

Fallen Apples

By

Youlittlerotteryou

SSWT

Horror, Compressed Air Can, Trucker, Woods

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FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - BARN - DAY

The sun casts long shadows across the hay-strewn floor where KYLE, 11, has his back to us, head bowed in concentration.

BEN, 11, his identical twin brother, creeps up behind him, reels back when he sees -

Kyle with a bullfrog trapped in a plastic bag, feeding a nozzle from a compressed air can into its mouth.

KYLE
(laughing)
You gotta see this. I time it to
see how long before it explodes.

Ben gives his brother a look of disgust, walks off.

BEN
Mom's callin' us in for dinner.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Past its prime. Formica dining table and chairs. Deer-head mounted on one wall, rifle-rack on the other. A pet python uncoils itself as the bullfrog is dropped into a snake tank.

A nervous looking woman, DARLENE, 40s, spoons stew into bowls for WADE, 40s, an imposing hulk of a man, and Kyle and Ben. Wade's midway through telling an off-colour joke, laughing raucously at the punch-line, Kyle joining in.

KYLE
Dad, can we come tonight?

WADE
Nah, not tonight kiddo'. Got
important business to attend to.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DUSK

The last of the sun casts shadows over a heavy-duty box truck parked in the driveway.

Kyle runs across the lawn, Ben lags behind.

KYLE
C'mon! Help me. I can't get the
door open on my own.

BEN
I really don't think -

KYLE
Stop being a pussy.

Kyle releases the lock to the rear of the truck, hauls himself up into the cabin, reaches an arm down for Ben.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Speeding along a dark highway dotted with just a few cars.

INT. TRUCK - FRONT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Wade turns the volume up on the CD player, sings along loudly to a Bizet opera.

INT. TRUCK - REAR CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The faint sound of their father's singing echoes through the cabin. The truck suddenly veers left, horn blows, then right again, sending the boys careering into the walls. A moment of camaraderie as both boys giggle.

BEN
You know we're going to cop it,
right? Mom is going to call Dad.

The truck slows to a crawl. Kyle pokes around the cabin, delivery boxes piled high in the front, canvas sacks in the back. He spots a tool-box, pulls out a rope, duct tape, a hunting knife, and an ax.

BEN
Don't touch his stuff.

KYLE
Why?

BEN
I'm warning you. You'll be sorry.

Kyle pokes his tongue out at Ben.

LATER

Kyle and Ben are asleep, canvas bags as makeshift pillows.

The bag suddenly moves, something digs into Kyle's ribs.

KYLE

Whooh!

Kyle springs to his feet.

BEN

What?

KYLE

Something's in there!

A muffled moan emits, the bag thrashes this way and that. The boys scramble on all fours to the back of the truck.

BEN

What the hell is that!

KYLE

I think it's more who, not what.
Gimme the knife.

BEN

Why? What are you going to do?

KYLE

Gonna' open it, aren't I?

Kyle creeps over to the bag, cuts away the top to reveal - A young woman, MARION, 20s, gagged and bound, blood streaming from a nasty gash to her head. Tears run down her face.

KYLE

Wow!

BEN

Wow? That's all you can say?

KYLE

(laughs)

Looks like Dad picked up a wild buck.

BEN

Dad couldn't have done this.

KYLE

How else do you explain it?

Marion whimpers and moans, shakes her head violently.

BEN
I'm going to untie her.

KYLE
No! You can't.

BEN
If Dad did do this -

KYLE
- Whaddya' think he'll do to us if
we let her go? You want him to go
to jail?

Ben is beside himself, pacing up and down, crying.

BEN
Yes. No. I mean, I don't know!

INT. TRUCK - FRONT CABIN

Wade, in a rage, slams the end-call button on his cell phone. Gears grind as the truck slows, he takes an exit ramp, makes a turn. The truck shudders and bumps over pot-holes. Pulls into a clearing comes to a stop at -

A WOODED AREA

Dark and isolated, thick dense brush, towering trees.

Steel-capped boots stomp to the back of the truck. Wade dragging something heavy alongside him.

The back doors fly open. Marion charges through the opening, wild eyes, screaming, she hurls herself onto the ground. Makes it a few feet, before Wade slams her over the head, beating her over and over, blood flying -

Ben jumps from the cabin leaping onto his father's back, clawing at his face, but it's no contest. Wade throws him off like a rag-doll, face-first into the dirt.

He whirls around to see Kyle standing there, dumbstruck.

WADE
You want some, too?

KYLE
No, sir.

WADE

Trouble with you kids today... When I tell you to do something you should do it, goddammit.

KYLE

Ben untied her. Not me. He was gonna' call the cops too.

WADE

That right, son?

BEN

No, Dad.

Kyle pulls the ax from behind his back.

KYLE

We should kill him, Dad. He's got a big mouth. Get rid of her and him.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Stop right there, the both of you.

Darlene stands by the truck, aiming a rifle.

DARLENE

I been onto you, Wade. Thought maybe I was wrong.

(to Kyle)

Seems the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

DARLENE

(over her shoulder)

Ben, get on over here.

Ben scuttles to her side.

WADE

Oh, come on now, love, I can...

Wade slowly walks towards her, keeps coming -

A blast rings out, and another. Wade and Kyle lie dead on the ground, blood pooling around them. Darlene turns to Ben.

DARLENE

Your daddy never could tell you two apart. But I always could.

FADE OUT.