

A Ripping Yarn

by
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EXT. STREET NIGHT

VICTOR stumbles as his foot slips on the cobblestone street.

VICTOR
Shit!... How can anyone live in
this shithole?

Regaining his balance he peers through the thickening fog at a street sign. The light on the pole is too weak to show the name clearly.

VICTOR
This is real Jack the Ripper
country. I think this is the place.
We're a little late. He'd better be
here. Sounded like he was real
nervous.

Victor glares at a DARK SHAPE in the fog behind him.

VICTOR
Come on Aldo. Don't Just stand
there. Look around. If we miss him
everything will go pear shaped.

Victor turns back and shuffles forward.

ALDO
Oh I don't know. More like zucchini
shaped to me. Vegetables are so
much more ominous.

VICTOR
You slay me Aldo.

A knife plunges into Victor's throat. Blood gushes as the blade rips forward severing arteries.

Victor collapses gurgling as his body spasms.

ALDO
Exactly.