

SOMETHING AWFUL

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VICKY (40s), hair a mess, dressed in sweats. Her cell phone pressed to her ear. She sits nervously on the couch with a bottle of GIN beside her.

VICKY
Shit! C'mon baby pick up.

MAX (7), slumbers in wearing his superman pajamas, holding his favorite toy laser gun.

MAX
Is that Megan?

VICKY
No, sweetie. Go back to bed.

MAX
Where is she?

VICKY
Go to bed, you got school tomorrow.

MAX
Is Josh with her?

VICKY
Your brother's upstairs. Megan will be home soon. Now back to bed.

Max begrudgingly heads down the hall, back to his room.

MEGAN'S voice mail can be heard through Vicky's phone.

MEGANS VOICE MAIL
Not here, you know what to do.

Vicky ends the call.

She dials 911.

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR cruises down a residential street.

The driver, PETE ROBERTS (40s), clean cut, shaved, cigarette dangling from his lip, rummages by his side for a lighter.

(CONTINUED)

His partner, FERNANDO CRUZ, (20s) heavy set, hands Pete a lighter, then turns his head back toward the window.

ROBERTS

Thanks.

Roberts lights one up.

ROBERTS(CONT)

So...how you holding up?

CRUZ

I'm good.

ROBERTS

You sure? You been quiet all night.

CRUZ

I'm cool.

ROBERTS

You don't look cool, you look nervous. Like I might have to worry about you.

CRUZ

You don't, I said I can handle it.

ROBERTS

You better, I'd hate to lose a partner cause he couldn't keep his fucking mouth shut.

Cruz stares back out the window.

CRUZ

Yeah, I gotchu'.

Roberts stares at Cruz.

INT. VICKY'S HOME/ JOSH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A clock on the walls reads 2:25 a.m.

JOSH,(17) his eyes watery, overcome with emotion, raises up a 38 revolver.

He puts the barrel in his mouth.

JOSH

C'mon. Cmon...Ahhhh

(CONTINUED)

SOUNDS of a CAR pulling in his driveway, causes Josh to lower the gun.

He takes a peek out his window, see's TWO UNIFORM OFFICERS walking to his front door.

JOSH
What the fuck?

Josh quickly stashes the gun in a shoe box, then slides it under his bed.

The doorbell RINGS.

INT. VICKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Josh creeps his way to the staircase to check the situation.

Standing there is Officer Roberts and his partner Cruz.

ROBERTS
Okay, so how long has she been missing?

VICKY
She was suppose to be home at eleven.

ROBERTS
Ma'am, now you do realize it takes twenty four hours for a person to be declared missing?

VICKY
I know, but something feels wrong. I just know it.

ROBERTS
How do you know?

VICKY
She always calls, always.

CRUZ
Does she have a boyfriend maybe? Someone she might have spent the night with?

VICKY
No, she would have told me.

Josh makes his way down the stairs.

JOSH
What's going on?

VICKY
Your sister hasn't come home.

JOSH
You called the police ma? She's probably out with her friends or something.

VICKY
She hasn't called. You know your sister, she always calls.

JOSH
Yeah I know, she's the responsible one.

VICKY
Not now Josh, not now.

ROBERTS
When was the last time you seen your sister?

JOSH
I don't know...this afternoon I guess.

ROBERTS
Was she with anyone?

JOSH
No, I seen her here, at home.

ROBERTS
You know anybody she might be with at this time... a friend, school mate?

JOSH
She don't tell me shit.

VICKY
JOSH!

JOSH
I mean, She doesn't tell me *anything*, okay.

He pulls out a cigarette from his pack.

VICKY

What are you doing?

JOSH

Lighten up a cigarette. What does it look like?

VICKY

Since when do you smoke?

JOSH

For awhile now. If you'd paid any attention, you would know that.

VICKY

Really? You're gonna' pull this now? Your sister's missing.

JOSH

Missing? Really? Go to sleep mom. Or better yet, why don't you go drink yourself back to sleep. That's something you're good at it.

Josh grills the two cops before exiting the house.

VICKY

Sorry about that.

ROBERTS

It's ok. You have a picture of Megan we can see?

VICKY

Yes, of course. Let me go get that. You guys want some coffee?

CRUZ

I'm good.

ROBERTS

I'll take a cup.

VICKY

Two sugars, milk?

ROBERTS

Yeah, that's fine.

EXT. VICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Josh stands on his porch and lights up his cigarette. Takes a long drag and exhales.

He glares at the patrol car. Notices the driver door slightly ajar.

He smiles.

INT: VICKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Vicky walks toward the two officers with a cup of coffee in one hand, and a picture of Megan in the other.

VICKY

Here you go.

ROBERTS

Thank you.

CRUZ

Your son Josh, he uh..

VICKY

He's really a good kid, believe me.

CRUZ

Is he on any medication?

VICKY

He does take some medication, but he's...he's been getting better.

Roberts takes the cup of coffee and the picture of Megan.

EXT: VICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Josh checks his surroundings, then slips into the driver seat of the patrol car.

He inspects the inside.

Pushes buttons, opens the glove box, nothing inside. His eyes spot the latch for the trunk door. Looks down at it for a second, contemplates, then pulls it up.

The trunk door POPS open.

Excited, he steps out the car.

He reaches the trunk and immediately comes to a halt.

INT: VICKY'S HOME NIGHT

The cup of coffee slips from Officer Roberts grip and shatters on the floor.

EXT: VICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frozen in horror, the cigarette slips from Josh's fingers and hits the driveway pavement.

Inside the trunk lays a lifeless Megan. Beaten, bruised, her skirt half ripped, with her hands cuffed behind her. Her dead eyes open, fixed straight ahead.

Josh breathes heavily. He goes from feeling terrified, to furious, within seconds.

He scowls back at the house.

INT. VICKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Vicky is bent over picking up pieces of broken porcelain.

VICKY

Sorry again about the coffee being so hot. I didn't think I made it that -

Josh busts through the door and heads straight upstairs.

VICKY

Josh...Josh

INT - JOSH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Josh slides the shoe box from underneath his bed.

He takes out the gun. Lays it down beside his cellphone on the his bed.

INT. VICKY'S HOME - NIGHT

Vicky rest her coffee mug on a nearby end table.

ROBERTS

Look, we'll keep an eye out. But like I said. Wait a full twenty four hours before officially filing a missing persons report. If she

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS (cont'd)
doesn't show up by tomorrow, then
come down to the precinct.

VICKY
Thank you officers. This really
means a lot. I'm just -

Vicky's eyes widen.

She see's Josh at the top of the staircase. Gun raised,
aiming at the two officers.

VICKY
Josh, NO!

Both Officers spin around and draw their weapons.

ROBERTS
Put it down!

CRUZ
Drop the gun!

The gun shakes in Josh's hand.

VICKY
Josh...put down the gun baby,
please.

ROBERTS
We just came here to help kid.

JOSH
Like you helped my sister?

VICKY
Josh, your not well.

JOSH
I'm not crazy Ma! I swear to god
I'm not crazy. Go check their
trunk, you'll see. You'll see what
they did.

VICKY
See what?

With his gun still trained at Josh, Roberts takes a quick
peek out the window.

He can see his trunk door popped open.

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ROBERTS

That little fuck popped the trunk.

CRUZ

Shit, what are we doing Pete?

ROBERTS

Fuck it. We kill em both. Murder suicide, blame it on the kid. We'll dump the body back in the house. Saves us the work of digging a ditch tonight. Go get the body.

VICKY

Wait..what?

Roberts fires a bullet into Vicky's abdomen. She holds her stomach and falls over.

JOSH

No!

Josh returns fire.

A round catches officer Cruz in the neck. He drops and hits the floor.

Officer Roberts returns fire. He hits Josh in the chest two times.

ROBERTS

What the fuck.

He reaches Josh, blood spewing out of his mouth. Takes his gun, then heads down to Officer Cruz.

Cruz is bleeding profusely out his neck. He applies pressure to it, using his hand to cover the wound.

Officer Roberts leans over, looks down at Cruz. He takes his hands away from his neck. Cruz struggles as Roberts holds his arm down.

The blood flows out Cruz's neck.

ROBERTS(CONT)

It's better this way. You were always gonna' be a liability.

Cruz's eyes roll back as he slips away.

Officer Roberts stands upright and heads for Josh, who's severely wounded, sprawled out on the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS(CONT)

Look what you did here Josh. What a mess you made. I'll tell ya' the truth, that little cunt of a sister wasn't worth all this trouble.

Josh's expression turns Murderous.

ROBERTS(CONT)

She wasn't even a good fuck.

Vicky moans on the floor.

ROBERTS(CONT)

(toward Josh)

One second.

Roberts uses Josh's gun and fires a shot at the back of Vicky's head. Her head drops, killing her instantly.

He grabs Josh by the ankles. Drags him down the stairs. His head BANGS off each step.

Roberts points the gun at Josh.

Josh laughs.

ROBERTS(CONT)

What are you laughing at? What the fuck are you laughing at?

Josh reaches in his pocket, pulls out his cell phone. The screen shows an outgoing call to 911. The line is still open.

Roberts grabs the phone, ends the call, and throws it across the floor.

JOSH

You're fucked.

Roberts presses the gun to Josh's temple.

BANG!

A bullet rips through the side of Josh's head.

Roberts races out the front door.

EXT: VICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roberts runs straight to the trunk. Throws Megan on his shoulder, then heads back to the house.

The door slams SHUT in front of him.

He hears the sound of the lock CLICK over.

Max stands on the inside, visible through a small window beside the door.

Roberts stands outside exposed, in clear view with the body.

He bangs furiously at the door.

He see's Max.

ROBERTS

Kid open this door. It's the police.

Max remains still.

ROBERTS

Open this door. I got your sister here. She's hurt, she needs your help. But you gotta' open this door.

Max slowly backs away from the door.

ROBERTS

Where you going you little shit. Open this fuckin' door!

Max takes off to his room.

INT: MAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max locks his door behind him, grabs his toy laser gun and runs to the back of his closet.

Sirens WAILING, emergency lights flash through Max's bedroom windows.

Squad cars SCREECH to a stop.

ROBERTS(O.S)

Officer has been shot! Suspect is down! I got a victim here. She's hurt.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER(O.S)
Put her down and show me your
hands.

ROBERTS(O.S)
Sure...see.

OFFICER(O.S)
Now show me your hands. Show me
your hands! Now!

ROBERTS(O.S)
I'm a cop. I'm one of you.

OFFICER (O.S)
Get your hands away from your side.
AWAY FROM YOUR SIDE!

A barrage of bullets POP like firecrackers.

Max covers his ears.

The front door gets kicked in.

Sounds of POLICE RADIOS can be heard throughout the house.

OFFICER (O.S)
Jesus Christ.

OFFICER #2 (O.S)
Check the other rooms. Their might
be somebody else here.

OFFICER (O.S)
We gotta' locked door from the
inside.

OFFICER #2 (O.S)
Kick it in.

The door BUSTS open.

A NERVOUS OFFICER with his GLOCK raised, searches the room.

A frightened Max, trembles in the corner with his laser gun
aimed straight ahead.

The officer slides open the closet door.

Max fires his laser gun.

A bright FLASH.

BANG!

FADE OUT: