

INFINITY

a short film script by

Duncan Ralston

Duncan Ralston  
385 Main St.  
Toronto, ON, Canada M4C 4X9  
416-451-2509  
duncanralston@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A '70s model car pulls to a stop on a dirt road. A MAN gets out. Black cowboy boots and black jeans. We follow them around to the back. KEYS JINGLE. The TRUNK OPENS.

Close on the MAN's haunted face as he looks down into the trunk. He tucks the keys into his jacket pocket and looks at his watch. It's **3:38**. He looks around himself.

An orange ribbon flutters, nailed to a nearby tree.

He hears a CROW and looks up. The crow sits on a branch. It CAWS again and flies off.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man digs, knee-deep in a hole. The sun beats down on his head. He pauses, wipes dirt and sweat off his brow. Resumes digging.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man drags a CORPSE wrapped in trash bags.

It's heavy. He stops to hoist it up and get a better grip, then continues.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

He drags the body. Lugs it to the hole and drops it in.

He pulls out a WALLET from his pocket and tosses it on top of the body.

The Man shovels dirt onto the body.

The hole filled in, he pats down the mound with the back of the shovel and spreads dead leaves over it.

He shades his eyes to look up at the bright sun, and glances at his watch.

It's frozen on **3:38**. He taps it, and shakes it against his ear. Still **3:38**.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

The cigarette lighter POPS out.

The Man startles. He pulls it out and holds it to the end of his smoke. Takes a drag with shaking, dirty fingers.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car turns right, leaving the woods. Drives through miles and miles of open fields.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

An old gas station with rusted pumps.

The Man fills the tank. He hangs the nozzle up.

As he steps into the gas station he passes a NEWSPAPER STAND. The headline reads **INFINITY KILLER CLAIMS EIGHTH VICTIM**. The photo below, a pigtailed blonde GIRL with ribbons in her hair.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

An OLD-TIMER stands behind the counter, picking his teeth with a toothpick.

The Man puts two ten dollar bills on the counter.

The Old-Timer puts on his glasses and blinks at the bills, then slides them across the counter and puts them in the register.

The Man looks up at the wall clock behind the counter. **3:38**.

MAN

Is that clock right?

The Old-Timer shrugs.

The Man eyes him for a moment, then RAPS a knuckle on the counter and heads out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man stands beside his car, smoking, looking at the warehouse. Glances at his watch - still **3:38**, but it doesn't seem to phase him - tosses the butt, and heads for the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A VICTIM tied to a chair. Head under a burlap bag. He struggles and SCREAMS, his cries muffled by a gag.

The Man saunters over, SHUSHING his victim. He pulls out a butterfly knife. He flicks it around, makes a trick of it.

He straddles the Victim. Moves the blade back and forth in front of the Victim's face, his own eyes following it.

MAN

I hope you burn in Hell for what  
you did, Grayson.

He holds the knife in a fist and jabs it into the Victim's chest. The Victim writhes. SCREAMS. Stops moving.

The Man climbs off the Victim's lap. He pulls out the knife, wipes it on the Victim's shirt, puts it in his jacket pocket.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man SLAMS the trunk. He looks back at the warehouse. Then gets into the driver's seat and turns the key in the ignition.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car drives through miles and miles of open fields.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The car drives past in the opposite direction.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

The Man holds the smoke out the window, allowing the ash to blow off in a flurry of red sparks.

He flicks on the turning signal. The left tail light flashes.

He turns the wheel. Daylight diminishes inside the car as trees surround it on all sides. The Man looks toward the back seat anxiously, as if expecting to see something.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The car pulls to a stop on the dirt road.

The Man stays seated, the engine idling. He looks up through the windshield.

A crow sits on a branch. It CAWS TWICE and flies off.

He crushes out his cigarette hurriedly in the overstuffed ashtray and opens the door.

The Man walks cautiously around to the trunk, aware that something's off. He takes out his keys.

He looks off and sees the orange ribbon fluttering on the tree.

He looks down at the trunk of the car. Scowls. Then opens it.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

Frogs CROAK. A mossy tree trunk. A rotted log. Another orange ribbon flutters on a tree.

The Man finds a flat spot amid this and stomps the shovel blade into the earth. He tosses a load of dirt aside and digs the blade in again.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Man looks down into the trunk.

Inside a wallet lies on top of a body wrapped in taped-up trash bags, bent to fit in the cramped space.

He grabs the wallet, tucks it into his pocket.

He bends again, and hauls out the body.

It THUMPS to the ground at his feet. He looks down at it.

He looks over his shoulder at the fluttering orange ribbon on the white pine.

The Man crosses to the tree. He catches the ribbon and holds it between his fingers, looking off in thought.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man drags the corpse through the woods. Passing another orange ribbon nailed to a tree, as if marking a path.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

He lugs the body over to the hole and drops it in. Tosses a wallet in after it.

He looks down at the body with the wallet lying on it for a long moment. Then he scoops a shovel full of dirt onto it.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man walks back, the shovel over his shoulder. He looks up at the canopy of trees, branches rustling in a breeze. He passes another orange ribbon but doesn't notice it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Man opens the driver door. He sits, leans in and pushes in the cigarette lighter. He puts a smoke between his lips and looks over at the ribbon.

Above him a crow CAWS. He watches it fly away.

The cigarette lighter POPS up, startling him. He reaches over, lights his smoke, and takes a deep drag.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car drives through miles of open fields.

The car speeds by. A cigarette butt lands on the road near the camera.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

The gas meter sinks toward EMPTY.

The Man looks at it and frowns.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Man pulls the car up to a pump and gets out.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Old-Timer stands behind the counter, picking his teeth with a toothpick. The clock stuck at **3:38**.

MAN

Twenty bucks on pump two again.

The Old-Timer puts on his glasses and blinks at him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Seems like I was just here.

The Old-Timer shrugs.

The Man shakes his head and puts two ten dollar bills on the counter. The Old-Timer takes them and puts them in the register.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Man leaves the gas station. He pauses and looks back at the newspaper stand. The headline "INFINITY KILLER CLAIMS EIGHTH VICTIM," and the little blonde Girl.

FLASHBACK: The GIRL runs in slow-motion through the woods in the golden mid-morning light, pigtails tied by orange ribbons. She smiles back over her shoulder. Her LAUGHTER echoes.

BACK TO SCENE

The Man scowls, on the verge of remembering something. He shakes his head and gets into the car. Starts the ENGINE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man sits against the car, smoking, looking up at the warehouse. Deep in thought.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Victim struggles against his bonds in the chair as the Man enters. The Man seems unsure of himself. He looks back at the door. Continues his approach.

He stops in front of the Victim. The Victim WEEPS.

VICTIM

Please... no, it wasn't me... I  
didn't do it, I swear!

The Man narrows his eyes. He pulls the butterfly knife from his pocket, grabs the man by the hood, wrenching his head back, and slashes his throat.

A fountain of blood splashes the Man. He staggers back in disgust, dropping the knife. It CLATTERS on the floor.

INT. MOP CLOSET - DAY

A dingy cramped room. The Man wipes blood off his face with paper towel. He rinses his hands in the mop sink.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The car drives by toward the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The car pulls up. The Man looks in the rearview mirror at the orange ribbon fluttering in a breeze. He opens the door determinedly and gets out.

As the Man approaches the tree he pulls out his knife. Begins carving into the soft pine bark.

He steps back and looks at what he's carved below the ribbon: an INFINITY SYMBOL.

He ponders it, then looks back at the car.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man dumps the body into the hole. He pulls out the wallet, hesitates before tossing it in this time. Opens it instead.

Inside is a DRIVER'S LICENSE. His own photo on it and the name SAM WINNICKER. He frowns, as if the name isn't familiar.

He reaches into the billfold and pulls out a photo of the pigtailed Girl, smiling, missing her two front teeth.

FLASHBACK: The Girl runs in slow-motion through the woods in the golden mid-morning light, pigtails tied by orange ribbons. She smiles back over her shoulder. Her LAUGHTER echoes.

FLASHBACK: The newspaper headline and Girl's photo.

BACK TO SCENE

The Man takes out the photo and runs his thumb over it. Unsure what to think.

He slips the photo back into the wallet and tucks the wallet into his jeans.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man sits against the hood of the car, the photo of the Girl in his hand. He puts it back in his wallet and crosses to the warehouse. Opens the door and steps in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Light from the doorway spills over the Victim in the chair and he begins to struggle. The Man crosses to him.

MAN

I know you.

(beat)

You're the Infinity Killer.

The Victim shakes his head.

MAN (CONT'D)

You are. You killed this girl.

The Man holds up the photo, but the Victim can't see it from behind the burlap bag.

VICTIM

Please... It wasn't me. I didn't do it, I swear!

MAN

It was you. They saw you bury her. You killed my little girl.

The Man crosses to him, pulling out the butterfly knife.

MAN (CONT'D)

I hope you burn in Hell for what you did, Grayson.



VICTIM

No no no - !

The Man straddles the Victim and stabs him in the heart. The Victim stops struggling.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Man opens the trunk. Before looking in he glances back over his shoulder. Sees the ribbon fluttering but the infinity symbol isn't there.

He crosses to the tree. Runs his fingers over the place where he'd carved the symbol but there's no sign of it.

As if he'd never carved it.

A CROW CAWS. He looks up as it flies away.

He carves the INFINITY SYMBOL. Crosses back to the trunk.

He leans in and cuts open the trash bags.

The VICTIM has a mustache and disheveled black hair. He stares up at the Man with lifeless eyes.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man drags the body. He pauses to hoist it up and get a better grip. Then continues.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

He pats down dirt over the hole.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man stands just inside the open warehouse door. Looking around in confusion, as if he can't remember where he is.

The Victim sits quietly.

The Man pulls out the wallet. Looks at the photo of the Girl.

Determined, he strides to the Victim.

At the sound of the Man's footfalls, the Victim begins to struggle. The Man tears the burlap bag off the Victim's head.

The terrified Victim is *the same man he'd already murdered.*

MAN

What...?

The Man backs away in horror.

The Victim SCREAMS against the gag, struggling in the chair.

The Man runs from the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man jumps into the driver's seat and starts the engine. He pulls out, TIRES SQUEALING.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The car pulls to a stop.

The Man staggers out, looking around in terror.

He runs to the tree. The bark unblemished, he BEATS a fist against it in confusion and anger.

He turns back to the car. SLOW ZOOM-IN on the trunk.

The Man returns to the car. Fumbles the keys. Gets down on his hands and knees and reaches under the car to grab them.

His hand shakes as he puts the key in the trunk lock and twists it. The trunk opens.

He turns away. Can't look.

Finally he looks inside.

A body stuffed in the trunk. He tears open the plastic with his bare hands, revealing the same Victim from the warehouse.

The Man SCREAMS. The crow flutters up from a tree.

He SLAMS the trunk and POUNDS his fist on it. KICKS the bumper.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) - DAY

Foot on the gas. The ENGINE ROARS. The speedometer edges toward 100. Flying through the woods.

The Man SCREAMS in rage and frustration, pounding his fist against the wheel. Suddenly he jerks the wheel.

The car CRASHES into a tree. The Man's head SLAMS into the steering wheel. Blood everywhere.

He raises his head. Blinks blood from his eyes. Then it THUMPS back against the wheel.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Man sits on the hood.

He's uninjured, a cigarette burning between his fingers, looking off in a trance. He shakes his head, like he's waking.

Sees the warehouse door open. Sees the cigarette burning between his fingers.

He tosses it away in terror and strides toward the warehouse, picking up speed as he goes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

He strides right up to the Victim, pulls out his knife and STABS HIM repeatedly.

MAN

*Why are you doing this to me!  
Why! Why! WHY!*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The car SQUEALS to a stop in front of the door.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Man enters. He grabs the Old-Timer and slashes his throat. Blood sprays everywhere. He goes around the counter. Takes the clock down from the wall with bloody fingers and SMASHES it on the counter.

INT. MOP CLOSET - DAY

The Man cuts his own wrists and bleeds into the mop sink. He slumps down against the sink, WEEPING, wounds oozing blood.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Man sits in the driver's seat with the door open, smoking, the watch stopped at **3:38** in his hand.

Behind him, the ribbon flutters on the tree. No INFINITY SYMBOL carved there.

A newspaper lays opened on the passenger seat. "**INFINITY KILLER, cont'd from pg 1.**" A photo of the Girl below the headline. Beside it, a photo of the Victim from the warehouse and a GRIEVING WOMAN. The caption says "*Parents Sam and Laura Winnicker grieve for 8-year-old daughter Nicole.*"

The Man opens the wallet. He looks at it a long time, trying to piece things together.

The driver's license photo belongs to Sam Winnicker. But it's the Victim's photo now, not the Man's.

EXT. A PATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

The Man staggers through the woods in a daze. Passes an orange ribbon fluttering on a tree.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

He kneels by the hole and cuts open the trash bags. He pulls them apart.

Shock registers on the Man's face and he staggers out of the hole, shaking his head.

MAN

No...

FLASHBACK: The GIRL runs through the woods in the golden mid-morning light, pigtails tied by orange ribbons. Looking back over her shoulder in terror, her SCREAMS echoes.

The Man chases her, butterfly knife in hand.

BACK TO SCENE

The Man staggers back. Trips and falls to his hands and knees in the dirt, WEEPING, hanging his head in guilt.

Finally, he looks up.

Across the hole from him stands the Dead Girl. Pigtails in ribbons. INFINITY SYMBOL carved into her forehead.

FLASHBACK: The Man throws the last shovel-full of dirt on the Girl's body. In the woods nearby, the Old-Timer stands behind a tree, watching him.

FLASHBACK: The Man stands in a prison lineup. Behind the two-way mirror, the Old-Timer puts on his glasses and blinks. He points at the Man.

BACK TO SCENE

Blood oozes down the dead Girl's forehead. She points accusatorily at him.

The Man stares into the hole at the dead Girl wrapped in plastic, the INFINITY SYMBOL carved on her forehead.

MAN (CONT'D)

No! No, it wasn't me! *I didn't* -

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

The Man struggles in an ELECTRIC CHAIR.

MAN

- *do it, I swear!*

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)

Tell that to your victims'  
families, you sick fuck.

The Man looks up at the voice, startled.

A PRISON GUARD stands over him.

Behind the GLASS PARTITION the Victim sits, weeping, holding  
the hand of a GRIEVING WOMAN.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

I hope you burn in Hell for what  
you did, Grayson.

MAN

*No no no - !*

The Prison Guard SWITCHES on the juice.

Electricity makes the Man dance in the chair. Teeth clenched.  
Eyes squeezed shut.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Victim struggles in the chair under the burlap bag.

Smoke rises from the Man's head as he struggles against the  
braces holding his wrists and legs.

The Girl sits tied in the warehouse chair. The Man straddling  
her, carefully carving an INFINITY SYMBOL into her forehead.

Finally the Man stops struggling and slumps forward in the  
electric chair.

The Guard looks up at the clock.

GUARD

Time of death, three thirty-eight.

The clock finally flicks over to **3:39**.

PULL IN CLOSE on the Man's tortured face until HIS EYES FILL THE SCREEN.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The car pulls to a stop on the dirt road.

The Man gets out. We follow his black cowboy boots and black jeans around to the back. KEYS JINGLE. The TRUNK OPENS.

Close on the Man's haunted face as he looks down into the trunk. He tucks the keys into his jacket pocket and looks at his watch.

It's **3:38**.

He looks around himself.

An orange ribbon flutters, nailed to a nearby tree. The bark unblemished below it.

As he considers the image, a CROW CAWS. He looks up.

CUT TO BLACK.