**SMILE** Screenplay by Gregory Kerrick

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EXT. BRAD'S HOME - STREET - NIGHT

CU - CIGARETTE

Smoke sizzles from the end of a cigarette wedged between two shaky fingers.

BACK TO SCENE

SID, early 40s, well-built man in a fresh black suit, stands underneath the glow of an overhead streetlight. Despite the cool and collected look on his face, his eyes emphasize panic and anxiety as he stares at the asphalt under his feet. He takes a heavy drag and inevitably looks across the street. His eyes fill with dread and his expression turns grim --

The full moon provides minor light on an extravagant twostory home, ominously drenched in a dense midnight fog.

His cell phone BEEPS -- Startled half to death, he rummages through his pocket and snaps the phone open to find a new TEXT MESSAGE: "From Trish: :-)".

He stuffs the phone back into his pocket, takes a final drag and drops the bud on the sidewalk. He CRUSHES the cigarette with the bottom of his foot and releases an exasperated SIGH before reluctantly approaching the house.

INT. BRAD'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

BRAD, sweaty and exhausted, middle-aged man, wearing an undone blue dress shirt and black suit, sits calmly at a small round dining table. His transfixed eyes are set on a dimly lit candle settled at the table's center. A 9MM BERETTA lies next to the tiny flame.

The candlelight accompanied by the faint moonlight spilling through the window vaguely illuminates family photos and artwork hanging from the blood red walls that surround Brad's luxurious home.

He glances at his expensive wristwatch: 11:15 PM.

He impatiently SIGHS and eyes a particular photograph on the wall.

CU - PICTURE

A framed photo of him and his wife playing at a local park with their five-year-old son. Happiness can't begin to describe the way they look together.

BACK TO SCENE

There's a sudden KNOCK at the front door -- Brad instinctively takes a hold of the Beretta.

BRAD Sid, is that you?

SID (0.S.) Who the fuck do you think it is?

Brad places the pistol on his lap, hiding it beneath the excess table cloth draping off the sides. His right hand continues to grasp the gun's grip. His left hand lies on the table's flat, smooth surface.

He uneasily SIGHS.

BRAD Twist and push. You can handle it.

The gold-plated knob spins. The front door CREAKS open --

Sid enters. He SHUTS the front door behind him, walking no further than the naked coat rack.

SID Thanks for the instructions, asshole.

Brad does not respond but only intently studies Sid's stoic eyes. Silence sets in until --

Sid takes a step toward the table -- Brad's right arm jerks.

Sid immediately halts and glances at the hidden arm. Time stops.

A condescending smile spreads across Sid's face.

SID (CONT'D) Did I come at a bad time?

Brad slightly eases up but still says nothing. After an uncomfortable pause, he kicks the chair in front of him from underneath the table.

BRAD

Sit down.

Sid approaches. He takes a second glance at Brad's hidden right arm before cautiously taking a seat.

BRAD (CONT'D) You look like a virgin on prom night. Why so uptight?

Sid grins.

SID Why? Cause between the candlelight and the way you've been looking at me since I walked in, I'm still half-expecting you to hop over the table and fuck me.

Brad LAUGHS. Sid CHUCKLES.

BRAD The candle calms me.

Sid's smirk vanishes.

SID Does the pistol on your lap do the same?

Brad's smile fades. His grip tightens on the gun -- Sid tenses. His hands clench the ends of the chair's armrest.

SID (CONT'D) Brad, I'm your best friend.

BRAD Money can be persuasive.

SID Go fuck yourself.

BRAD If I can still trust you. Prove it.

SID And how am I going to pull that off? I'm anxious to hear more smartass instructions.

Brad raises the gun from his lap. He props his elbow on the table and steadies his aim on the center of Sid's forehead. Their eyes remain frozen on each other. The gun starts to jitter.

CLICK. Brad releases the clip onto the table. Sid remains calm as the gun remains trained on him.

The eerie silence of the house begins to set in -- Brad suddenly SLAMS the unloaded gun down beside the clip.

Sid does not even flinch.

BRAD Now, your turn.

SID I'm having a tough time catching on.

BRAD The pistol in your left jacket pocket, smartass.

Sid grins. He reveals a .50 DESERT EAGLE from his left jacket pocket. He takes a hold of the gun, centering on Brad's head. The gun is steady. Sid's hand does not falter for a second.

CLICK. Sid squeezes the trigger -- The safety is on.

Brad nearly shits his pants.

Sid grins. There's a sense of superiority in his eyes.

Brad is not amused -- Sid releases the loaded clip and gently lays the hand cannon across from Brad's Beretta.

SID Ready to talk now?

## BRAD

No.

Brad picks up the candle --

SID There goes the romantic vibe.

-- and shoves the guns off the table.

Sid, stunned, watches the guns crash on the white marble floor. He glares at Brad.

SID (CONT'D) That's my favorite fucking gun.

BRAD

I know.

Brad carefully places the candle back on the table.

BRAD (CONT'D) So, how's your old lady?

SID She's at home. Waiting for my call. And you?

Brad hesitates.

BRAD Trish is hiding with Gabriel.

SID Why aren't you with them?

BRAD Loose ends need to be tied.

SID

You put a bullet through his son's skull. You know better than I do that the ends are too loose to be tied.

Brad SIGHS in frustration.

BRAD There's more to that story, Sid.

SID Did you pull the trigger?

BRAD It isn't that simple.

SID Yes or no?

Brad intensely stares. He knows the answer to that question.

SID (CONT'D) It doesn't get any simpler.

BRAD

Listen --

Sid raises his hand --

SID Don't waste your breath. Put yourself in the boss's shoes. You killed his one and only.

Sid leans forward.

SID (CONT'D) Would you honestly give a rat's ass if Gabriel accidentally had his brains splattered on the curb? Brad nearly jumps out of the chair. BRAD My son has nothing to do with this shit. Sid casually leans back. STD You're wrong. Brad squints. SID (CONT'D) Eye for an eye. You're son is a part of this shit now. Brad's skin goes pale. SID (CONT'D) The boss is giving you two options. One, you give Gabriel to him, no questions asked. You pack your shit, leave and never come back. Or two, he kills you. He'll keep your wife and kid like they were prizes. Brad SIGHS, burying his face into the palms of his hands. BRAD I can't just leave my family like that, Sid. SID Brad, don't be a fucking idiot. You have a ticket out of this, take it. Brad starts to lose his nerve --BRAD A deal went sour. It was pitchblack. I-I couldn't see a damn thing.

Brad's eyes tear up.

BRAD (CONT'D) I swear on my family's life, I didn't know it was him. Why can't they fucking understand that?

SID

Why can't you fucking understand that? They understand that you killed the boss's only son. Sorry hasn't been able to fix a goddamn thing since we were in third fucking grade, Brad! You've been in this business as long as I have and we both know that there are no accidents.

Brad SLAMS his fist on the table and lowers his head -- Sid stays calm and quiet.

After a moment, Brad scans through the wall of family photos. A specific picture catches his eye.

CU - PICTURE

Brad and Sid sit at a local pub, arguing at a table over a couple of beers.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad smiles to himself.

SID (CONT'D)

What?

BRAD You're the only person I've ever been able to turn my back on without having to break a sweat.

Brad turns to Sid, his eyes emphasize helplessness.

BRAD (CONT'D) You're the closest thing to a brother that I have and I need your help now more than I ever have.

Brad leans forward -- Sid subtly backs away.

BRAD (CONT'D) I want to live. I want to fix this. I want to go fishing at the docks with our kids when were old and gray. I want to watch my kid grow up with my wife. Sid tenses.

BRAD (CONT'D) Sid, please tell me what to do.

Sid's lip quivers.

SID

Smile.

Brad's expression becomes grim -- A red laser beams on the side of his head.

THUD! Brad kicks off the floor, tipping the chair -- BANG! A bullet blows through the window, barely missing Brad's skull - CRASH! The steel chair SLAMS onto the hard floor.

Brad rolls to the other side of the room and races for one of the pistols -- Sid draws a revolver tucked into the back of his pants -- Brad snatches one of the guns.

Sid aims! -- BAM! A shot pierces Sid's chest. He drops the gun and leans back into the seat, stunned by the blow.

Brad grabs a clip, rushes to his feet and leans up against the wall, steering clear of the window.

SID (CONT'D) Too bad. I had a good line ready.

Brad reloads the pistol and holds it by his chest.

BRAD

I'm almost impressed. I didn't think you were smart enough to hire a sniper but I didn't think you were stupid enough to use "smile".

Sid flicks him off as he applies some pressure to his wound.

BRAD (CONT'D) Why'd you do it? Cash? Drugs?

Sid COUGHS up some blood.

SID Not my style.

BRAD Neither was the gun tucked in the back of your pants.

SID

Touché.

BRAD Spit it out, Sid.

SID Ask your wife.

BRAD What does she have to do with anything?

SID You've got a phone. Use it.

Sid's eyelids get heavy.

Brad hesitates but inevitably takes his cell phone out, speed dials "Trish" and holds it to his ear -- TRISH picks up.

TRISH (V.O.)

Brad?

Trish!

BRAD Trish, did you try to have me killed?

Only Trish's heavy BREATHS come through the receiver until --

BRAD (CONT'D)

TRISH (V.O.) Is Sid dead?

BRAD He's getting there.

TRISH (V.O.)

Plan B then.

CLICK. Trish hangs up.

BRAD

Trish?

BAM! BAM! Brad takes two shots to the gut.

Trish, a young, thin, brunette woman in a seductive black dress, stands at the kitchen doorway with a pistol aimed at Brad.

Brad stares in utter shock. His knees give out and he slowly slides against the wall. They gaze into one another's eyes.

CU - PICTURE

A framed photo of him and his wife playing at a local park with their five-year-old son. Happiness can't begin to describe the way they look together.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad's ass settles on the floor.

TRISH Just looking out for Gabriel, honey.

A devilish smile spreads across her face.

BRAD

Trish --

BAM! BAM! Trish fires two more shots into his chest. She steps towards him as Brad takes one last BREATH.

Sid sympathetically looks at Brad's corpse while Trish examines the photo-packed wall. She takes one of them down.

CU - PICTURE

A gold framed photo of Gabriel lying down on Trish's lap.

BACK TO SCENE

SID He didn't buy the choices we gave him.

She holds the photo to her side.

TRISH I didn't think he would.

BAM! BAM! BAM! She fires three rounds into Sid's chest, stomach and ribs -- Blood runs from Sid's gaping mouth.

SID Trish...?

TRISH Gabriel is in the other room right now and I can't risk our son getting kidnapped by your boss, Sid. I'm sorry.

Sid's heartbroken -- She leans in to give him kiss on the forehead. Sid MUMBLES something under his breath -- She halts.

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TRISH (CONT'D) What was that, baby?

SID

Smile.

Sid grins.

SID (CONT'D) It'll look good for an open coffin.

Trish steps away. She stands in the center of the room. A red laser beams on the side her head -- Sid's grin widens to a smile.

## TRISH You're right. It will.

The red laser travels to Sid's head.

TRISH (CONT'D) A good fuck and some cash goes a long way, baby. Forgive me.

Sid's cocky grin fades.

She turns her cheek, diverting her eyes to the wall.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Smile.

His eyes widen, his mouth droops open -- BANG! The shot throws his body off the chair. Blood splatters onto the photo-packed wall.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Mom?

His delicate voice comes from the next room. A genuine smile comes on her face from the innocence of his tone.

TRISH Coming, sweetie.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END

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