

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

CREDIT ROLL as storm clouds mushroom menacingly. THUNDER BELLOWS. BOLTS of LIGHTNING rip the sky.

A PRIEST's voice is solemnly invoking last rites.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA (V.O.)
And yea, though I walk through the
shadow of the valley of Death...

2 EXT. RAIFORD PRISON, FLORIDA - LATE AFTERNOON

FATHER SYMPHOROSA (V.O.)
I shall fear no Evil for Thy rod and
Thy staff shall comfort me...

3 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

CREDITS END on Father Symphorosa reading the invocation from his Bible, standing between two electric chairs.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA
And I shall walk in the light of the
Lord, thy Father, in the name of the
Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost...

Two Englishman, death row inmates in orange jumpsuits, sit strapped to two electric chairs in an antiseptic execution chamber. Their sweaty shaved scalps are crowned with copper helmets lined with dripping sponges soaked in brine. An electrode wire is bolted to each helmet strapped in leather.

Below each cut lower right pant leg, a copper electrode with sponge is leather strapped to a shaved patch of bare skin.

Sweaty brine drips over the brow of CLARENCE "TOOLE" ATTENBOROUGH, 23, sitting in the first newer heavier electric chair. He's HUGE. Six eight. Three hundred and forty pounds. Fat, but demented looking. His soft, flabby face twists with a goofy smile he directs at his brother...

CHARLES "FLASH" ATTENBOROUGH, 25, sitting next to him in an older electric chair that is dark with a history of its own executions. He is, in contrast to Toole, your average joe. Nerdy, almost. But with a glint in his eye that takes your

breath away. He turns his gaze to the observation window, focusing on an onlooker.

4 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES OF EXECUTION - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE-UP ON POLICE DETECTIVE WILLARD TARCZINSKI. In his 40's, dark complexioned, he meets Flesh's weighty look. Waiting for what seems like an eternity, Tarczinski twitches in anticipation. He can't wait to see these criminals die. Beside him, is uniformed police chief CHESTER W. SEARS, a large black man in his early 50's.

The Detective, Chief and a half-dozen ONLOOKERS watch through the observation window. The WARDEN moves into the execution room.

A newspaper reporter seated behind TARCZINSKY leans forward.

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Never witnessed two executions at the same time. They even had to bring that antique "Old Sparky" out of the museum.

DETECTIVE

(still staring hard)

Just thank Judge Fulcrum for swallowing a bullshit appeal. Execute one brother before another is cruel and unusual. For **them?** Believe that shit?

NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Human rights --

DETECTIVE

You think these creeps are human? Think Judge Fulcrum would'a been so indulgent if the victims were in his own family?

5 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

The Priest concludes his invocation, closes his Holy Book.

A PRISON GUARD stands by the PRISON DOCTOR ready with his stethoscope. A GUARD checks wires behind the two chairs. The burly WARDEN stands next to a second GUARD poised at the switch. The atmosphere is heavy, silent.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA
 (to the killers)
 Do you have any final words?

TOOLE
 (Cockney accent)
 I've got two, Padre.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA
 Yes, my son?

TOOLE
 (grinning)
 Fuck. Off.

Toole LAUGHS a maniacal HYENA'S HOWL, his massive body convulsing in a fit of hilarity. FLESH looks pensive. Father Symphorosa shakes his head sadly.

Flesh speaks with an upper class English accent.

FLESH
 (quietly)
 Please forgive him, Father, for he
 knows not what he does.
 (sincerely)
 And forgive me.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA
 The Lord is listening. Do you wish to
 make a final confession, my son?

FLESH
 Yes, but... I'd rather not have him
 hear...

Toole glares at Flesh. Father Symphorosa smiles sympathetically to Flesh, then leans in to hear.

Flesh starts to whisper... then, lightning-quick **BITES**
FATHER SYMPHOROSA'S EAR CLEAN OFF!

The onlookers are HORRIFIED.

Blood spurts, Father Symphorosa **SCREAMS**. BLOOD SPLASHES onto his Bible. The Priest clutches his bleeding head, races for the execution chamber door.

FATHER SYMPHOROSA
FRY THE MOTHERFUCKERS!

TOOLE

A priest! How's it taste?

Blood drips down Flesh's chin. The ear squelches in his CHEWING TEETH filed into the JAGGED POINTS of a flesh-eater.

FLESH

Just like chicken.

(satisfied, flashes tongue)

Finger lickin' good.

Toole LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY. Flesh chews, savoring the taste, finally swallowing the ear.

Flesh slowly spreads a Cheshire grin which he turns to the witness room window, to smugly gaze at...

Tarczinski, tensely gripping his chair and breathing hard, as he locks eyes with Flesh.

The Warden pushes aside the Guard frozen next to him, reaches to grab the SWITCH --

WARDEN

Get the hoods on 'em **NOW!**

With a threatening nod from the Warden, two Guards quickly cover the heads of the two criminals with black leather hoods.

6 INT. ROOM FOR WITNESSES - LATE AFTERNOON

REPORTER

(revolted by what just happened)

Isn't... Isn't that their brother?

The Detective casts a vengeful glance at a man sitting nearby... clammy ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH, 30, nervously clutching a worn leather valise. Perspiring in a cheap suit with a bowtie, he stares through his glasses...

FLASHBACK DISSOLVE:

7 EXT. VOODOO CEREMONY - HAITI - 1985 - NIGHT - LURID COLORS OF A NIGHTMARE

Robert Attenborough staring though his glasses is now 10 years old. His brother Charles ("Flesh") is 6 and his fat brother Toole is 4. Low Voodoo drums in the background.