

ONUS

written by

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INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three men lay in a small room in a warehouse, about the size of a small bedroom. Tiny windows with bars line the ceiling. The opposite wall has a metal door. In the middle, a steel table and chair. All men are unconscious.

The first man, Mr. Red (mid 20s), is sitting in a chair, his head and arms on a table. He is wearing a dark red shirt and dark jeans. A Standard Glock 17 in holstered to his belt. He has black hair in a crew cut and medium build.

Mr. White (early 30s) is sprawled on the floor, face down. His hair is longer, scruffier. His large build is covered by a white tee shirt and leather jacket. Near his hand is a Gold-plated Beretta V92F.

His back against the wall lays Mr. Tan (late 20s). He barely fills his tan shirt and jeans. He's loosely holding a Colt Detective Special 2". There is grease smeared on his bald head, shirt, hands and gun.

Air is heard flowing out of the room. A loud METALLIC SCREECH stifles the airflow.

The SCREECH awakes Mr. Red, who jolts up and coughs violently. His eyes are still clenched shut as he pushes back on the chair, to back away from the table. He relaxes, still coughing, his elbows on his knees and his head hanging.

His coughs slow and he strains his eyes open. He first sees the windows.

MR. RED
(to himself)
What the hell?

He stands, noticing the holster on his side. He pulls out the pistol, inspects it, then at the two men on the floor.

He quickly swings around to survey the room. He holds his head and GRUNTS in pain.

He shuffles over to the door. He tries the knob. Locked. He tries to push but doesn't have the strength.

He turns around, back to the door. He lets out a long SIGH ending with a COUGH.

Scanning the room, he comes to the two men and he notices the guns. He rushes over, picks up the Colt with his right hand and holsters it in the back of his pants. He steps to the Beretta, but Mr. White snatches it first.

Mr. White swings up coughing, the gun pointed at Mr. Red.

His hands go up in submission, bent at the elbows. Mr. White stumbles backward from the force of the coughing. He backs up to the wall, next to Mr. Tan.

He looks to Mr. Tan and is startled by him, standing up and aiming wildly at Mr. Tan and Mr. Red. The coughing lessens.

In the corner, Mr. White regains composure and aims the gun at Mr. Red.

MR. WHITE
Who the hell are you?

Mr. Red just looks at Mr. White, studying his reaction.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
Well?

MR. RED
I don't know.

Mr. White studies Mr. Red right back. He hesitates, but lowers his aim.

MR. WHITE
Why were you trying to take my gun?

MR. RED
What makes you think it's your gun?

MR. WHITE
'Cuz it's mine.

Mr. Red studies Mr. White's face.

MR. RED
No it's not.
(PAUSE)
Or you don't know.

Mr. Red looks at Mr. Tan.

MR. RED (CONT'D)
Do you know him?

Mr. White walks over to him.

MR. WHITE
Nope.

He kneels down to Mr. Tan, to be face to face.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 RISE AND SHINE!

Mr. Tan SCREAMS back and starts coughing. Mr. White stumbles back, then to his feet. Mr. Tan is doubled over in pain from coughing. He stops and goes limp.

Mr. Red and Mr. White silently watch. After a BEAT, Mr. Tan moves again. The two breathe. Mr. Tan slowly stands up, using the wall for support.

MR. TAN
 Ugh. Get out of my.

He stops when he opens his eyes and sees Mr. Red. He looks to Mr. White, sees the gun in his hands. He's scared out of his wits. His eyes go wide and he backs up flat to the wall.

MR. TAN (CONT'D)
 Wh- what do you want?

Mr. Red looks to Mr. White for an answer. Mr. Tan notices the holster on Mr. Red's belt.

MR. WHITE
 What do you think, stick?

Mr. Tan is confused.

MR. TAN
 Who are you guys?

MR. WHITE
 We don't know.

Mr. Red looks at Mr. White, a little surprised.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
 You check the door, Red?

Mr. Red walks to the door, bangs on it with an open palm, jiggling the handle with his other hand.

MR. RED
 The door's locked. I didn't try busting it down.

Mr. Tan sees the Colt revolver in Mr. Red's pants.

MR. TAN
 (optiministic)
 Well with the three of us.

He inches to Mr. Red.

MR. RED
It's metal. Won't be easy.

Mr. Tan lunges for the Colt and Mr. Red turns, but too late. Mr. Tan aims at Mr. Red, then Mr. White. Mr. White reacts, aiming the Beretta. Mr. Tan is shaking.

MR. RED (CONT'D)
Easy, pal.

Conflicted, Mr. Tan looks ashamed and drops his arm. He quietly places the colt on the table, making sure it's away from Mr. White but close to himself.

MR. TAN
I'm no killer, what did we do to get put here?

MR. WHITE
Couldn't have been good.

Mr. White places his gun on the table and checks his pockets. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lighter.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
Ah, yes.

He sits and lights a cigarette. He puts them on the table with a SLAM.

Mr. Tan timidly lights one as well.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
That's it, take a load off.

He leans back on the chair.

Silence for a BEAT.

MR. RED
You guys remembering anything?

Mr. Tan shook his head. Mr. White ignores him.

MR. RED (CONT'D)
I think I do.

Mr. White SLAMS down on the chair on all four legs.

MR. WHITE
Well, who are we?

Mr. Red reaches into his pocket and pulls out a microcassette recorder.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

What the hell, when were you
planning on telling us about that?

MR. RED

I told you, I just remembered.

MR. TAN

Play it.

Mr. Red takes a second to prepare himself and pressed play.

Electronic silence. A click. Mr. Red's voice comes on.
During the recording, Mr. Tan slowly moves to the player as
if drawn by it.

MR. RED

(recording)

To whom it may concern. We're here
to try to make amends with what
we've done. Laura deserved better
than us in her life and what
happened is our fault. Laura,
baby. I'm sorry.

Electronic silence. Mr. Red clicks the player off. Mr. Tan
is standing next to Mr. Red.

MR. TAN

Who's Laura?

MR. WHITE

I think I'm starting to remember,
too.

Mr. Red pockets the player and folds his arms, awaiting an
answer. Mr. Tan swallows.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Laura is my sister.

Silence. Mr. Red figures it out in his head. He walks toward
Mr. White:

MR. RED

So you did this?

Mr. White begins to speak but is kicked over by Mr. Red,
chair and all. He lands and before he could react has the
gold-plated Beretta in his face.

MR. WHITE

Wh- what are you doing?

Mr. Red pulls back the hammer.

MR. RED
Something we probably should've
done hours ago.

Mr. Tan is dumbfounded but summons courage. He grabs the Glock from Mr. Red's belt and aims at him.

MR. TAN
Stop this shit!

Mr. Red looks over his shoulder but still aims at Mr. White. He slowly returns the hammer, as to not fire. He holds up his hands and turns to Mr. Tan.

Mr. White stumbles up and picks up the Colt from the table.

He points at Mr. Red. Mr. Tan reacts and aims at Mr. White and Mr. Red puts his hands down and looks down the barrel at Mr. Tan.

Mr. White shakes slightly.

Mr. Red sweats.

Mr. Tan seems calm and collected.

They stand in a standoff for a BEAT longer.

Mr. Red is the first to move, making Mr. Tan aim at him. Mr. Red grabs a cigarette and lights it. Mr. Tan looks at White and slowly brings the gun down. Mr. White hesitates but finally drops the gun, breathing out of relief.

MR. RED
This is fucking bullshit.

He takes a long drag.

MR. TAN
So Laura's your sister. What does
that mean?

Mr. White composes himself and readies an answer.

MR. WHITE
I guess something happened to her,
and I blamed you all.

MR. TAN
No, why are you in here?

MR. RED
Probably 'cuz it was his fault,
too.

Mr. White rolls his eyes.

MR. WHITE

Sure.

MR. TAN

It sounds like we can all be
blamed. Let me see the player.

MR. RED

No. Fuck off.

MR. TAN

(yells)

Give it to me, dammit!

Mr. Red SIGHS as he reluctantly hands over the player.

Mr. Tan rewinds the tape and presses play.

MR. RED

(recording)

... here to try to make amends
with what we've done. Laura ...

Mr. Tan stops the tape.

MR. TAN

"What WE'VE done."

Mr. Tan presses play.

MR. RED

(recording)

... deserved better than us in her
life and what happened is our
fault. ...

Mr. Tan pressed stop.

MR. TAN

"It's OUR fault."

MR. WHITE

So I killed my sister.

MR. TAN

And his wife.

Mr. Red looks up to Mr. Tan.

MR. RED

What did you say?

MR. TAN

Listen to what you say.

Mr. Tan presses play and puts the player on the table.

MR. RED
(recording)
Laura, baby. I'm sorry.

MR. TAN
You call her baby. And you've got
an indent on your ring finger.

Mr. Red checks his finger.

MR. RED
It doesn't mean.

Mr. Red is interrupted by the still-playing cassette player. A MUFFLING sound and electronic STATIC. CLICKING followed by COUGHING.

MR. TAN
(recording)
If anyone is still in the room,
get out. I've rigged a gas
cocktail to be released every ten
minutes. The machine is on the
roof, padlocked with Laura's
birthday as the combo. They want
to die, but we deserve worse.

SILENCE and then CLICKS. The tape stops itself.

Mr. White looks to the ceiling, as if to look for the machine.

Mr. Red walks up to Mr. Tan and shoves him.

MR. RED
You fucking did this?

MR. TAN
Don't act like you're innocent.
Blaming me and blaming him. We're
all here for a reason. We all had
something to do with her death.

Mr. Red backs up and aims his Beretta at Mr. Tan. Mr. White grips the table tight, leaving hand marks with his heat.

Mr. Red pulls the trigger.

CLICK. He looks at the gun. He hurriedly ejects the clip and inspects it. The clip is empty. He returns the clip and sits down in a slump.

MR. TAN (CONT'D)
So what now?

CLICK of a gun's hammer. Mr. Red and Mr. Tan look to Mr.

White. Mr. Red stands up.

Mr. White's eyes are shrinkwrapped in tears and is aiming his gun at Mr. Tan.

MR. RED

What.

MR. WHITE

(cut him off)

Don't.

Mr. Red accepts that answer. He holds up his hands.

MR. TAN

You remember more?

MR. WHITE

I remember all about Laura. And that you two practically tore her in apart.

Mr. Red is confused. He's trying to remember.

MR. TAN

(to Mr. Red)

You were married to her, but she felt neglected.

Mr. Red backs off, feeling cornered and ganged up on. He looked afraid, looking between Mr. Tan and Mr. White.

MR. TAN (CONT'D)

So she confided in me.

A loud SCREECH interrupts, startling all of them. When the echoing screech is silenced, air flows freely through vents.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Tan

then to Mr.

Red)

You fucked her while you were married to your job.

Mr. Red is ashamed, but angry.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

And then you wanted her back. I told her she would be crazy to get back with you, you cock-sucker.

Mr. Tan looks like he's starting to cry as well.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
And so I gave her something to
calm her down.

MR. TAN
She overdosed, you bastard! You
gave her too much.

Mr. Red is lost. He's not remembering any of this. But he
does remember -

MR. RED
This was my idea. You guys came
along with it.

MR. WHITE
(laughs)
I pushed for it. We all deserve to
die. We ruined her life, we
deserve to fucking die.

Mr. Tan brings the gun up and aims at Mr. White. Mr. Red,
without a gun, starts to panic.

MR. TAN
We wanted this, Steve.

Mr. Red recognizes his name. He thinks for a moment.

Mr. Red rushes to the door, Mr. Tan and Mr. White still
aimed at each other. Mr. Red drops the gun and bangs on the
door, tries to knock the door with his shoulder.

It won't budge. He starts to cough. Mr. White looks to him,
but doesn't move.

Mr. Red is coughing violently and without any more energy,
collapses in front of the door, curled into himself.

MR. TAN (CONT'D)
Do you remember what we have to
do?

Mr. White nods.

MR. WHITE
Hurry, before the gas affects us.

Mr. Tan coughs a little.

Mr. Tan aims with one eye. Mr. White is looking down the
barrel. Mr. Tan lets out another cough.

His arm drops. He slumps to the wall closest to him.

MR. TAN
(quietly)
I'm no killer.

He SOBS slowly, sits down on the floor. He coughs more violently and finally goes limp.

Mr. White drops his aim in defeat. He slumps over to the chair and sits. He is affected by the gas, slurring and moving sloppily.

He places the gun down and puts a cigarette into his mouth. He lights, takes a drag.

MR. WHITE
I didn't want to do it like this.

He picks up the gun, it feels like a hundred pounds. He rests the barrel on his temple.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
Sorry, sis.

He closes his eyes. Pulls the trigger slightly. The hammer slowly moves back.

Not far enough. His head collapses. He's out.

Air is heard flowing out of the room. A loud METALLIC SCREECH stifles the airflow.

The SCREECH awakes Mr. White. He coughs for a second, regains his breath.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the hell?

CUT TO: BLACK