

THE BONEYARD

Written by
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BACKWOOD FILM
PRODUCTIONS **M**

1. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY.

A man's fisted hand raps its knuckles against a door.

Paunched, 55 year old Lieutenant JERSEY CALLUM shifts anxiously on the creaking front porch.

Fifty feet behind him, separated by a sea of dead grass, an unmarked police squad car sits at the curb.

2. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - DAY.

Rookie GORDON MULLIN fidgets as he stands in the open drivers side doorway. He watches his partner intently while his right hand fondles a lucky rabbits foot attached to a key chain.

An edginess surrounds the young man like a cloak.

Mullin glances up at the house before him.

3. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - DAY.

The weather beaten house stands ominously against a slate gray sky. Her dark, shuttered windows seem to return Mullins uneasy stare.

4. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - DAY.

Mullin nervously strikes the talisman's hidden flint.

The furry white rabbit foot disguises a cigarette lighter.

5. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY.

Jersey knocks again at the front doors worn surface. He straightens his tie expectantly and glances down at the porch.

Dried leaves drift around his loafers and scattered mounds of rolled newspapers and unopened mail.

Jersey turns back to face the parked squad car. He shrugs to Mullin.

6. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY.

Jersey steps down from the porch and moves onto the gravel driveway snaking around the side of the weathered, deserted looking house.

Slightly alarmed that he is going to be left behind, Mullin deposits his talisman and keychain into his jacket pocket and begins to close the drivers side door.

Jersey nails him with a stern glance.

Mullin hesitates.

Jersey shakes his head and points down with an index finger.

Obediently, Mullin shrinks into the drivers seat.

Satisfied, Jersey starts down the driveway.

7. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - DAY.

Mullin reluctantly stays put. He sticks his hand into his jacket pocket and fondles his lucky rabbit foot lighter. The keys make a pleasant jingling sound in his nervous hand.

8. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - SIDE DRIVEWAY - DAY.

As Jersey glides down the driveway, he glances up at the windows lining the peeling structures side.

Heavy shades seal the house off from the outside world.

9. EXT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY.

Jersey moves up to the faded white-washed gate and peers into the backyard.

It's just as neglected as the front. It appears that months have passed since the place was last tended.

A creaking sound draws Jersey's attention.

A slight breeze caresses the back porch's tattered screen door. It flutters open several inches and then closes.

JERSEY
Miss OATES?

No answer.

Jersey can't help but be a little unnerved as he unlatches the rickety gate and moves into the backyard and towards the groaning screen door. He looks into the gloom.

10. INT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY.

Nothing stirs.

JERSEY (cont'd)
Anybody home?

Nothing.

Jersey opens the screen door and walks inside the enclosed porch.
Another, heavier door separates the porch from the kitchen. A drawn shade prevents Jersey from seeing into the room. He knocks.

JERSEY (cont'd)
It's JERSEY CALLUM - Homicide Division.

A beat.

JERSEY (cont'd)
Remember?

No reply.

Jersey shifts uncomfortably.

JERSEY (cont'd)
(under his breath)
Shit...

He tries the doorknob. The door gives. It's unlocked.

MULLIN (O.C.)
Lieutenant?

Jersey nearly comes out of his skin.

Mullin hangs in the porch doorway behind him.

Jersey represses his anger.

Mullin nervously glances about.

MULLIN (cont'd)
Somethin's not right here.

Jersey pushes open the back kitchen door.

JERSEY
(sarcastically)
Rookie GORDON MULLIN - super genius.

Mullin swallows.

11. INT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY.

Jersey quietly enters the extremely cluttered kitchen.

It's a mess.

Unwashed dishes are piled high in the sink and adjoining counterspace. Garbage overflows in the wastebasket. Empty fast food and delivery containers are everywhere.

Mullin follows Jersey into the overripe room. He looks about in disgust. He jingles the keys in his jacket pocket.

Jersey glances at Mullin's jacket pocket and then up into the rookies face.

Embarassed, Mullin smiles sheepishly and slowly removes his hand from his pocket.

So much for stealth.

Jersey moves into the living room's threshold and scans the contents of its interior.

12. INT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - FOYER - DAY.

The two men pass through a sparsely decorated Dining Room.

Jersey glances at Mullin and points up the stiarcase leading to the second floor. The men break up as they each go their separate ways.

13. INT. ALLEY OATES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Jersey enters the room and examines the surroundings. He flips a wall switch, but nothing happens. Not even an electric clock hanging above the fireplace is working. The second hand is frozen in time.