

CHOICES

By
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FADE IN

INT. DEER HEAD TAVERN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A thin, geeky, slightly beer buzzed man exits the tavern and scans the lot. LOUIS (19) takes a swig from a bottle of beer and descends the three step porch.

Another scan. The lot is unpaved and poorly lit. All cars, haphazardly parked.

Woods surround the lot.

Louis searches for his half brother, Rick; weaves around cars. Finally, calls out.

LOUIS

Rick! Oh, Rick... Mr. Rick. Ricky Boy?

Louis lobs his empty beer bottle towards the woods.

A loud YELP

Louis runs to the sound and trips over a prone WAYNE MORGAN, (21) big and brutal, tattoo adorned.

Wayne fiercely undulates on top of VIVIAN DAVEY (17), jeans and panties down to her thighs; torn blouse. Completely distressed.

Wayne looks up, rises and turns to Louis.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Wa, Wa... Wayne?

WAYNE

You're done wimp shit!

Vivian rises, breathless, out of control angry.

She quickly re-adjusts what clothing she can and attacks Wayne.

VIVIAN

You rotten bastard!

Wayne deflects Vivian's advance and throws her to the ground.

He turns back to Louis and grabs him around the throat. Administers a death choke.

From behind, a baseball bat hits Wayne's head.

CRACK

Wayne goes down HARD.

RICK (19) six foot, athletic, stands over Wayne, baseball bat at READY.

Vivian rises again, speechless; awestruck.

Rick turns to Louis.

RICK
You okay?

Rick turns to Vivian.

RICK (CONT'D)
You?

She nods, silently mouths a "thank you", turns and sprints off into the woods.

Louis stares at Wayne and tries to catch his breath. Wayne's eyes are open but he isn't breathing.

LOUIS
God, Rick, I think he's dead!

Rick bends down. Feels for a pulse. Nonchalantly, looks up to Louis.

RICK
I think you're right.

LOUIS
Oh God! Oh God! What do we do?

RICK
Well, I think we've got choices here Louis... First choice, we leave the scum bucket bully here, go back inside and get bent.

LOUIS
No! No! No! We call the cops, tell 'em what really happened. We saved the girl--

RICK
And I killed the police chief's son. Don't like that choice, Louis.

LOUIS

But, it's, it's... like self defense. Right?

RICK

Here's a third choice. We put Wayne in the truck and take him camping with us. We bury him six feet under at the GROG.

LOUIS

No! I can't be a part of that. Besides, I told Billy Gentry we were camping out at GROG HILL tonight.

RICK

You sly dog! Perfect! An alibi! We'll drive to JACKSON'S BLUFF, instead, bury Wayne and camp there. No one goes to the BLUFF. Done deal! And we'll bury him deep.

LOUIS

No way! No way! I can't do it!

Rick props the bat against his thigh and lights a cigarette.

He places his free arm around Louis's shoulder and leads him in a slow walk around Wayne's body.

RICK

Lou... Louisss. Didn't you tell me that Wayne was the kid who tortured you in grade school? Glued your phone to your desk, shaved creamed your locker, constantly pelted you with spit balls?

LOUIS

Well, um... kind of.

Rick expectorates and kicks a stone mid pace.

RICK

Stole your lunch and made you pay him to get it back.

LOUIS

Yeah, but...

Rick waves the bat and fences with an imaginary opponent.

RICK
En garde...

He turns back to Louis. They continue their walk.

RICK (CONT'D)
Made you eat dirt. Held your head
down in the boy's rest room toilet.

They pause and simultaneously stare at Wayne.

LOUIS
Uh... Well, sometimes.

RICK
Hell, even in high school, you
said, he always tried to embarrass
you, especially in front of the
cheerleaders.

Louis breaks from Rick and stands with his head down, moping.

LOUIS
Okay, okay...

Rick takes a few "on deck" warm-up baseball bat swings.

RICK
Didn't he steal your clothes, tie
you butt naked to the flag pole
outside of the girl's locker room?
Stretched a jock strap around your
head... If I'd been around then--

LOUIS
(shouting)
--Enough! Enough!

Wayne suddenly sits up, drooling, eyes blink wildly.

WAYNE
Buh, buh, buh, buh, buh.

Louis steals the baseball bat from Rick. He swings and hits
Wayne in the head as hard as possible.

WHACK. A period of SILENCE ensues.

RICK
... Camping?

LOUIS

You take his arms. I'll take is
legs.

Rick extinguishes his cigarette in the palm of his hand and flicks the butt into the woods.

EXT. JACKSON'S BLUFF - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Rick and Louis, dirty, perspiring sit on a log staring into the fire. Rick pokes the fire with a shovel.

RICK

Ya know, six years of Little League baseball, three years of Babe Ruth, four varsity baseball letters and I never swung a bat like that. It was dark but I do believe you transferred Mantle's signature to his forehead.

LOUIS

Yeah... Thanks, I guess... What about the girl?

A baseball bat sizzles in the fire.

INSERT: Engraved Baseball Bat

Louisville Slugger - Mickey Mantle

BACK TO SCENE

RICK

No worries Louis, I mean,
"Slugger"... hmm, I'm gonna miss
the "Mick".

FADE OUT