

Dartacus
by
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FADE IN:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Everyone in the pub is gathered near the dart board. They leave plenty of room for MITCH (50's) to throw his darts.

Everyone holds their breath with anticipation as Mitch takes aim, his concentration deep.

He throws . . .

Bull's-eye.

Applause, a few whistles, the crowd is impressed.

Mitch removes the dart from the board, takes a bow.

Two men, each with a beer in their hand, lean against the bar. They are TED and FRANK.

TED

You reckon he'll do it?

FRANK

He'll be a legend if he does.

TED

I don't know . . .

FRANK

Aw c'mon! He's Dartacus. The undefeated champion.

TED

Yeah I know. But six bull's-eyes in a row. That's unlikely.

FRANK

Mitch can do it.

Mitch takes his mark, raises his dart. He takes aim.

The crowd chants.

CROWD

Dartacus! Dartacus! Dartacus!

Mitch throws. Another Bull's-eye!

The crowd goes wild.

Behind the bar, the PUBLICAN picks up a phone, sticks his finger in his ear to hear better.

PUBLICAN
Hello? . . . yah, I'll just get
him.

Mitch receives high fives from the people around him.

PUBLICAN
Oi Mitch!

MITCH
Yo!

The Publican raises the phone.

Mitch walks over to the bar, takes the phone.

MITCH
Yeah? . . . You're shitting me?

Mitch drops the phone, He is distraught.

The crowd is stunned.

Mitch slumps on to the floor, begins to sob.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Detective CARLISLE (mid 30's) is a soft, pretty woman with
a round face and long autumn red hair.

On the opposite side of the table she sits at is Mitch and
his wife Cindy (50's)

CARLISLE
We're not sure how it happened,
but the name of the driver was
leaked to the media.

Carlisle slides a folded newspaper across the table.

CARLISLE
You can read about it in today's
paper.

Mitch puts on his reading glasses, opens up the paper.

Mitch and Cindy read the article together.

CARLISLE
I'm afraid this will delay the
court hearing.

Mitch tosses the paper back onto the table.

MITCH
How many years will this Stan Bingham get in prison?

CARLISLE
Two years tops. A year and a half if he gets good behavior.

Mitch is enraged and disgusted.

MITCH
You're shitting me?

CARLISLE
I'm afraid not.

MITCH
The bastard killed my daughter.

CINDY
Mitch!

CARLISLE
Please Mr. Johnson. You have to understand, Stan Bingham was charged with DUI. He's not a murderer.

MITCH
Right.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A finger presses the play button on the answering machine.

Tears spill from Cindy's eyes as she listens to the message. She gulps her glass of wine.

GINA (V.O.)
Hey mum. Melody's mum says I can stay over for another night, so . . . I'm gonna stay over for another night. Love you mum. Bye.

Cindy wipes her tears with a tissue, refills her glass with wine from a bottle.

She presses the play button on the answering machine.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mitch sits on the edge of the bed. He stares at a photo frame he holds in both hands.

He sniffs, rubs tears from his eyes.

Cindy slides in beside her husband, wraps her arms around him.

Mitch does not respond.

Together they look at the photo of their daughter.

MITCH
He has to pay.

CINDY
He is. He's going to jail.

MITCH
2 years? Our daughter's worth more than that.

CINDY
What do you want?

MITCH
I want an eye for an eye.

CINDY
Don't even go there Mitch. You're over fifty.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mitch and Cindy are in bed.

Cindy is curled up under the sheets, deep in sleep.

Mitch lays on his back, wide awake.

He glances at the alarm clock.

3:25am are the digital numbers on the clock.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch sits at the dining table, open phone book in front of him.

He writes down a few street addresses into a notebook.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mitch leans over a kitchen bench.

The tip of a dart is scraped across a grind stone, sharpened to perfection.

He places the dart lovingly in his dart case, sets to work on a another one.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Cindy awakes from her sleep. She sits up, startled by the empty space where Mitch should be.

A Post-it note is stuck to the bedside lamp.

Written on the note is: Gone to settle the score, love Mitch.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

A neat brick home with a tidy lawn. A home to be proud of.

In front of the house, a hand holds an open notebook with six addresses written down. Three are crossed off.

With a pen, Mitch draws a line through the fourth address.

Mitch steps onto the verandah, knocks on the front door.

He backs off the verandah, stands on the lawn, removes his case of darts from his jacket pocket.

The door opens.

STAN BINGHAM is a soft bodied young man with a baby face. He is dressed in bedraggled flannelette pyjamas, has a look about him of someone who has given up on everything.

MITCH
You Stan Bingham?

STAN
Yeah?

Mitch nods his head at the car parked in the driveway.

MITCH
That the car that killed Gina Johnson?

STAN
Fuck you media arseholes! I'm saying nothing!

Stan is furious, is about to slam the door shut.

MITCH
Gina was my daughter.

Stan is stunned.

STAN

The cops tell you where I live?

Mitch shakes his head, opens up his dart case.

MITCH

I looked up your address in the phone book.

STAN

What do you want?

MITCH

You killed my daughter. I want to tell you how that makes me feel.

STAN

How you feel? What about me? How do you think I feel? Huh? I've got to go to prison. Fucking prison man. You know what they do to guys like me in prison?

Stan has worked himself up into an agitated panic, paces up and down the verandah.

STAN

Look at me! I'm a computer geek! I won't last a day in prison!

Mitch closes up his case, slips it back into his pocket.

He turns his back on Stan, walks away.

Stan scowls, leaps off the verandah onto the lawn.

STAN

Hey! I'm not done talking to you!

Mitch doesn't look back, keeps walking.

MITCH

You're scared Stan. I can live with that.

Stan charges across the lawn, grabs Mitch by the shoulder.

STAN

You think this is my fault? Huh?

Stan punches Mitch on the nose, kicks him in the ribs when he is down.

STAN

Who let their thirteen year old daughter wander the streets at night? Huh?

Stan kicks, Mitch in the face. Blood gushes from his nose.

STAN

You couldn't control your own daughter. You're to blame! It's your fault she got hit by my car.

Stan staggers away from Mitch, breathing hard from his exertion of violence.

STAN

It's your fault she's dead. Not mine.

Mitch winces in pain, as he picks himself up. He wipes his nose bleed with the back of his hand.

He glares at Stan with rage and contempt.

STAN

I'm done with you. Get the fuck off my lawn.

Mitch flips open his case, pulls out a dart.

Stan walks towards the front door of his home.

Mitch throws the dart.

Stan shrieks in surprise and pain, tries to grab at the dart stuck in his shoulder blade.

STAN

What the fuck?

Mitch raises a second dart, takes aim. His concentration is deep.

He throws . . .

Stan screams, stumbles onto the lawn, the dart protrudes from his right eye.

Mitch stands over Stan who still howls in pain as he rolls about on the lawn.

MITCH

That's for Gina. Now we're even.

Mitch turns, strides away.

STAN

W-who are you?

Mitch stops, half turns.

MITCH
I'm Dartacus.

FADE OUT.