

CREDIT WHERE DUE

By

Shawn Davis

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shawnrebecca@peoplepc.com

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Howling wind rocks a porch swing. It's rusted chain creaks, the swing thumps against the house. A bare bulb flickers yellow luminance as a cautionary beacon to the front door.

The front windows, crosshatched with old wood. The wind whistles through the fragmented shards of glass.

CAL, 27, fat, pork chop sideburns and TRISH 25, cute, pierced, slightly goth stand at the front door.

TRISH

And you're sure it's okay to visit your dad this late?

CAL

You know what Trish? If you don't want to meet my dad, just go wait in the car. That's the fifth time you've asked.

TRISH

Fine. You don't have to be such a fuck stick.

Cal slams the front door knocker.

Lightning strikes in the distance followed a few seconds later by a clap of thunder.

From inside FRANK LOVELL 65, wheelchair bound answers.

FRANK(O.S)

It's open.

The screen door slams against the house as the wind catches it. The front door doesn't give until he puts his weight against it.

INT. OLD HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Several kerosene lanterns placed about the room shed light on the unlivable conditions of the house. Black ribbons of silty smoke rise from each of the lanterns.

The wood floor beneath their feet creaks as the rotted planks give way to their weight. In the corner, a pile of old useless televisions stacked atop on another.

TRISH

Okay! I've gotta admit, this is kinda freaking me out. Maybe we should come back.

CAL

Look, we need to get him out of here tonight. The state's demolishing the place this week.

TRISH

Okay...fine, but what is that smell?

Through the crosshatched windows, white light flashes through, a few seconds pass, then rumbling thunder.

In another corner, a life sized cutout of JOHN F KENNEDY lay's on it's side. A targets cross-heir on his face. They enter into the living room.

INT. OLD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The wall displays Abraham Zapruder's film of the JFK assassination.

In a wheelchair watching the movie, Frank.

Cal and Trish watch for a moment.

The movie shows-

JFK passing by in the motorcade.

Frank follows the car on the screen with a RIFLE in his arms.

The movie shows-

JFK leans forward, grabs his throat, JACKIE looks over to him.

FRANK

Wait for it.

Lightning flashes through the boarded windows.

Frank recoils his arms as if he shot the rifle.

Thunder claps at the moment he recoils. It's sharply closer now.

The screen shows-

The side of JFK's head as it's blown off.

FRANK

Ha! Yes. Oh, fucken Hell yeah.

CAL

Dad?

FRANK

Get in here.

The two walk behind Frank. He doesn't look away from the screen.

CAL

Say something.

TRISH

Frank, Cal has told me so much about...is that thing real?

FRANK

Shut the fuck up bitch.

Frank spins his wheelchair around.

CAL

Dad, This is...

FRANK

I know who the fuck she is, dumb shit. Question is, do you know who I am? Hmm?

TRISH

I...I don't understand the question. You're Cal's...

FRANK

November twenty second, nineteen sixty three ring a bell?

The Zapruder video continues to play in a loop on the wall behind Frank.

TRISH

The...day Kennedy was assassinated?

FRANK

Someone call Stanford, we've got a fucking genius here. Yeah, hot shit, the day Kennedy was put to sleep. Now why is it, everyone else

(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)
but presidents are
killed, murdered,
exterminated...hell even executed,
but a president is fucking
assassinated.

Frank reaches down, retrieves a bottle of whiskey, takes a long drink until empty. He throws the bottle against the wall.

The sound of the bottle shattering startles Trish.

CAL
Look dad, we only came by to say
hello and introduce you two.

FRANK
And?

CAL
And to let you know that if you
don't leave tonight, the sheriff's
gonna arrest you for trespassing?
If you have somethings we...

Frank brings the rifle to bear on the two of them.

FRANK
We're not going anywhere just yet,
you worthless sack of shit. Get
that chair over there. Bring it
here.

The wind whistles through the broken glass, rain can be heard on the tin roof as it increases in strength.

CAL
Have you lost your fucking mind?

Frank shoots a round off into the ceiling. Trish squeals, Cal ducks.

Lightning strikes, followed immediately by a sharp crack of thunder.

FRANK
You either get that chair over
here, or the next one goes into
your head boy.

Cal rushes over, gets the chair, brings it back.

FRANK(CONT)
You, sit in it.

Trish, in terror, looks over to Cal.

FRANK(CONT)
Don't look at him for answers
sweetheart. You either sit in that
chair, or I swear to God, my cat
will eat for a week from what I
blow off your face.

Trish has a seat. Frank tosses a roll of duck tape to Cal.

FRANK
Tie her up.

CAL
I'm not doing this. I won't allow
you to...

Frank shoots Cal in the leg. He goes down. Trish screams.

CAL(CONT)
Aaaahhh...What have you...wait,
wait, shit...look, we can fix...

FRANK
Get up! Get the fuck up now or so
help you God...

CAL
Okay...okay...aahh...

Cal forces himself up.

FRANK
Now tie her the fuck up.

Cal uses the duck tape to secure Trish in the chair.

FRANK
Now her mouth.

Cal tapes her mouth.

The storm outside now rages. Old withered curtains blown
almost straight by the wind. The gale force whistles like a
tea kettle through the shards of glass.

FRANK
Nice job son. I'm so fucking proud
of you. Not as proud as when you
(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)
 ran my company into the ground
 leaving me penniless, but this will
 do. Now to put this to bed. On
 November twenty second, nineteen
 sixty three, the greatest shooting
 in history occurred...

Frank spins his wheelchair around to view the Zapruder video.

FRANK
 ...and I never got credit.

Frank spins back around to Trish and Cal, holds up his rifle.

FRANK
 This is a Italian Carcano M-Ninety
 One bolt-action rifle. Lee had one
 too.

CAL
 Dad, we can...

FRANK
 Perfect sunny day, thousands of
 people, cameras rolling. My
 target...

Frank puts the rifle scope to his eye, aims it at Cal.

FRANK(CONT)
 ...was the most powerful man in the
 world, moving left to right at
 thirty two miles per hour and
 covered front to back with
 security.

Frank looks away from the scope for a second, then back into it, still aiming it at Cal.

Lightning strikes outside, instant thunder follows. Cal jumps at the noise.

FRANK(CONT)
 He was beautiful in my cross-heirs.
 That moment, that sweet moment
 right between heartbeats. He leaned
 forward grabbing his throat. I knew
 Lee had gotten his in.

Frank cocks the bolt action on the rifle. The Zapruder video continues behind him.

FRANK(CONT)

I watched him give himself to me.
He knew it was happening...that he
was caught and he knew what was
coming next. In his own way, he
became my brother.

He lowers the rifle.

FRANK(CONT)

And that mother fucker Oswald got
all of the glory for it.

CAL

Dad...

He raises the rifle again, takes a bead on Cal, pulls the
trigger.

The round blows the top of Cal's head off. Grey cerebral
tissue geysers upwards, sprays fragmented pieces of Cal onto
Trish. Cal falls as a marionette with it's strings cut.

Lightning, thunder claps at the same time outside.

An arterial pulse jettisons Cal's life blood from inside of
the "V" shape gash between his eyes.

FRANK

Yes! Hell yeah. Fucken fix that,
will ya son?

Trish, tears streaming down her face, struggling to free
herself, blows snot through here nose in blind panic.

Frank wheels himself up to her.

FRANK

Can't breath?

Frank pops open a pocket knife.

FRANK

Let me help.

Frank slits her cheek wide open with his knife. As she
heaves for air, the gash reveals her teeth.

FRANK(CONT)

Better? Okay, now the rest of the
story. Lee went down, and I walked
away. Did you hear what I said? I
fucking walked away. No history

(MORE)

FRANK(CONT) (cont'd)
books, no news footage, not even a
single fucking photo. I was reduced
to a theory. My legacy, as
condemned as this old house.

Frank leans in close to Trish.

FRANK(CONT)
My hit was perfect. Oh, I want that
moment, that heartbeat back. I want
it to be forever. If there's a
heaven, a hell or a dump site in
between, I want it to be on that
day, with the smell of gunpowder.
The day I changed history. The day
I changed the world. You hear me
you fucking bitch?

Frank puts the stock of the rifle on the floor, places the
barrel under his chin, grins a gaping horrible smile, winks
at Trish, then pulls the trigger.

The gun goes off, the wall that shows the Zapruder video
splatters with blood.

Trish shakes violently, stares at Cal on the floor, Frank in
his chair, then the video. Tears stream down her cheeks.

The wind slows a bit. Lightning strikes, seconds later a
distant roll of much softer thunder.

The blood flows down Frank's arm, drips from his fingers
onto a newspaper on the floor who's headlines read "OSWALD
ACTED ALONE".

FADE OUT: