

REPRISAL RECOIL

Written by

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OVER BLACK

The low HUM of a car engine.

A cellphone RINGS.

FADE IN:

INT. SEDAN - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The vehicle speeds down a dark backroad in the woods.

Behind the wheel sits BRENDAN PAYNE, (29), a disheveled young man with gaunt features. His brow furrows as he grips the wheel tighter.

A cellphone sits on the passenger, continues to RING.

Frustrated, Brendan finally grabs the cellphone, puts it to his ear.

BRENDAN

You can't talk me out of this, Mom.

A calm, motherly VOICE answers.

MOM (V.O.)

Please listen to me. Chelsea wouldn't want this. She would --

Brendan shakes his head.

BRENDAN

(angry)

She's never gonna want anything ever again because she's fuckin' brain dead! Because of him!

MOM (V.O.)

Brendan... We don't know that. She could still pull through. You just never know with these things.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, a double-wide trailer home comes into view. Snug in the woods, just off the road.

Inside lights brighten the blinds that cover the windows of the trailer home.

Brendan shuts off his headlights, pulls onto the gravel driveway, slows to a stop.

On the other end of the cellphone, Mom CRIES.

MOM (V.O.)
(voice cracks)
I can't lose both of my babies...

Brendan stares through the windshield, at the trailer home. Sweat beads up on his forehead.

MOM (V.O.)
Brendan... Just come back to the hospital. We need you here.

With the cellphone still pressed to his ear, Brendan reaches over and pulls a pistol out of the glovebox.

He makes sure it's loaded. Eight rounds in the chamber.

MOM (V.O.)
Brendan?

Brendan looks back to the trailer home, wipes the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

BRENDAN
I love you, Mom. I'm sorry, but this is something I have to do.

He hangs up, shuts off the phone, tosses it back onto the passenger seat.

Another long look at the trailer home, then Brendan exits his vehicle, SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD

Pistol in hand, Brendan rushes across the overgrown lawn, towards the front of the building. Behind him, his black sedan blends in with the darkness.

The closer he gets to the front door, the faster he moves.

MUFFLED RAP MUSIC grows louder.

INT. TRAILER HOME - LIVING ROOM

Casually furnished, neat and clean. "Rock Bottom" by Eminem BLASTS from a huge stereo in an entertainment stand.

On a couch sits DANIEL, (24), tan and fit, with a tribal sleeve tattoo on his left arm. He's completely strung out, his arm still tied off with a syringe stuck in his forearm.

Dude's a wreck. Covered in bruises, both eyes blacked, nose broken, a nasty gash on his lip. His left eye is totally swollen shut.

He stares up at the ceiling, mouth agape.

Behind Daniel, the front door is KICKED OPEN! Brendan barges in, weapon at the ready.

Daniel doesn't even flinch.

Brendan spots him on the couch, moves to him.

BRENDAN
Hey, asshole!

With his pistol aimed at Daniel, Brendan rounds the couch, sees how fucked up he is.

Daniel lowers his gaze, licks his dry lips. He makes eye contact with Brendon.

DANIEL
(slurred)
You... The fuck are you doing here?

Brendan lowers his weapon, sees that Daniel is out of it.

DANIEL
You come... To finish me off?

Daniel lets out a weak chuckle.

DANIEL
Get in line...

He lies his head back, closes his eyes.

BRENDAN
Open your eyes and look at me!

Brendan steps closer, places the pistol to Daniel's head.

Daniel reopens his eyes.

DANIEL
Do it... You're fuckin' sister and
her faggot friend... They've
already killed me.

Brendan frowns.

BRENDAN
Chelsea did this? Why!?

DANIEL
Isn't it obvious... They fuckin'
cleaned me, bro... Everything...
Fuckin' gone...

BRENDAN
You don't know, do you?

Daniel's eyes roll back in his head as he nods out.
Brendan CRACKS him across the face with the pistol.
Daniel winces in pain.

DANIEL
Fuck you, dick!

Brendan spits with rage.

BRENDAN
No, FUCK YOU! Chelsea was strung
out on your fuckin' dope when she
drove into oncoming traffic!

Daniel's eyes meet Brendan's.

DANIEL
She's... She's dead?

BRENDAN
She might as well be! She's a
fuckin' vegetable now!

A slight grin forms on Daniel's face.

DANIEL
Karma's a real bitch.

He laughs.

DANIEL
That whore who got what she --

BANG! Brendan blasts a round into Daniel's forehead. Blood,
brains, and chunks of skull explode out the back of his head.

Daniel's body falls over on the couch, twitches.

Brendan stands over him, FIRES OFF two more rounds into his
twitching corpse.

A long beat passes.

Brendan stares down at what he's just done, takes a deep breath, exhales.

BRENDAN

Fuck you.

He turns to the stereo, FIRES a round into it, kills the MUSIC. Silence fills the space.

Brendan shuts his eyes, calms his breathing.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The vehicle speeds down the dark back road.

In the drivers seat is MAC, (22), a scrawny guy with tattoos covering his face and neck. Typical thug.

Seated beside him is LOCK, (26), a massive black man complete with a durag and a gold grill fitted on his teeth. He loads five shells into a pump-action shotgun.

Mac lights up a joint, takes a long drag.

MAC

So, if this fuck doesn't have the product or the cheese, we're wasting his bitch ass, right?

Lock cocks his shotgun.

LOCK

Shit. I'm gonna waste this fool either way.

Mac smirks.

MAC

Always looking for a reason to blast off, huh?

Lock shrugs.

LOCK

Boss said to send a message. So that's what I'm gonna do.

MAC

You're savage, man.

LOCK

Better fuckin' believe it, man! I live for this shit!

Mac slows the vehicle.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD

The SUV pulls onto the gravel driveway, parks beside Brendan's sedan.

Mac and Lock exit their vehicle.

MAC
Shit. Looks like our boy might have
some company.

They both approach the trailer home.

Inside the building, the lights go dark.

Mac pulls out a handgun, looks to Lock, motions for him to go around back.

MAC
(a whisper)
Make sure he doesn't try to run out
the back.

Lock nods, rushes off behind the trailer home.

Mac continues toward the front door.

MAC
(calls out)
Yo, Daniel! Why don't you step
outside for a sec! Need to have a
quick word with ya!

INT. TRAILER HOME - LIVING ROOM

Shadows fill the space.

Brendan stands next to the living room window, his back to the wall. He leans over, peeks out the blinds.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Bullets SHATTER the window.

Brendan dives to the floor, covers his head.

BRENDAN
FUCK!

GUNFIRE tears through the wall, sends debris flying all throughout the living room.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD

Mac stands off in the yard, repeatedly FIRES his handgun into the building.

The weapon CLICKS, the clip empty.

As Mac slaps a fresh clip in, he moves closer to the trailer home. Keeps his weapon trained on the shattered window.

MAC

You alive in there?

No answer.

Mac steps closer.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - BACK PATIO

Shotgun at the ready, Lock steps onto the wooden deck, moves toward the backdoor.

INT. TRAILER HOME - LIVING ROOM

Brendan still lies on his stomach.

CREAK. His attention is drawn to the backdoor. He watches with bated breath as the door knob slowly turns.

It's locked.

EXT. TRAILER HOME - FRONT YARD

Mac stands close to the building, his handgun still aimed at the shattered window.

He calls out.

MAC

Yo! You hear me, faggot!? You
fucked up bad this time! You ain't
gettin' out of this! Time to face
the music!

Mac's so focused on the shattered window that he doesn't notice the front door creeping open.

Brendan aims his pistol out the cracked door, FIRES three rounds at Mac.

The first two rounds miss their mark, but the third tears through Mac's throat!

Mac falls hard on his back, drops his handgun. He clutches at his neck as he chokes and gurgles on his own blood.

Brendan doesn't hesitate, bursts out the front door and dashes for his sedan.

As he sprints across the yard, Lock rushes out from around the back of the trailer home.

He BLASTS his shotgun at Brendan, hits him in the left shoulder, spins him like a top.

Brendan manages to squeeze off his final round, which hits the trailer home wall just inches from Lock, who ducks back behind the building for cover.

As blood gushes from the gnarly wound in his shoulder, Brendan crawls over to a nearby tree, hides behind it. He puts pressure on his wound, winces in pain.

BRENDAN

FUCK!

Lock peaks out, sees Brendan huddled behind the tree about twenty yards away. He looks over, spots Mac's motionless corpse in the yard.

LOCK

Mothafucka! Kill my homie!? Now you've really fucked up! I'mma blow your goddamn head off and shit down your fuckin' neck!

Brendan checks his pistol. Empty.

BRENDAN

(under his breath)
Dammit.

Lock steps out from behind the trailer home, stomps toward the tree that Brendan hides behind.

Every couple of steps Lock takes, he BLASTS off shell and shell at the tree.

Brendan cries out, does everything he can to make himself small as the tree EXPLODES into splinters behind him.

About ten yards away, Lock BLASTS off his final shell into what's left of the tree. CLICK. Empty.

Brendan hears this, whips his head around the tree and sees that Lock has stopped to reload. He looks around for anything he could use as a weapon, spots a baseball-sized rock.

Lock loads a couple more shells, cocks the shotgun. He looks back to the tree just as Brendan runs out and throws the rock right at him!

It CRACKS Lock square in the forehead. The big guy falls backwards, BLASTS off a shell into the night sky.

Brendan is on him in a flash, kicks the shotgun away, then drops down on Lock's chest.

BRENDAN

FUCK YOU!

He winds back and throws a hard right into Lock's face. Again, and again!

As Brendan pulls back for another haymaker, Lock brings his knee up into his groin.

Brendan groans as his rolls off the big guy.

LOCK

Fuckin' hit me with a rock!?

Lock stands up on wobbly feet, dazed. Blood leaks from a gash in his forehead. He wipes the blood away, looks over at Brendan, who slowly climbs to his feet.

LOCK

I'mma take your life with my hands!

He moves for Brendan, wraps his hands around his throat, squeezes hard.

Brendan's face goes red as he gasps for air. Desperate, he attempts to pry Lock's hands away, but it's no use. He drops to his knees, grows weaker by the second.

LOCK

Stay with me, bitch! Look at me while you die!

Brendan's face turns from red to blue.

In a last ditch effort, he reaches out and grabs Lock's crotch, squeezes with all his might. CRUNCH.

Lock squeals in pain as he releases Brendan, grabs his groin, and doubles over.

LOCK
(high-pitched)
Oh you mothafucka! What'd you do!?
My fuckin' nuts! What the fuck!?

Brendan stumbles to his feet, coughs uncontrollably as he sucks in air.

Lock wails as he rolls from side to side on the ground.

LOCK
You popped 'em! Fuck! YOU FUCKIN'
POPPED 'EM!

He throws up all over himself.

Brendon looks over, spots the shotgun on the ground nearby. He moves to it, picks it up.

Tears stream down Lock's face as he watches Brendan.

LOCK
You're not Daniel! WHO THE FUCK ARE
YOU, MAN!?

Brendan steps up to Lock, aims the shotgun at his head.

Lock throws his hands up to shield himself.

LOCK
PLEASE!?! IT WAS JUST A JOB! DON'T --

BRENDAN
Shut the fuck up.

He squeezes the trigger. BOOM!

The shell rips through Lock's hands and face.

Blood spatters all over Brendan.

A long beat of silence.

Brendan stares down at Lock's mangled corpse, drops the shotgun to the ground. He grabs his injured shoulder, winces in pain, then turns and staggers toward his sedan.

SIRENS approach from afar.

INT. SEDAN - PARKED

Brendan enters the vehicle, sits behind the wheel.

He stares through the windshield at the trailer home, takes a deep breath. His face battered and bloody.

The SIRENS outside grow louder, closer.

Brendan grabs his cellphone off the passenger seat, turns it back on. He dials a number, presses the cellphone to his ear.

The line RINGS for a few moments. Then --

MOM (V.O.)
Brendan! Sweetie, listen to --

BRENDAN
I love you, mom.

Red and blue flashing lights appear in the rear windshield.

MOM (V.O.)
Chelsea... She's showing signs of
brain activity! The doctors think
she's gonna pull through!

This information hits Brendan like a brick to the face. His eyes go wide as all the color in his face drains away.

Tears well up in his eyes as the SIRENS outside grow louder.

MOM (V.O.)
Brendan!? Why do I hear sirens?
What have you done!?

BRENDAN
I'm sorry...

SMASH TO BLACK.

"Rock Bottom" by Eminem BLASTS over the --

TITLE CARD -- REPRISAL RECOIL

The MUSIC continues over the END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.