through her nose.

Jerry stumbles back to Bobby with the head in one hand.

He sits down in a chair in front of Bobby. He holds the head right in front of Bobby's face.

Bobby's breaths are short and hard out of fear. His eyes are fixed on the frozen distorted face.

JERRY

You know who this is?

Bobby shakes his head no.

JERRY

It's Dieter. Dieter Mueller.

BOBBY

Please, sir. Please let us go. I'll give you money. Just let us go please.

Jerry laughs and drinks again.

JERRY

Money! You're going to give me money?

BOBBY

Yes! I promise. We'll give you lots of money if you just let us go.

JERRY

Okay Bobby.

He leans in towards Bobby in a drunken seriousness.

JERRY

Let's talk business. How much money do you have?

BOBBY

I..I have over a thousand dollars in my bank account.

Jerry starts to laugh really hard.

JERRY

You know what this is?

He shows his ring finger with a wedding band.

Bobby stares at it.

BOBBY

You're married?

JERRY

Yeah. I have two daughters too.

Bobby stares at him in disbelief.

JERRY

They're used to a certain lifestyle. Clothes, jewelry, trips to exotic places. It's very expensive to have women around.

Bobby looks around the basement.

BOBBY

Where are they?

JERRY

We live in the city. You know, big house, nice cars, country club and all that... Takes a lot of money to keep that up. Your thousand dollars wouldn't even pay for my daughters clothes this month.

BOBBY

I can come up with more if you give me some time.

Jerry smiles and hold up Dieter's head again.

JERRY

I met Dieter the same way I met you and Ally...on the internet.

He looks at the severed head and talks to it.

JERRY

He had some really crazy fantasies.

(to Bobby)  
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

He was into cannibalism...not that  
bizarre in itself, I know.

Bobby looks horrified.

JERRY

What was bizarre was that he not  
only liked the taste of human  
flesh, but he wanted someone to eat  
him as well.

Jerry drinks more booze and offers some to Bobby.

Bobby declines.

Jerry finishes the bottle and tosses it towards a waste  
basket underneath the sink. It hits the floor instead of the  
waste basket and breaks in half.

JERRY

Dieter came all the way over here  
from Germany to be eaten.

With a vicious grin he looks at Bobby.

JERRY

You wanna see the tape?

BOBBY

You killed him?

JERRY

We did it together. He even says on  
the tape he's doing it on his free  
will.

BOBBY

You're sick!

JERRY

I'm sick? We live in a sick sick  
world Bobby! I only helped him  
fulfill his wishes.

A creepy expression spreads across his face.

JERRY

Do you want to see the tape?

BOBBY

No!

JERRY

Are you sure? He came all the way out here to the middle of nowhere to be eaten. We did it right here.

He gestures around the room.

JERRY

We had a few drinks, prepared some side dishes together. Then we tied a string around the base of his cock and then we cut it off.

He tells this in a very no nonsense way while Bobby can't believe what he is hearing.

JERRY

He was bleeding pretty bad so I had to hurry...I fried it up with some garlic and then we ate dinner together.

Jerry slaps him in the face and laughs heartily.

JERRY

And guess what? It didn't taste like chicken at all.

Bobby gags.

BOBBY

I'm gonna throw up.

Jerry gets up and grabs a new bottle of booze and a bucket from underneath the sink. He heads back and holds the bucket in front of Bobby.

The bucket is nasty as hell, halfway full with blood and other goo.

Bobby can't hold back and hurls right into the bucket.

Jerry drinks again.

JERRY

Guess how many times that video has been downloaded off the net?

Bobby spits into the bucket. Tears stream down his face.

BOBBY

Please...let us go. We're not like that Dieter guy. We just wanted to have a little fun and make some money at the same time.

Jerry ignores Bobby.

JERRY

Almost one hundred thousand times at fifty bucks a pop. Now you do the math. Can you do the math Bobby? That's right almost five million. You hear that? Five million bucks.

Bobby strains against the duct tape holding him down.

JERRY

Of course I have to give half of that to the people in Russia with the server. Still, two and a half million ain't bad. Do you see what kind of money we're talking about here. Do you see how your thousand bucks isn't even worth discussing.

BOBBY

I'll do whatever you want me to. Just don't kill us.

He wipes Bobby's mouth off with a yucky rag.

JERRY

How many times do you think people will download a video of you and me eating your pregnant girlfriend?

Bobby shakes his head no. He's speechless.

JERRY

She said she's three months?

He holds up his tightened fist and studies it while he thinks.

JERRY

I guess it's about this big by now.

He gets up. Sways, but steadies himself.

JERRY

You ever slaughtered an animal  
Bobby?

Bobby just shakes his head in disbelief.

Jerry takes the head and puts it back into the freezer. He picks up a liver and studies it.

JERRY

I don't understand why some people  
like to eat the kidneys and the  
liver. They're just filters. God  
knows what these people have eaten  
during their lives.

He puts the liver back and picks up a smaller one. He turns to Bobby and smiles.

JERRY

(matter of factly)

If you're going eat a liver you  
want to eat one that is no more  
than two weeks old... Now those are  
good!

BOBBY

Oh God...oh god!

He puts the small liver back and closes the lid to the freezer.

He shuffles over to Bobby and grabs his chair and turns so it faces the big bed at the other end of the room.

Ally squirms on the bed as she locks eyes with Bobby.

A tear rolls down her cheek. She cries, but the duct tape muffles the sound.

Jerry stumbles over to the area where the bed is, underneath the hooks in the ceiling.

He gazes up at the hooks, then back down at Ally.

He steps over to the bench and grabs a folded piece of black plastic.

He heads back underneath the hooks, unfolds the plastic sheet and spreads it out on the floor, making sure it's immediately underneath those hooks.

He walks over to Ally. Pulls the duct tape off her mouth. Leans in close to her face.

JERRY

Don't worry Darlin', it won't hurt  
as bad as you think.

She screams.

JERRY

I'm all for sound effects, but not  
yet.

He tapes her mouth shut again.

Another nasty bucket, but bigger than the other is placed on the plastic sheet.

Jerry walks over to the camcorder, adjusts a few things. He looks at the LCD screen.

He grabs a four foot metal bar with handcuffs at each end from the bench, picks up a knife and steps over to Ally.

She stares at him in terror as he comes closer.

Jerry sits down on the bed, cuts the duct tape that ties her ankles together. He strokes her legs. She shivers. He clasps the handcuffs on the bar around each of her ankles. Her feet are now four feet apart.

She breathes heavily and labored through her nose. Eyes wide.

He slaps her on her butt and shoots her a smile.

JERRY

Relax! You'll be famous.

He gets up, stumbles over to some levers on the wall, pulls on a chain that lowers the hooks in the ceiling..

Ally breathes in panic, fast and hard.

He attaches the bar between her feet to the hooks and pulls on the chain.

With a squeaking, rustling sound he hoists her up, feet first to the ceiling.

She cries. Her hands are still tied behind her. She bucks and thrashes like a wild animal.

JERRY

You better stop that or I'm going to have to give you something to calm you down.

He glances over at Bobby.

BOBBY

(screaming)

Stop it! Don't touch her you sick bastard. Stop it!

Ally still twists and bucks.

Jerry walks over to the bench and grabs two wires connected to a wall socket. The ends have alligator clasps and plastic handles. He marches back to Ally.

JERRY

Are you going to behave or not?

Her eyes widen when she sees the wires. She quits moving.

Jerry puts the wires back on the bench and begins to take his clothes off.

Bobby and Ally both stare at him.

He takes off everything and opens up a box on the bench. He takes out black leather underwear with a zipper on the front and puts them on.

He reaches into the box again and takes out knee high leather boots with lacing. He puts them on too. Next he pulls on black leather wrist guards with studs.

Bobby looks at Ally. Their eyes meet.

Jerry pulls a black leather mask out of the box. Puts it on and turns to Bobby.

JERRY

What do you think? Do I look good?  
Executioner, butcher?

He takes another big gulp out of the bottle. He's a little more than tipsy by now.

Back at the bench again he studies a surgeon's and butcher's various tools. He picks some of them up, compares them.

He looks over at Bobby.

JERRY  
Kosher or non Kosher?  
(giggling)  
I prefer Kosher myself.

With a sadistic smile on his face he winks at Ally.

JERRY  
I like them to feel it. I like when  
they scream and squirm.

Bobby looks around the room for ideas. The only thing nearby is the broken bottle of booze on the floor by the sink.

His eyes scan past the glowing space heater. An idea hits him and his head snaps back, his eyes fix on the space heater. He looks up back at Jerry.

Jerry fumbles around with the different knives. Checks out a chest spreader and glances over at Ally.

Ally squirms as she stares at the chest spreader.

Jerry's eyes shift over to Bobby.

Bobby looks like he's been caught doing something wrong.

JERRY  
Pay attention now Bobby. First we  
have to bleed her. That basically  
just means draining the blood out  
of the body.

He pushes the bucket directly under Ally with his foot.

Ally tries to free her arms. Her skin stretches underneath the taut tape.

Jerry grabs a hold of Ally's hair, steadying her head. He positions a knife by the main artery on her neck.

JERRY

I make the cut right here and the blood will drain straight down into that bucket.

While his eyes are focused on Jerry, Bobby scoots the chair closer to the heater.

JERRY

That takes about five minutes. After that...cutting time!

With the knife in one hand he holds her body still with a tight grip on her butt with the other one. He cuts the bra and panties off Ally. She screams and bucks.

Bobby scoots even closer to the heater.

With the tip of the knife pointed at her pubic hairline he turns to Bobby again.

JERRY

I'll make a long cut from here all the way down to here.

He scrapes the knife down and stops between her breasts.

JERRY

One thing that is very important is not to puncture the bladder. If that happens, everything will be ruined. Not fit for consumption.

Bobby attempts one more scoot towards the heater. The chair tips over leaving him on his side.

Jerry steps behind the camera and checks the LCD screen.

Ally's in focus.

Bobby tries to move himself and the chair closer to the glowing heater. One of his legs is only inches away.

Jerry stumbles over to Ally who twists and thrashes. He grabs her nipples firmly.

JERRY

Now you just keep still little girl or I'm going to have to put those clasps on you!

She stops moving. Stares into his drunken eyes.

Last try for Bobby. His ankle with the duct tape hits the glowing metal of the heater. Flesh and tape sizzle and smoke rises.

Bobby tries hard not to scream. Sweat beads on his forehead.

His leg is free from the chair. He pushes the chair with his free leg until his arm hits the burner. Same deal. Flesh and tape burns and smokes. Bobby winces in pain.

His hand is free. He works faster now. Freeing himself from the chair.

Jerry's back by the camera. He pushes record.

He selects a vicious looking knife from the bench, another gulp of booze and he heads back to Ally.

In a crazed voice.

JERRY

Let the show begin!

Bobby's free from the chair. He gets up and quickly puts on a pair of jeans from the floor. He looks around. Sees the bottle on the floor and grabs it. Perfect jagged edges.

Jerry grabs a hold of Ally's hair to hold her still. He positions the knife against her neck.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Touch her and you die asshole!

Startled Jerry turns to look at Bobby.

JERRY

What the fu..

On wobbly legs Bobby manages to find the strength to shove the jagged bottle into Jerry's gut.

Jerry looks down at his belly as Bobby twists the bottle around then thrusts it upward.

JERRY

Fuck!

Jerry swings the knife at Bobby.

Bobby ducks as the knife swishes by.

The LCD screen display the struggle in perfect focus.

Ally thrusts forward knocking Jerry in his back.

He trips on the bucket that tips over spilling the goo out on the plastic tarp. He slips on the crimson mess.

Bobby makes a quick cut with the bottle across Jerry's arm that holds the knife. Tendons snap and veins are cut. Blood squirts out in a pulsating fashion. He drops the knife.

Bobby quickly snatches the knife.

Jerry grabs a hold of Bobby's arm that holds the broken bottle.

Bobby juts the knife into Jerry's gut and pushes upward cutting him wide open.

Jerry stares down at his gut as intestines spill out past the curdled lard underneath his skin.

Ally watches intensely.

JERRY  
You fucking kid!

Bobby stares in horror as Jerry's insides untangles outside his gut. Jerry tries to hold them in with his good arm. The intestines spill past his arm and dangles near his legs.

He stumbles back and trips on the bucket again. Entrails float out on the plastic tarp.

Bobby looks over at Ally, runs over and quickly cuts her hands free.

He pulls the tape off her mouth.

ALLY  
(panicky)  
Get me down! Get me down!

He heads over to the levers and the chains on the wall and lowers her down.

She frantically unshackles herself.

When free they embrace.

Ally cries.

ALLY

Let's leave.

Bobby glances at Jerry who's spasms on the floor.

BOBBY

Put your clothes on and we're out  
of here.

She nods, gets up and gathers her clothes.

The camera still records.

They both take a second look at the mess before they climb  
the stairs. At the top of the stairs Bobby tugs on the door.  
Locked!

BOBBY

Wait here.

He runs down the stairs again.

He passes Jerry spread out on the tarp in a big bloody mess.

He looks around for the keys. He spots Jerry's pants and  
picks them up. He checks the pockets and finds the keys.

Excited he runs towards the stairs. He slips on the crimson  
goo and falls down face first.

His eyes stare straight into Jerry's glassy bloodshot eyes.  
Frantically he tries to get up. He slips and slides getting  
covered in sticky goo.

Jerry's hand reaches out and grabs Bobby.

JERRY

Help me... please...

Bobby yanks himself free.

Bloody and gross he reaches Ally at the top of the stairs.  
She shudders at the sight.

He unlocks the door and they get out.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door flies open as Ally and Bobby runs out and heads towards one of the cars.

Bobby takes the driver's side and Ally runs to the passenger side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Bobby turns the ignition key. The engine moans. He turns it again. The engine coughs and sputters to life.

Later:

Ally and Bobby solemnly stares out the windshield.

INT. DORM - NIGHT

Typical two person dorm room, small and cramped. Normal untidiness for two guys.

RYAN (20) sits at his desk in front of his computer.

CRAIG (20) lies on his bed reading.

RYAN

Hey Craig! Check this out.

Craig looks over at Ryan.

CRAIG

I'm reading right now. Got that fluid dynamics test tomorrow.

RYAN

Just come check this out. It's awesome.

Craig puts his book down and slowly drags himself out of the bed and over to Ryan. He leans over Ryan's shoulder gazing at the computer screen.

On the screen, the tape from Jerry's house with Ally and Bobby plays. Ally thrashes from the hooks in the ceiling and Jerry looks menacing in his get-up. Jerry scrapes the knife down Ally's belly.

Suddenly Bobby shows up with the broken liquor bottle in his hand and attacks Jerry. The fight goes on and Ryan and Craig watches with glee.

RYAN

Wow! That's pretty good. I wonder how they did that.

CRAIG

Yeah, they did good. Looks almost real.

RYAN

Would've been even better if they had gutted her and ate the fetus.

CRAIG

Yeah, that would have made it even better.

Craig heads back to his bed and picks up his book again.

CRAIG

Send me the link. I want to send it to some friends of mine. I really liked how they made it look so real.

RYAN

Yeah, did seem like the real thing, didn't it....Pretty Cool for sure!

FADE OUT: