

CHOICES

By  
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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... Louissss. Didn't you tell  
me that Wayne was the kid who  
tortured you in grade school?  
Glued your phone to your desk,  
shave 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?

