

"Deep"

by

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BLACK SCREEN

Silence.

Creaking wood. A sudden wheeze. A pained cough.

A voice awakens. Dazed and hurt, confined and disoriented.

Somewhere in the darkness.

ROCCO

Hello... ?

He breathes faster. His voice clears, fills with horror.

ROCCO

No. Oh no, no, no.

Pounds against wood. Slowly at first.

Then faster and faster.

ROCCO

Oh please, God, no. Please!

A long, shrill scream. It stretches on and on, rising in intensity to an almost inhuman level.

It finally stops. Becomes hoarse, defeated.

ROCCO

I'm so sorry...

The pounding slows.

ROCCO

Please forgive me.

No response.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens, darkness sliced away by faint light.

ROCCO (20's), his face long and tired, trudges inside.

He kneels beside the bed, looks upon ISABEL (7). She lay sprawled across the bed, blankets kicked aside.

His fatigue melts away.

ROCCO
Hey, pumpkin.

Isabel rolls over toward him. He smiles.

ROCCO
How was your day?

She snores loudly, still asleep.

Rocco's smile fades. He brushes the hair from her face. Goes to speak again but hesitates.

He stands. Leaves the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

NICOLE (20's) sits on the bed.

Footsteps approach. She wipes her tears away, hides them.

Rocco stands at the doorway.

ROCCO
Can't sleep?

She ignores him.

He enters the room, reaches behind his back and pulls out a pistol. He unloads it and sets it on a dresser.

ROCCO
This is it, you know. They have
enough to make their arrests.

He opens his shirt. A small microphone taped to his chest.

Nicole sighs, shakes her head slowly.

ROCCO
And this time it's the truth. I
promise this'll all be over by the
end of the week.

He peels the mic from his skin.

ROCCO
Keep ignoring me like this and I
might start to enjoy it.

He forces a laugh.

Nicole lies down. She hits the light switch.

The room plunges into black.

ROCCO
Please talk to me.

She starts to cry.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rocco sits alone at the wheel. The car idles.

He bows his head, finishes a prayer. His hands tremble.

ROCCO
A few more days.

A slow, deep breath. He stares himself in the mirror.

ROCCO
No problem.

He turns off the engine and climbs out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The bad part of town.

GENO (30's) stuffs a bodybag into the trunk of a car.

Rocco approaches, watches.

ROCCO
Who'd that guy piss off?

Geno closes the trunk. He stares at Rocco.

ROCCO
Right. Let's make sure he gets a
proper burial, then.

A window rolls down. SAUL (60's) sits inside.

He opens the door for Rocco.

INT. CAR - DAY

Geno at the driver seat.

ROCCO
(to Saul)
Didn't expect to see you here.

Saul examines Rocco from head to toe.

ROCCO
Don't usually come out for these
jobs.

No response.

ROCCO
So who's the VIP in the trunk,
then?

Geno bursts into laughter. He struggles to stop.

Rocco stares dumbly.

ROCCO
That wasn't supposed to be a joke.

The car steers sharply off road.

Rocco shifts in his seat. His eyes dart past the windows.

Saul smiles at his growing anxiety.

ROCCO
Someone going to explain?

Saul raises a finger to his lips. *Shh.*

The smile turns sinister.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The middle of nowhere.

ROCCO
Whatever it is you're thinking,
it's not. I swear, it's not.

He carries the bodybag. Faint grunts from inside as it
writhes over his shoulder.

Geno follows behind, a gun trained on his back.

They come to a small clearing.

Geno pulls the trigger. A bullet smashes into Rocco's knee,
sends him to the ground. He screams in agony.

The bag falls from his shoulder.

ROCCO
Wait, please! I can explain,
please!

Saul unzips the bag. It kicks wildly in panic. He laughs.

Rocco slowly turns. His eyes go wide when he sees Nicole and Isabel inside, tied up and gagged.

ROCCO
Oh, God, please. Not them. Not like
this. Please.

Isabel screams and cries, all muffled.

Nicole remains silent, her face resigned and quiet.

ROCCO
You sick fucks.

He tries to stand, but moans in pain and collapses. Geno rips open his shirt and quickly grabs the mic.

Saul clenches his teeth. A nod to Geno and he walks away.

ROCCO
(to Isabel)
Pumpkin, look at daddy. This will
all be over soon, I promise.

Nicole breaks. Her body quivers with silenced sobs.

Geno grabs a shovel and points with a smile toward...

Three open graves. Two large and one small.

ROCCO
No...

Rocco's face drops to pale, he looks to Nicole. Desperate.

Their eyes finally meet.

ROCCO
Please talk to me.

The shovel slams down on Rocco's skull.

No response.

CUT TO BLACK