

REPRISAL

Written by

Mr. Kusturica

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

WILLIAM RICKS (37) sits on his ratty couch in a daze. His long, greasy hair hangs over his bearded face.

He raises a gun he is holding to his head.

As he cocks the hammer, his dazed look turns to anger.

He stands up, pockets the gun and leaves.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A much cleaner William sits across from DAN (32), a cribbage board between them.

DAN

Turn down a Bauer, lose for an hour.

WILLIAM

Yeah, yeah. I got to try something different to get my money back.

DAN

Speaking of money, you up for a gig?

William sets his cards down.

WILLIAM

Depending.

Dan leans back, relaxing.

DAN

It's nothing. Mr. Kusturica needs someone for a day's work.

William is visibly surprised.

WILLIAM

Mr. Kusturica? That's huge.

DAN

So, don't blow it.

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

There is a loud knocking on the door. Dan groggily gets off the couch.

DAN

I don't wake up before noon!

Dan looks out his peephole, sighs and opens the door. William, greasy hair covering his face, steps in.

DAN (CONT'D)

You know what time it is?

William closes the door and points the gun at him.

DAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, Will! What the fuck?

WILLIAM

Sit down, Dan.

Seeing how serious William is, Dan sits down.

DAN

Look dude, I'm sorry if the gig wasn't for you. It paid well...

William pulls back the hammer.

DAN (CONT'D)

You get used to it!

William approaches Dan and puts the gun into Dan's mouth.

WILLIAM

Fuck you.

William slowly slides a knife into Dan's heart.

INT. MR. KUSTURICA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Looking like a stereotypical gangster, MR. KUSTURICA sits across a table from a nicely dressed William. Kusturica's associate, LANCE, stands silently in the corner.

MR. KUSTURICA

Dan speaks very highly of you. Says you can be trusted.

WILLIAM

Yes sir, Mr. Kusturica.

MR. KUSTURICA

Good. Good.

LANCE

You do this thing for us, and we know we can trust you. You ain't squeamish?

WILLIAM

No... not at all.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - MORNING

A younger, much more clean cut William sits across a desk from CHIEF SHEEN.

CHIEF SHEEN

I'm sure you've figured out why I've called you in here, William.

WILLIAM

(smiling)

I have an idea.

Chief Sheen leans towards William, sharing his enthusiasm.

CHIEF SHEEN

There aren't many like you. There sre a few of you, but most of these guys want to be cops because of the power. You want to do good.

WILLIAM

Yes, sir.

Chief Sheen leans back, frowning a bit.

CHIEF SHEEN

And you know, if we give you this assignment you've requested, you will have to do things. To get Kusturica to trust you.

William nods seriously at Chief Sheen.

WILLIAM

I am more than willing to do that.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Will is lead into the living room by Lance. Small children are unenthusiastically playing with toys on the floor. A female CLOWN deals with any that are causing problems.

LANCE
(to William)
All you need to do is run that. And
don't shut it off.

William sees a video camera on a tripod.

WILLIAM
(nervously)
Is this a birthday party?

LANCE
I'm sure it's someone's birthday
somewhere.

Lance throws William a balaclava.

LANCE (CONT'D)
And wear this.

INT. DETECTIVE DYKSTRA'S OFFICE - DAY

DETECTIVE DYKSTRA and DETECTIVE SHEPPARD look angrily at the
computer on the desk. Though the screen isn't visible,
industrial music and children screaming can be heard.

DETECTIVE SHEPPARD
I'll fucking kill them.

Dykstra turns to Sheppard with a piercing look.

DETECTIVE DYKSTRA
Do you mean that?

But Sheppard is distracted.

DETECTIVE SHEPPARD
Stop the video.

Dykstra quickly stops it.

DETECTIVE SHEPPARD (CONT'D)
Does this thing zoom in?

Zooming in on the video, a mirror on the wall clearly shows
WILLIAM, standing by a camera, looking pale.

DETECTIVE DYKSTRA
I know that fucker. He hangs out
with that drug dealer.... Dan
something...

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

A CLOSE UP on William's face. He takes his eye off the camera's eyepiece and tears off the balaclava. He is horrified.

Industrial music blares, but it is not loud enough to cover the children's screams and cries. A MAN in S&M gear walks past William towards the front of the camera.

MAN (O.S.)
(muffled)
I'll start with that one.

The children shriek.

William takes a step forward but a hand on his chest stops him.

Lance, still wearing a balaclava, shows William the gun he's holding.

LANCE
Keep filming.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

William, looking stoic, watches Kusturica and his entourage enter the Vaticano Restaurant. He picks up his gun. He pauses, picks up his cell phone and dials. It goes to an answering service.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
I'm sorry.
(pause)
I've seen some stuff I don't think
I'll be able to live with. And I
let it happen.
(seriously)
And now I have to do this. Rather
than get shot then and there, I'll
die here. And I'll take Kusturica
and whoever else with me. They
can't be allowed...

There is a knocking on the driver's side window.

William looks to see Detective Dykstra smiling at him.

He points his gun directly at William and pulls the trigger. The window explodes, as does William's face. A couple more shots make sure he's dead.

INT. RICK'S FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY

A child, WILLIAM (11) wears a police uniform as he chases his brother BEN (6) around the room.

Ben fires at William a couple times with his Nerf gun but William jumps for cover. As Ben waits for him to come out from hiding, William has snuck behind him and puts his Nerf gun to the back of Ben's head.

WILLIAM

Hands up crook! You're going to jail.

BEN

You'll never take me alive, Will!

Ben begins to run away, and William aims his Nerf gun at his brother's back. He does not fire. He holsters his gun and smiles.

WILLIAM

C'mon Ben. Let's play something else.

INT. VATICANO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kusturica's entourage draw their weapons when they hear the gunfire outside. One of them, JOHNNY, goes and checks outside. After a moment he returns.

JOHNNY

(to Kusturica)

Just some low lifes shooting each other.

Kusturica angrily throws down his napkin.

MR. KUSTURICA

My meal's ruined. Let's go.

JOHNNY

Yes sir. Thank God you're safe.

MR. KUSTURICA

Shut the fuck up and get the car.

FADE TO BLACK.