

Slaughter

By

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BLACK. OPENING CREDITS

We hear a THUD and a man GROAN. There is then another THUD of a different tone over heavy BREATHING.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Focus on a man's face getting punched. He is conscious but it is getting very bloody.

After two to three punches, a man off screen, whose name is TYLER speaks.

TYLER
Motherfucker.

WIDE:

TYLER punches the bloodied man twice more.

CUT-IN:

He throws the man against a brick wall on the side of a building in the parking lot. The bloodied man slumps down on the ground, limp.

TYLER looks at a faucet on the side of the wall. Blood covers it.

He looks down at the bloodied man on the ground. There is a lot of blood beginning to ooze out of the side of his head. He freezes, he doesn't know what to do.

WIDE:

We see that TYLER and the limp body are outside of a bar

CUT-IN:

TYLER looks down the street and doesn't see any cars coming. There is also no one else in the parking lot.

TYLER grabs the body and begins to drag it across the parking lot toward a dumpster. He manages to hold the body such that no blood is marking the ground he's dragging it across.

He drags it behind the dumpster before he hears the bell on the door to the bar RING-meaning someone has opened it.

There is CHATTERING off screen.

TYLER walks briskly over to the wall where the man hit his head.

He unzips his fly and starts pee on the spot where the blood is.

The CHATTERING grows louder. TYLER looks over in the direction of the people talking.

TYLER continues to pee. We hear several car doors OPEN. The chattering begins to dissipate.

TYLER stops peeing but keeps standing there.

The car doors SLAM closed and the car engine VROOMS on.

TYLER looks over again before zipping up his fly.

He walks back over to the dumpster.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

TYLER opens the door to his apartment.

He walks into the bathroom to wash off his bloody knuckles.

He washes for several seconds.

CUT TO-

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT. LATER.

TYLER walks into his living room with a bottle of whiskey and a glass.

His knuckles (on his right hand at least) are still bruised.

He sits down on the couch and places the bottle and glass on the table in front of him. He grabs a remote from the table and turns on the TV.

His face is plain, subtly regretful, even a little nervous.

He pours a glass half full of whiskey.

He watches TV for a couple seconds before picking up the glass and taking a sip.

TYLER makes a slightly disgusted face after taking a sip.

He goes back to watching TV, before taking a bigger sip and making a disgusted face again.

With the glass at about a quarter full, he grabs the bottle and fills the glass up to the top.

He takes a GULP of whiskey and puts the glass down.

INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.

TYLER is lying on the couch asleep. The bottle of whiskey is on the table about half full. There is residue of whiskey in the bottom of the glass.

TYLER rolls awake. He looks like crap, he feels like crap.

He pulls out his phone and looks at it.

TYLER
(calmly, quietly)
Fuck.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

TYLER puts on dress pants and a collared shirt. He doesn't seem to be in any particular hurry.

INT. CAR. MORNING

TYLER is driving in his car to work.

INT. OFFICE. MORNING.

TYLER walks into the office. The receptionist looks up at him.

TYLER
Hey, sorry.

He walks by her down the hall.

INT. OFFICE. MID-DAY.

TYLER is sitting in his office at his computer.

Based on his stare, it seems unclear whether or not he is aimlessly internet surfing or actually doing work.

FEMALE BOSS
Hey Tyler.

Tyler looks up to see a woman standing in the doorway.

FEMALE BOSS

(cont.)

Can you send me the elasticity graphs I told you to compile, the ones for last month.

TYLER

Uh... yeah. Yeah, I'm just finishing up.

Almost before he finishes, she walks away.

TYLER

(whispering to himself)

Fuck.

He goes back to his computer, this time looking more busy than before.

INT. CAR. LATER.

TYLER is at a stop sign. He waits for a car to pass before going ahead.

As he moves forward, his car stalls and bumps to a halt.

He turns the car back on

TYLER

Cummon.

As he says this he REVS the gas loudly and the car speeds down the road.

INT. APARTMENT. AFTERNOON.

ALL ONE SHOT

BRIAN is sitting on the couch TYLER passed out on the night before. He is playing video games. There is a lot more stuff on the table now than there was last night.

We hear the door open. BRIAN looks over.

BRIAN

T'sup.

TYLER

Hey.

TYLER enters the frame. BRIAN hands him a controller. TYLER grabs it and sits down.

BRIAN holds up a hand-rolled cigarette.

BRIAN
Want some, I just rolled it.

TYLER
Yeah.

Both of their focuses shift to the screen. BRIAN lights it and begins to smoke it.

BRIAN blows out smoke and passes it to TYLER. They start to play video games in silence.

TYLER
So what's up?

BRIAN
'Nuther shitty day at work.

TYLER
Mhm.

BRIAN
Yuuup.
(motions to the joint)
Great day though, if I can end it
with one of these.

TYLER
No shit.

BRIAN
No shit.
(pause)
So how was work?

TYLER
Ahh shitty. I felt like crap all
day.

BRIAN
Ohhh, I woulda thought you'd feel
great after goin out and getting
pounded last night.

TYLER
I don't think I drank that much,
maybe I did.

BRIAN
Didn't you finish a bottle when you
got back?

TYLER
I just had a couple glasses.

BRIAN
Mm.

A beat.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You should try smoking to get over
hangovers.

TYLER
What does it look like I'm doing?

There is a pause where both are focused on the video games.

TYLER (cont'd)
Do you ever get into fights?

BRIAN
What d'you mean?

TYLER
Like a fight, a fistfight, or
whatever. With a person.

BRIAN
Um not really, I dunnuh, I still
beat up my brother sometimes. Why?

TYLER
Just askin...you seem pretty lax
about everything, like *everything*.

BRIAN
Yeah. That's what weed'll do to
you, man.

TYLER
No I know, but...I dunno...

BRIAN
No I mean I'm not chill about
everything. Like any time I spend
with Rick back home, I end up
fighting him. Last time I went
home, we were playing pick-up and
he was pushin me a little so I was
pushin him back, y'know. And one of
the times he like swings an elbow
and hits me in the eye, and it
starts bleeding, that's how I got

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

that uh scar right about my left eye there. So I'm pissed, but I let it go, put a band-aid on and keep playing. So then, I think it was on the next play, he goes up for a lay up, and I try to block it, and I just hammer him. And maybe I hit him a little too hard, but he gets up and literally charges at me, and now I got all this adrenaline goin so I start swinging back at him, and we end up like wrestling to the ground. And it's stupid, like dumb stuff and we both ended up bleeding and shit and feeling like crap, but shit happens, y'know. There's always shit like that that can get under your skin and...yeah.

(smiles)

That was also like six years ago before I started smoking.

TYLER

And you think it'd be different now?

BRIAN

I mean, yeah, probably. Smoking helps. At least like, it helps you relax about stupid shit. But I think I'm pretty chill to begin with, so...

TYLER

So then, as of late. It's never like crossed your mind really to hit someone?

BRIAN

I mean...yeah, sometimes. Yes. But it's not...I guess I don't think about it that much, or maybe I just don't get into situations like that anymore. It's not really worth fighting, and like, if no one's gonna instigate anything...

(pause)

or maybe I'm just high.

TYLER

So was that the last time you got in a fight? Like a fight fight.

BRIAN

I dunno, I think? I guess. But I wouldn't even say that that was *that* serious really, why?

TYLER

So never anything like life threatening?

BRIAN

Life threatening? No. Shit, no. Why?

TYLER

Just askin. I'm just tryin to see how you would respond in that kinda situation. I was talking to someone about like that kinda thing at work today.

BRIAN

How I'd respond...

TYLER

You know, like what it would take for you, or anyone, ya know, to snap and like lay into someone, y'know to the point where you *might*, like even kill someone.

BRIAN

I'm pretty sure I would never kill someone.

TYLER

Oh yeah no...
(tries to say something more but doesn't)

They both laugh a little. Brian is smoking and coughs a little when they laugh

BRIAN

Alright, I mean no one can say ever, but...yeah, for the most part I think, no I wouldn't. Like I don't even think in those terms. I think most people don't...

TYLER

(pause)
What if...like you know the beginning of Minority Report?

BRIAN

Mhm-

TYLER

(cont.)

When the guy comes home and like sees his wife and this other guy in his house. He goes upstairs, sees a buncha foreplay, and the wife's wearing that lingerie. Then she and that guy start, uh, goin at it.

BRIAN

Yeah...

TYLER

What if you were in that position? Like if you came home to your wife with another guy like that?

BRIAN

I mean, I'm not married so-

TYLER

No, ok, I'm saying hypothetically, hypothetically.

BRIAN

(laughs to himself)

Ok, that's a, uh, pretty specific hypothetical.

(pause)

Umm yeah I don' know.

Realistically...yeah maybe. I'd like to think I wouldn't, but, yeah I dunno.

TYLER

Ok, but where's the line?

(pause)

I mean if you're saying that you would *maybe* snap in a moment like that then what...where wouldn't you, is what I'm asking.

BRIAN

Well what's your answer to that?

TYLER

I don't know, that's like...I'm not really sure honestly and I wanna know where a more, uh, *laid back* person stands on this kinda thing.

BRIAN

If someone's throwing punches at me, I'm gonna throw punches back. At least until they stop

TYLER

You ever been in a bar fight?

BRIAN

A bar fight? No, do those even happen anymore?

TYLER

I mean yeah, I think-

BRIAN

Have you ever been in a bar fight?

TYLER

No, I'm just...it's just a hypothetical.

BRIAN

Have you ever seen a bar fight?

TYLER

No look, ok, so I'm telling you-I'm giving you a scenario, a hypothetical.

(pause)

You're in a crowded bar. A drunk guy bumps you and starts talking trash-

BRIAN

Like what does he say?

TYLER

I dunno, like, that you were in his way, you better watch where you're going, whatever. Threatening.

BRIAN

I mean, I would try to just not fight. So whatever that would...

TYLER

Ok same guy looks like he's looking at you from across the bar the rest of the night, or like every time you look over at 'im. And when you go over and order something he swears at you 'er calls you a bitch.

BRIAN

I dunno man, I'd probably just
leave.

TYLER

Ok, ok so you go to leave, and when
you walk outside, that guy follows
you out and tries to fight you,
then you *have* to fight back, or
something, what else do you do?

BRIAN

Dude, what are you talking about?
Do you *want* this to happen?

TYLER

No, it's just a hypothetical.

CUT TO BLACK

TYLER (V.O.)

(cont.)

It's just a hypothetical.

THE END