

CHOICES

By
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RICK (19) six foot, athletic, stands over Wayne, baseball bat at READY. Rick looks to Louis.

RICK

You okay?

Louis stares at Wayne while trying 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.

RICK

I think you're right.

Rick stands.

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.

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.

Rick lights a cigarette.

LOUIS

No! I can't be a part of that. Besides, I told Billy Gentry we were camping out at the GROG 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 places his arm around Louis's shoulder and leads Louis in a slow walk around Wayne's body.

RICK

Lou... Louissssss. Didn't you tell me, that Wayne was the kid who tortured you in grade school?... Glued your books together, shave creamed your locker, constantly pelted you with spit balls.

LOUIS

Well, um... kind of.

Rick expectorates and then kicks a stone mid pace.

RICK

Stole your lunch and made you pay him to get it back.

LOUIS

Yeah, but...

RICK

Made you eat dirt. Held your head down in the boy's rest room toilet.

They pause, turn 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
Didn't he steal your clothes, tie
you butt naked to the flag pole...
outside of the girl's locker room?
If I'd been around then--

LOUIS
(shouting)
Enough! Enough!

Wayne suddenly sits up; drooling, eyes blinking wildly.

WAYNE
Buh, buh, buh, buh, buh--

Louis picks up the baseball bat and hits Wayne in the head as
hard as possible... WHACK!

A short period of SILENCE.

RICK
...Camping???

LOUIS
(slowly)
I'll take his legs.

Rick extinguishes his cigarette in the palm of his hand and
flicks the butt into the woods.

EXT. DEER HEAD TAVERN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT(LATER)

Rick and Louis face each other at the rear of a pick-up
truck. The tailgate is open. A hand is exposed from
underneath a tarp secured in the bed.

RICK
Ya know, six years of Little League
baseball, three years of Babe Ruth,
four Varsity baseball letters and I
never swung a bat like that. It
was dark but I do believe you
transferred Mantle's signature to
his forehead.

LOUIS
Yeah, thanks, I guess.

Rick tosses a Mickey Mantle signature Louisville Slugger into the bed of the truck as they enter the cab.

RICK (O.S.)
I'm gonna miss "The Mick". Campfire
tonight, Louis.

FADE OUT.