

ALLIGATOR BLOOD

Written by
Brandon Saunders

Final Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

A modest home in the outskirts of town.

MAN 1, wears a PORCELAIN MASK and all WHITE CLOTHES, sprinkled with blood. He closes the trunk to a BLACK CAR parked in the drive-way.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)
(muffled)

No!

Light THUMPS and CRIES come from inside the trunk.

Man 1 makes his way inside --

INT. FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cozy. Furniture screams good taste. Boxing gloves hang on the wall next to a BOXING TROPHY and numerous GOLD MEDALS.

A NEWSPAPER on the kitchen bench headlines: "Boxing upset has Punters furious."

Man 1 joins 3 MEN playing poker. He sits to the right of:

DAD, 30, clean cut. Bruised and beaten. Tears slide down his face, as he stares daggers across the table to the man with majority of the chips:

GAMBLING MAN, 45, sinister smirk. Wears a BLACK SUIT. In his right hand, he holds a King of hearts and Nine of diamonds. He squeezes a STRESS BALL with his left. To his right:

DEALER, too, all WHITE CLOTHES and PORCELAIN MASK.

GAMBLING MAN
I told you to tighten his gag, not
read him a fucking lullaby.

Dad slams his cards face down. Stands abruptly.

DAD
You fucking swine!

GAMBLING MAN
(looking at his
cards, not a worry)
Easy, boy.

DAD

Is this what you do to entertain yourself? Give people a false hope by playing a fucking game?

Gambling Man cocks an eyebrow. Almost to say, he's offended.

GAMBLING MAN

I'm a bettin' man. Giving you and your boy as much chance of livin' as dyin' justifies my actions.

(chuckle)

Well, in my crooked mind, it does. But, If you don't like my methods, by all means.

Man 1 places a GUN on the table. Finger on the trigger.

Dad bites his tongue. Sits.

GAMBLING MAN

That's what I thought.

(to Dealer)

Present.

Dealer presents The Flop: King of Clubs, Three of Diamonds, Nine of Hearts.

With a solid poker face, Gambling Man GRUNTS as he bets big.

Agitated, Dad matches Gambling Man's bet.

The Turn comes out. A Ten of Clubs.

Gambling Man's quick to bet.

Dad peeps at his cards. Takes a moment.

Gambling Man TAPS the table.

GAMBLING MAN

A quick game's a good game.

DAD

I'll take my time if need be.

GAMBLING MAN

Dear oh fucking dear me. It's been a fair stretch since your son's had a nibble. Sure you wanna drag this out?

Dad eyes Gambling Man, Man 1 and Dealer.

DAD
Fuck you and your fucking weirdo
disciples.

Man 1 turns to Dad with the gun.

Gambling Man waves him off.

GAMBLING MAN
Listen, Boy, It was your pride that
got you in this situation, don't let
that affect the kid like it did your
bitch wife.

HALLWAY

In a pool of blood: WIFE, 30, SLIT THROAT and SLASH across
her face defile what used to be a sterling looking woman.

GAMBLING MAN (O.S.)
Or do I need to make the message a
little more lucid?

LIVING ROOM

Dad grits his teeth. Shakes his head. Wipes a tear.

A cheesy, teeth filled smile creeps its way onto Gambling
Man's face.

GAMBLING MAN
Grand.

Dad hesitantly matches Gambling Man's bet.

Dealer goes to turn the River card.

Gambling Man stops him. He counts over Dad's chips.

GAMBLING MAN
Stacks a little low-set, punchy.

Gambling Man checks out his hand. Smirks.

GAMBLING MAN
But -- I'm feeling generous. How
about we play, next hand wins?

Dad looks at his hand. Up shit creek. He doesn't have a
choice.

DAD
Do you possess any philanthropy? You
unhinged, piece of shit -

Gambling Man BANGS the table, dropping his stress ball in
the process.

GAMBLING MAN
- Enough!

He Glares at Dad. Eyes twitching with anger.

GAMBLING MAN
Seeing the position, you're in; you
should recognize generosity when
offered.

Dad tenses his fists.

GAMBLING MAN
When I say next hand wins, the next
hand fucking wins, so you best make
do with what you got, because you
don't have a fucking choice!

Gambling Man composes himself by taking a deep breath.

Gun on the table. Dad eye's it off.

Gambling Man picks up the gun. Toys with it. Takes aim
between Dad's eyes.

GAMBLING MAN
Eye's a flirting, boy?

Gambling Man places the gun back down. Gestures for Dad to
take it.

GAMBLING MAN
Go on. The life of your son says you
can't get to it before him.

Man 1 places his hands on the table. Turns to Dad.

Dad eyes the gun for a moment, then Man 1, before his eyes
travel back to Gambling Man.

Gambling Man sits back. Smiles.

GAMBLING MAN
Ain't a nut about ya.
(to Dealer)
Present.

Dealer turns the River Card. A Nine of Clubs.

Gambling Man CHUCKLES. Gradually turns into a HYSTERICAL LAUGH.

GAMBLING MAN
You really should have thrown the
fight, boy.

Dad, curious to see Gambling Man's final hand.

Gambling Man lays out his cards. Full house. Decent hand.

Dad stands, relieved. Presents his cards. A Jack and Queen of Clubs.

DAD
Get the fuck out of my home.

Dad flicks his cards at Gambling Man.

Gambling Man's quick to put a stop to his laugh. God smacked.

He stands abruptly, pushing his chair back and over in the process.

Man 1 and Dealer stand. Man 1 grabs the gun. Puts the barrel to his face.

Dealer pulls a blood stained straight razor.

Dad clinches his fists.

EXT. FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

THUMPS come from inside the car trunk.

GAMBLING MAN (O.S.)
You were right about one thing,
punchy.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Help me.

GAMBLING MAN (O.S.)
This was just for my entertainment.

A SCUFFLE, then THREE GUNSHOTS ERUPT from inside.

THUMPS from the car trunk stop. CRIES take over.

INT. CAR TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG BOY, 5, cute as a button. Shocked, terrified.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

Young Boy STRUGGLES drastically.

Trunk POPS OPEN.

Dad, blood splattered face, pulls the gag off his son,
unties him and lifts him out.

FADE OUT