

(excerpt from) EVERYTHING'S EVENTUAL

screenplay by

Chad Callaghan

based on the short story by Stephen King

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cal@chadcallaghan.com

EXT. METAL WORKS PLANT (2008)

Sharpton's car pulls into the empty parking lot, parks.

INT. SHARPTON'S CAR (2008)

Dinky is shaken.

DINKY

What the hell? Why are we here?
Mister Sharpton... look, you said
that you had a business proposition
for me. Let's hear it or I'm
bailing.

MISTER SHARPTON

Tell me about Skipper.

Dinky sighs.

MISTER SHARPTON (CONT'D)

Come on, Dink, I'm not a cop... we
covered that. Come now, I want you
to fill me in on this character,
and the part you played in his
story.

Dinky looks at him.

MISTER SHARPTON (CONT'D)

...and start at the beginning.

DINKY

Bullies.

(beat)

Bullies have purpose. In their own
twisted way, bullies have goals and
motivation. Ambition even. I have
dealt with idiots like that before.
Skipper was no bully. Skipper had
no ambition, no goals, nothing.
Skipper was pure fucking evil.

Dinky nods toward the Metal Works Plant.

DINKY (CONT'D)

We worked the early morning shift
together. Him, me and a dozen or so
other guys.

MINI-FLASHBACK (TIMESPAN)- METAL WORKS PLANT

(SIX MONTHS AGO)

Dinky is working at a station, keeping to himself. SKIPPER, a big burly twenty-something, walks by.

DINKY (V.O.)

Believe it or not, I was invisible to Skipper... for awhile. Kind of like Sam Neill and that kid standing stone-still in front of the T-Rex. You know, as long they didn't move, they wouldn't be eaten.

(FIVE MONTHS AGO)

CONTINUOUS. A work horn BLOWS. Dinky enters the break area. He sits alone in a corner, eats.

DINKY (V.O.)

Well, apparently, at some point, I moved,
(beat)
enough to catch the *predator's* eye at least. After that, he was relentless.

Skipper peers at him from across the room.

(FOUR MONTHS AGO)

CONTINUOUS. Dinky is working at an INDUSTRIAL METAL PRESS.

Through the UP and DOWN motion of the press, SKIPPER is SEEN briefly on the other side.

Still in its "up" position, the press suddenly stops. Dinky curses, ADLIB. He reaches inside the press to unjam it.

On the opposite side: Skipper looks around, then plugs the metal press' power cord - which he is holding - in to the outlet. The MACHINE roars back to life.

Dinky lets loose a YELL - he barely escapes being squished. He falls to the ground, shaken.

SKIPPER

Wow! Are you alright, Earnshaw?!
You should really pay more attention to what you're doing.

Skipper's evil look says it all. Other WORKERS have gathered around.

DINKY (V.O.)

The other fellas, God love 'em, couldn't interfere. Skipper was unhinged... and no *Dudley Do-Rights* could have stopped him, even if they had tried. It was something in those gray eyes of his that said... that screamed '*Fuck off, this one is mine*'.