

REVOLVER 13

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The scene of a shooting range as the camera slowly passes in front of individuals firing different types of guns at camera lens as the narrator states some facts about guns.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No one knows exactly but some estimates show that there are as many guns, over 300 million, in the United States as there are people, and more than twice as many as there were 50 years ago.

Only 40% of Americans own a firearm and that number is declining. But the number of firearms sold is increasing. The year 2016 set an all time record of over 25,000,000 guns sold.

Guns have taken a toll on human life, roughly 33,000 people are killed by guns each year and about 270 people in the United States are shot each day.

The Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms Agency, the ATF, estimates that about 6 million guns are manufactured in our country every year and that doesn't include the millions that are imported.

In the story you are about to see, all names, characters and incidents portrayed in this production are fictitious.

Also, this production is not a statement on the benefits or the negative effects on society of guns in general because depending on the intent of the user, the gun can be the object of a personal challenge like target shooting and hunting, a tool to defend ones life, a basic right as stated in our constitution or an instrument of murder or accidental destruction.

The main character here is not the gun owner but one gun and one gun only in a sea of millions of guns. Remember, this is only a story and not based on actual events (beat...) or is it?

3 INT. SMALL CORNER GROCERY STORE - DAYLIGHT

3

NARRATOR (V.O.)

One day years ago two young boys on a hot summer day run into the Third Street Market as the screen door slams behind them.

BILLY(12)

Shhh.. You want to get us kicked out of here? Don't slam the door Sam.

SAM(12)

What do I care if I make a little noise. I know what I'm a wantin'.

Sam dashes off to the candy section while Billy grabs an apple and an orange drink and goes up to the check out.

OLD MAN CLERK

Hello there young man. Aren't you the Henderson boy?

BILLY

Yes sir! I'm Billy.

OLD MAN CLERK

I like your Dad. Tell him I'm ready to play him in golf if he ever has any time off.

BILLY

Will do, sir. He always tells people that he's not old enough for golf yet.

OLD MAN CLERK

(laughs...) That's 58 cents.

BILLY

Here you go, sir.

With that Billy goes out the door and sits on the bench outside to open his drink. But before he gets the top off his drink Sam comes running out as fast as he can run.

4 EXT. STORE BENCH - DAYLIGHT

4

SAM

Come on, Billy.... Run for it!

Sam takes off running up the street dropping a candy bar and a bag of peanuts.

Right behind Sam was the clerk but as the old clerk took three steps out the door and he suddenly realized he would never catch the much younger boy.

OLD MAN CLERK

That boy your friend?

BILLY

Yes sir.

OLD MAN CLERK

That boy has done that to me before! Who are his parents? I'm gonna call them to pay for the items he stole.

BILLY

Sir he doesn't have any parents - he lives with is Grandma. How much does he owe you? I've got \$2 - will that do?

OLD MAN CLERK

That's nice of you to want to pay for him but he needs to learn to pay his own way. Just do me a favor, tell him I'll forget this if he comes back in the next couple days and pays me. Will you do that for me?

BILLY

Yes sir!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy and Sam never went back to the Third Street Market again. Years later the boys are studying for final high school tests into the late evening as Billy's phone rings.

5 INT. BILLY'S HOME - EVENING

5

BILLY'S MOM

Hello, I'll get him.

She puts down the phone and hollers up the stairs.

BILLY'S MOM(CONT'D)

Phone Billy, but don't be long you've gotta study for tomorrow's test don't you?

BILLY(18)

I won't be long... Hello?

SAM(18)

Hey, Billy guess what I've got for us? (beat...) Give up? I've got the answers for tomorrow's English test. I'm selling them for a dollar

(MORE)

SAM(18) (cont'd)
 a copy but since you're my best
 friend - no charge, buddy.

BILLY
 No Sam! I don't want the answers.
 I'll do just fine on my own, OK?

SAM
 Suit yourself. Gotta go, I've got
 10 more to sell.

Billy hangs up, shakes his head and heads back upstairs to
 study.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 They were best of friends but as
 different as night and day. Billy
 took a job in construction,
 building houses. He was the gopher
 - go for this and go for that.
 Sam, however, was in and out of
 different jobs and in and out of
 trouble along the way.

6 INT. "MUSTANG BAR" - EVENING

6

Billy enters a local bar where the two would meet
 occasionally and looks around for someone he knows. Billy
 spots Sam in the back near the pool tables waiting for a
 game. Billy gets a beer at the bar and walks back to see
 Sam.

SAM (21)
 Hey, Billy over here!

BILLY (21)
 What's happening?

SAM
 Nothin' much. I got a job. It ain't
 much but it's cleaning out the
 motor home warehouse at night for
 the morning crew.

BILLY
 You still dating Carol?

SAM
 No man, she got pregnant, didn't
 you hear? Her Mom won't let me come
 close to her.

BILLY
 Damn Sam... You need to slow the
 hell down, man. That's two now.

SAM

Well, at least I'm gettin' some, haha. You and Karen are gettin' serious I hear.

BILLY

Yep, gettin' married in a few months. Hey, I'm happy and she's happy. And don't say anything but we're pregnant. Shhhh!

SAM

Way to go, Billy. I guess I'm just not the marryin' kind.

7 INT. WEDDING RECEPTION ELKS LODGE - AFTERNOON

7

ONE OF THE ATTENDEES

(taps on a wine glass) Hey, it's time for the Best Man to say a few words!

SAM

(reluctantly..)Quiet!(beat...) To Billy and Karen two of my bestest friends of all time. May you both be happy forever and if you're not then (beat...) don't blame me, I told you guys not to get married! (laughs....)

Lots of dancing and mingling as Sam meets up with Billy who is gazing out the window.

SAM

What's on your mind, my friend?

BILLY

Hey Sam, I should be a very happy man right about now. But (beat...) I'm gettin' laid off.(beat...) The construction crew's got no houses to build after this ones finished. I don't know what to do, man. Karen will have to stop working when the baby comes and we'll have no income at all.

SAM

I know it's bad. The motorhome factory is shutting down production in two weeks. The economy is in the tank.

BILLY

Yep it sure is. All I can do is keep lookin'.

SAM

Stop worrying about things. Right now is your time! Let's get shit-faced, man!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the economy tanks there is one thing that always booms.... military enlistment. After looking everywhere Billy visits his local Enlistment Recruiter's Office.

8 INT. ENLISTMENT OFFICE - MORNING

8

ENLISTMENT OFFICER(50'S)

Next, Mr. Henderson, William!

BILLY

Here.

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

Come forward and have a seat. What branch are you looking to serve, young man?

BILLY

It's gotta be Army, sir.

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

(takes off his glasses) And why's that...?

BILLY

I need to be stationed here at the nearby army base. I'm married and I've got a kid on the way and I'd like to be close.

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

Well, you're just in luck. You sign up for the Army and you'll be here, no problemo. Just sign here and check these boxes.

BILLY

Not to be rude but how much will I make a month, sir?

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

Let's see.... First you got basic for 6 weeks to get you in shape and that's in Georgia. You can handle that can't ya?

BILLY

No sweat, I can do 6 weeks. How much?

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

You'll make around \$1,400 a month.
If you live close to the base you
get discounts on food and gas and
such plus medical care for your
family.

BILLY

And you're sure I'll get stationed
close to home?

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

It says right here where I
highlighted the boxes for you to
check.

BILLY

OK, where's the pen?

ENLISTMENT OFFICER

Report to the physical & mental
screening tomorrow right here
between 9:00 and 10:00, OK?

Billy hurries home to give Karen the news but on his way he
stops off at a local pawn shop.

9 INT. ABC PAWN - AFTERNOON

9

Billy enters the store and heads straight for the handgun
case.

PAWN BROKER(50'S)

Hello, what can I do for you, young
man?

BILLY

I'm lookin' for a nice gun, for my
wife's protection that is. Not too
powerful but enough fire power to
do more than scare off a squirrel.

PAWN BROKER

Here's our selections, automatic or
revolver?

Billy spies a pearl handled snubnosed .38 special and taps
on the glass.

BILLY

Awesome, let me see this pearl
handled job.

PAWN BROKER

Nice lookin' piece, buddy. This is
a .38 special snubnosed 6 shot
revolver. It's great for home
protection. It has a kick to it so

(MORE)

PAWN BROKER (cont'd)
she's gotta hold it with 2 hands.
These are genuine custom pearl
handles too!

BILLY
How much?

PAWN BROKER
\$875 and it comes with a cleaning
kit.

BILLY
How long has this been in your
shop?

PAWN BROKER
Not too long....

BILLY
Don't tell me that. I think I
remember seeing this here last
year. Look it's got some major dust
and the barrel is starting to pit.
Hey, it's for a good cause and you
can keep the cleaning kit.

PAWN BROKER
What's the good cause? I'm a sucker
for a good cause.

BILLY
I'm leaving for the army and I need
to be able to give this to my wife
before I leave, you know for
sentimental reasons. Look, I can
pay you \$300 now and in the next 2
months I'll send you \$200 a month
for a total of \$700, whatta ya
think?

PAWN BROKER
You got me, man, I was in the army
myself. I was in the Korean War.

BILLY
I tell you what if you don't get a
second payment then call this
number (scribbles on a note pad)
and my wife will return it and you
can keep the money, OK?

Billy scribbles his address and phone number on a card and
hands it to the pawn broker.

BILLY
Here's the \$300 cash.

PAWN BROKER

Not so fast... You gotta fill out some paperwork and the license will be sent to your home in about a week. Tell your wife not to shoot anyone in the next 7 days. (laughs) And I'll throw in a box of shells too, OK?

10 INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

10

Billy rushes up the apartment stairs to fill Karen in on his enlistment and the gun. Taps his special tap on the door so Karen will know it's him. (tap, tap, pause, tap) Karen opens the door as they embrace and kiss.

BILLY

I did it Karen.

KAREN(21)

Did what? Get work?

BILLY

You know there's no work. Wanna beer?

He goes to the fridge and grabs a beer.

KAREN

No, it's too early. I was thinking this morning - how about a realtor license. They make great money.

BILLY

Not anymore, no houses are selling, dear. I've been everywhere remember.

KAREN

So you enlisted?

BILLY

I did. I enlisted. Are you OK with that? We'll get around \$1,400 a month with health benefits too. And they'll cover the birth of our baby.

KAREN

Do I have a choice? (starts to cry...)

BILLY

It'll be fine. The Recruiter promised me I'll be stationed right here. Besides it's just for a couple of years and by then, well, the economy will be better and we
(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
 will be more on our feet and I'll
 get some training. Oh, and one more
 thing! I got something, can't wait
 to show you.

Billy reaches in the brown paper bag and pulls out the .38
 Special with the shiny pearl handles.

KAREN
 Now what am I going to do with that
 thing.

BILLY
 It's for protection. My Dad will
 take you out and target practice.
 Just don't shoot it till after the
 baby - you might scare the crap out
 of our little bambino.

KAREN
 I'll never use it, Billy.

BILLY
 I hope not but you never know.

Karen puts the gun on the table and hugs Billy like it's the
 last time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Well, Billy joined the army and as
 anyone who has ever checked that
 little box on the enlistment form
 to stay close to home knows... he
 was stationed halfway across the US
 in a small base in southern Texas.
 And eventually was sent to
 Afghanistan. But before he left for
 combat duty he got to go home to
 see his family.

11 EXT. BUS STATION - MORNING

11

Karen is at the bus station to greet him and to exchange
 hugs. It was just before noon so Karen would get the whole
 day with him. Billy steps off the bus and the two embrace.

KAREN
 I love you Billy. You look thinner.

BILLY
 Yea, I exchanged some fat for
 muscle and it don't take up as much
 room. You're looking plump. How are
 you getting along with our little
 one?

They walk to the car arm in arm.

KAREN

I love it. I didn't think I would but I really love being pregnant. I'm taking good care of myself too, no smoking and just a smidgen of wine in the evening. The doc said a smidgen was fine but no more! The car's over here. I want to show you the apartment I got on base. It's has everything and it's very reasonable.

BILLY

Do you want to stop by Mom and Dad's first?

KAREN

They're comin' over for lunch - KFC OK?

BILLY

Much better than the mush I've been eatin' at boot camp. Honey, it was intense and hotter than hell.

KAREN

I'm likin' the military....

BILLY

How's come....

KAREN

The apartment is for military wives and children. I've met some really cool women and they all have a child or one on the way. So we all have something in common.

BILLY

Is the place safe? Sounds like it could be dangerous, you still have the gun?

KAREN

Yes, me and a couple of girls are going out to the range next Saturday to get some pointers from the range commander. Don't worry he's a retired Lt.Col. who does this on orders from his wife who outranks him.

BILLY

I got that. I'm glad you're settling in to military life. This won't be long - 3 to 5 years at the most and we'll be setting pretty nice.

KAREN
When do you gotta head out?

BILLY
Tomorrow night.

12 EXT. MILITARY APARTMENT COMPLEX - NOON

12

They pull up to the apartment complex and Billy's parents are waiting there at the sidewalk. They all exchange waves.

MOM(60'S)
Oh son, you look so handsome in your uniform, doesn't he look good?

DAD(60'S)
Hi son, you look solid. Was the training hard?

BILLY
It's not for sissies that's for sure.

KAREN
Follow me.

Karen walks past a soldier with a silver helmet and an MP on his sleeve. Billy exchanges a salute.

BILLY
They guard your apartment?

KAREN
Just these 3 buildings. One sentry in the day and 2 at night. We are surrounded by 15,000 men you know. It's reassuring to know we're safe.

MOM
This is a nice place.

DAD
It's only been here for a few years.

Karen slides the key in the door knob and turns it till it opens. They are all impressed with the layout.

13 INT. MILITARY APARTMENTS - EVENING

13

Billy and Karen are waving goodbye from inside the unit as Billy's parents drive off and Karen jumps toward Billy and he catches her in his arms.

KAREN
Oh, baby, I love you. Hey, I've got some dessert just for you. Follow me.

The two tear off each others clothes and dive into bed. As they pull the covers over their head the scene goes black.

14 INT. OUTSIDE A HUT IN AFGHANISTAN - EVENING

14

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy was stationed with the men he went through boot camp with, the only new people around Billy were the commanding officer Col. Riker and he wasn't as mean as the Drill Sargent back in Texas.

COL. RIKER(50'S)

OK, men get settled in tonight - we head out at 04:30 hours in the morning. I'll see you all before the sun hits your ass.

They all get up and go directly to their tents.

15 INT. MILITARY APARTMENTS - EVENING

15

Karen's door flies open as Karen jumps from being startled. She lets out a little squeal.

JANICE (20'S HAS CHILD)

Sorry...(laughs) Karen do you know how to play Hearts?

KAREN

You scared the shit out of me just to ask me that?

JANICE

Sorry, I was gonna tap but I saw it was open. Well do ya? We're looking for a partner for Tammy. She's good and I figured you would even the game up.

KAREN

Sure I'm a little rusty, where are you playin'?

JANICE

See you at Tammy's apartment #207 at 19 hundred hours - that's

KAREN

I know that's 7:00PM in civilian time. I'm learning the military jargon as fast as I can. See ya! You need anything? Snacks... Drinks?

JANICE

Just you and a couple of dollars.

Janice slams the door and Karen checks her face and picks up her purse and leaves.

KAREN
(knocks lightly on the door) Tammy
it's Karen.

She vaguely hears "come on in..." So Karen enters the apartment.

JANICE
You all know each other don't you?
Grab the seat across from Tammy -
your designated partner.

KAREN
(to Janice) Where's your little
one?

JANICE
Another nice feature of this
complex - built in babysitters by
the score.

TAMMY(20'S PREGNANT)
Let's show these two how to play
some Hearts, Karen. Oh Karen, this
is Betty. Betty.. Karen.

BETTY(20'S PREGNANT)
Nice to meet you. I've heard about
you. They say...you're new, you're
nice and your husband's a hunk.
When are you due?

TAMMY
What are we drinkin'? We've got
every kind of fruit and vegetable
drink but no alcohol.

KAREN
I'll have any kind of a tomato
drink if you got it. I'm due in
January, and you?

BETTY
Thanksgiving week.

TAMMY
V-8 OK?

KAREN
Great. When are you due partner?

TAMMY
Same time - late November.

The ladies play cards for hours. It looks like Tammy and Karen are doing well.

TAMMY

Thanks for getting me such a good
Hearts partner.

KAREN

I'm just lucky I guess. Say, do any
of you have a gun?

JANICE

I do and I keep it out of reach of
the little one of course.

TAMMY

I've got a derringer. It's nice and
small but it can do some damage.

BETTY

Mine is a .22 automatic which is a
small caliber but my husband tells
me to keep shooting till their knee
touches the floor. Pull off at
least 4 shots but if they're still
standing keep shooting.

TAMMY

I've been pretty good hitting that
heart area on the targets at the
range. Karen, I've seen you at the
range, how do you like ol' man
Vincent?

KAREN

He's a nice ol' guy. Are we
supposed to salute him? (they all
laugh)

JANICE

I'm not aiming for no heart - all
my shots are going lower. I'll
shoot the guys nut sack right off
if I get the chance.

KAREN

Don't beat around the bush, girl. I
thought about that too. It scares
me a little to think of someone
coming in at night.

TAMMY

But, ladies, did you get the memo?
We have protection, right?

BETTY

But we need protection from the
protections! After all they're guys
too, right?

KAREN

I thought about that too.

JANICE

Have you heard why they have MP's
securing the complex?

TAMMY

What's the story?

JANICE

Well, from what I hear, when they
filled up these apartments after
they were built there was a
break-in and an attempted rape. He
didn't get too far since several
neighbors heard it and wrestled the
guy to the floor on the balcony and
held him till the MP's got there.

KAREN

Was it someone in the military?

JANICE

Yes, it was a Captain. He got
demoted quickly for that and ever
since these apartments have been
secure. And may I add there have
been no incidences since.

KAREN

That makes me feel much better.
It's time for me to call it a day.
And irregardless I'm still going
out to the range tomorrow and do
some target shooting.

TAMMY

What time you going?

KAREN

I'll call you but I was thinking
around 10:00, oh, excuse me 10
hundred hours.

JANICE

I wanna go too!

BETTY

Me too!

KAREN

Let's all meet in the parking lot
in the morning. No show, no go! OK?
Good night!

Karen leaves the apartment.

16 EXT. MILITARY SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING

16

Next morning at the range Karen pulls off 6 rounds as she
hits around the heart with all but one shot. Her friend are

all there getting instructions from Lt. Col. Vincent.

17 INT. MILITARY APARTMENTS - EVENING 17

It's dark and the alarm clock shows 3:00am, Karen hears a noise and opens her eyes. She slowly reaches down the side of the bed between the mattress and box springs and puts her hand around the hand grip of the .38 special. Then slowly she pulls the revolver out from under the mattress. The noise sounds like footsteps now as they get slightly louder.

Then calmly Karen clicks the safety latch and cocks the hammer as she swings around with two hands cupped under the revolver. The intruder stops in the dark. Karen can see a figure from the tiny ray of light coming in through the window blinds.

KAREN

(very calmly...) Close the door behind you.

She sees the man leave the apartment and the next sound she hears is the door closing behind him. She turns on the lamp next to the bed and she gets up and goes over to the door and locks both the door knob and the deadbolt. Karen turns and leans against the door and takes a deep breath as she disengages the hammer and puts on the safety.

18 INT. MILITARY APARTMENTS - SNOWY AFTERNOON 18

Karen is changing her little boy's diaper as he cries for a bottle. The water on the stove is heating up the formula when the door bell rings.

19 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN AFGHANISTAN - DAY 19

Billy is making his way down into a mostly barren valley as he stops and makes a gesture to the machine gunner above that he's moving forward.

He moves to his next stopping point as the machine gun gives him cover. He stops and crouches very still. It becomes very quiet and still... Then one very loud "BAM" echoes through the valley. The camera closes quickly in on Billy as blood gushes from behind the middle of his neck. He falls forward dead.

20 INT. MILITARY APARTMENTS - SNOWY AFTERNOON 20

The door bell rings again. It's two officers and one is holding an envelope.

Karen knows what it means without opening it and collapses to the floor crying.

21 EXT. MILITARY CEMETERY - COLD AND WET AFTERNOON 21

A row of 7 military men in their dress blues fire three sets of volleys as taps play near the grave site and again off in

the distance. Karen clutches the flag and cries as Billy's parents hold baby Michael.

22 INT. KAREN'S MOM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

22

Sam and another guy are helping Karen move into her Mom's place. They bring in the dresser drawers and set them on her made up bed.

KAREN

I sure thank you guys. You need to take this - give one to the other guy..

She holds out two \$50 bills.

SAM

No, Karen... I could never think of taking that. And I'll buy my friend a beer for helping and we'll be even.(to his friend...) Could you fold up those moving blankets and put them behind the seat of the truck? I'll be right out. Is there anything else you need us to do, Karen?

Karen reaches down into one of the drawers and under a stack of clothes she pulls out the .38 special with the pearl handle and gives it to Sam. Then she reaches down again and pulls out the half a box of shells and lays them out on the bed with a leather bag to put them in.

KAREN

Billy gave that revolver to me when he went in the service for my protection.

SAM

This is nice and I know he worried about you being alone with the baby.

KAREN

I sure don't need it any longer. I really would like you to have it as a remembrance of him. After all, you were his best friend, Sam. (she tears up...)

SAM

This is really nice Karen. I'm really gonna miss Billy. It was great growing up together. If you need anything feel free to call me, OK?

KAREN

I will.

Karen grabs a tissue from one of the drawers on the bed and wipes her eyes as Sam gives her a short hug and heads out of the house and closes the door. In the pickup truck Sam quickly pulls out down the street, drops off his friend and drives straight out to the ol' rock quarry outside of town and parks. He reaches behind the seat and pulls out a pint of whiskey and takes a couple swigs while he sits and thinks.

He opens the leather bag, checks out the pearl handled revolver and loads 6 bullets into the cylinder. Sam steps out of the truck and looks around for something to shoot and sees a dark brown beer bottle leaning against a large rock. He takes close aim and holding it with both hands fires off 4 shots before making contact with the bottle and watches as glass flies everywhere.

SAM

(to himself...) that's what I'm
talkin' about!

23 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATE NIGHT

23

Sam is drunk and driving down the main street as he finishes off a bottle of whiskey and tosses the bottle against a rock wall across the street. He reaches around the cab of his pickup for a cigarette but can't seem to find one. Frustrated he pulls up in front of the convenience store and looks in his glove box and in the pockets of his jacket but there are no smokes. He reaches in his pant pocket and pulls out two \$1.00 bills. He slams his hand on the steering wheel in frustration. Then he gets out and reaches under the seat and finds the .38 special that was once his best friend's gun. He checks, it's loaded. He tosses it on the seat of the truck and puts on the jacket. Before he goes inside the store Sam slides the gun in his jacket pocket and looks around to see if there's any traffic or people walking close by.

24 INT. JOHNNY ONE STOP - LATE NIGHT

24

He steps into the convenience store and up to the counter.

SAM

I need 3 packs of Marlboro Reds.

CLERK

Anything else, my friend?

SAM

And a pint of Jack over there.

CLERK

OK, that'll be... (rings it
up)\$19.78

SAM

That'll be FREE! And while the drawer's open I'll take just the big bills, you know 20's, 10's and 5's

CLERK

Right! Stay calm, mister.

Sam puts his hand in the jacket pocket and grabs the gun and without showing it points it at the clerk through the pocket.

SAM

I gotta gun.

CLERK

Hey man, calm down. I'm getting your money.

The clerk pulls out the ones first and a slight electrical spark could be heard when the flap over the ones hits the empty metal compartment.

SAM

You stupid sonofabitch, did I say I wanted any fucking ones? You set off the damn alarm. Get back.

The clerk then closes the drawer which sets Sam off. He pulls the .38 out of his pocket and BAM, BAM! Sam shoots the clerk twice in the chest. As the clerk drops to the floor Sam goes around and grabs the ones which are now on the floor and stuffs them in his jacket pocket. He hits the "No Sale" button on the old cash register but it jams. He then hits the drawer with the handle of the revolver but it still doesn't open. He grabs the cigarettes and a lighter and the pint of Jack and runs to his truck.

Sam drives out by the highway where a diner is still open and pulls into the parking lot away from the front door. He grabs the gun and wipes it down with his jacket that now has blood speckles over it.

He gets out of the truck, takes off his jacket and as he walks to the front door of the diner tosses the .38 special into the dumpster he passes by.

25 INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

25

Sam goes into the diner and heads straight for the restroom. There are only a handful of customers because it's late. In the restroom mirror he notices specks of blood all over his face and on his shirt. He washes his face and what he can on his shirt and goes back out to a booth in a dark part of the diner and orders a coffee and a sandwich to go.

WAITRESS

What'll it be fella, we're about to close.

SAM

Just a ham and cheese and a coffee, black to go.

WAITRESS

(Yells...) Ham 'n cheese on the run! That's gonna set ya back \$3.50 mister.

As she pours the coffee, Sam counts out \$4 ones from his stack of dollars.

SAM

Keep the change.

She hands Sam the coffee and reaches up and gets the bag with the sandwich and sets it in front of Sam. Sam grabs it and heads out the door and down the road.

26 EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

26

A trash truck lifts the dumpster up and tips the trash into the truck's overhead compartment.

Later the dump truck is riding through the city dump as the driver spots a good place to dump his load. He backs up and starts the hydraulics that push all the trash out of the truck.

DRIVER

Rosco, get ready with that pitchfork. You know you have to scrape out the last bunch.

ROSCO

I'm way ahead of ya boss.

As the garbage comes out Rosco sees something shiny and takes his pitchfork and scoops up a bunch of trash and tosses it behind him. Again he notices something shiny.

Finally, at the end of the load the driver pulls up a few feet.

DRIVER

OK, clean out the last of the shit and lets get moving.

ROSCO

Hold on, I'm not done yet.

He scrapes it all out and pushes a lever for the plate to go back inside the truck. Then Rosco puts the pitchfork into its slot on the back of the truck. He hurries over to the scoop of trash he set aside and rummages through it and

spots the shiny object that was catching his eye, the revolver.

The driver starts to take off as Rosco starts to chase it down and he shoves the gun into one of his many pant pockets and snaps it shut as he's running fast to catch up.

The trash truck pulls up in front of Rosco's house later that afternoon.

DRIVER

See ya early in the morning.

ROSCO

See ya!

The truck takes off down the street as Rosco looks around his neighborhood. Three young thugs walk by and give him a look and shake their heads. It's government housing and it's not a safe place. On the steps to his building entrance is a couple of women asking for money. Inside on the stairs is a young guy selling something to a middle aged man. Finally Rosco gets to his apartment.

27 INT. HOUSING PROJECTS APARTMENT - EVENING

27

Rosco opens his door with 2 keys, there are 2 door knobs. Inside he gives his 2 children a kiss and a big hug.

OLDER CHILD

(whispers...) Mommy's crying Daddy.
Why is she crying?

Rosco goes over and puts his arm around his wife.

ROSCO

Hey baby, what's the matter?

WIFE (KARLA LATE 30'S)

Get back with those filthy clothes. Quiet so the kids don't hear.. That sonofabitch is back and I can't take it any more. He stepped over the line. You know my friend Alicia down the hall? He beat her up just for her food stamps. Nancy that watches our kids upstairs, he broke her arm yesterday. (cries...) And on and on just like last month.

ROSCO

Has he bothered you?

KARLA

It's just a matter of time. Supper's ready. Sorry baby, you work all day and have to come home to this. Sorry, go get your shower

(MORE)

KARLA (cont'd)
(fake smile..) and don't forget to
put your clothes in that plastic
bag so you don't contaminate
everyone.

YOUNGER CHILD
Can I set the table Mommy? I know
how.

WIFE
Sure, sweetie, get the forks...

Rosco goes into the bathroom, locks the door and pulls out
the revolver and checks it for the first time. He wipes away
the lettuce and what looks to be cottage cheese with his
shirt. Then opens the cylinder to reveal 4 bullets and
closes it quickly and hides it on top of the medicine
cabinet out of sight and gets in the shower.

Later that evening Rosco finishes the bedtime story he makes
up every night for his girls. He gives them a kiss on the
forehead and tucks them in bed.

ROSCO
And the princess rode off on the
horse with the handsome prince to
the big castle on the hill.
(beat..) Good night my princesses.

TOGETHER
Good night Daddy.

ROSCO
I'll tell Mommy you're ready for
her good night kiss and prayer.

YOUNGER CHILD
I wanna be a princess when I get
big.

Rosco leaves the room and motions to his wife Karla that the
girls are ready for her.

Rosco sits down at the kitchen table and waits for Karla.
Soon she reenters.

KARLA
You want anything while I'm up?

ROSCO
I want you to sit a spell and talk
to me about something.

KARLA
Is something wrong?

ROSCO

Well, yea! You shouldn't have to live like this. This is the first you've mentioned that guy but I can tell over the last several weeks you have been uptight and on edge.

KARLA

I don't want to bother you with it, honey. I realize how hard you work and some day we'll get out of this hole in the wall. I don't want to add to the pressure you already have. I just don't know what to do.

ROSCO

What about the police?

KARLA

People around here are afraid to say anything to the police for fear of retaliation from those thugs. And the police can't search anymore - I'll bet if you go outside right now and round up 20 people on the sidewalks in front here - 18 will have either a weapon on them or have drugs for sale in their possession.

ROSCO

That's pitiful. It makes me wonder what kind of world will our children have if this continues. Man! (shakes head...)

KARLA

Something needs to happen. I'm sorry but that guy that's terrorising the building... He needs to be put away.

Rosco gets up and goes into the bathroom and comes out with the revolver he found. Karla stares at Rosco and doesn't say a word.

ROSCO

Now, don't say anything. Let me talk. (beat...)(calmly) I found this today in our 2nd dump. I had already been thinking of getting some sort of protection for us but never talked to you about it or had the extra money. Guns cost \$300 to \$400 and I just don't have that extra cash. But when I saw this I didn't care - I took it. Now, I know I'm supposed to turn it in to
(MORE)

ROSCO (cont'd)
the police. The trash company clearly tells all employees to report any suspicious items in the trash like body parts, bloody items like knives, or guns and such. But I ain't turning this in, no sir. If you don't want it in our home then I'll sell it - should bring \$700 or so. (beat..) But I wanted to let you know about it.

KARLA
Thank you for being honest with me, baby. Let's keep it for a while but we have to keep it out of site from the girls. Please! Maybe it'll give me some piece of mind.

ROSCO
I thought we would put it on top of the fridge behind your copper pans.

KARLA
OK... Are you going to get some bullets?

ROSCO
It's got enough... It has 4 and it's ready to fire. Just point and pull the trigger. Both the little ones together couldn't pull this trigger, but you can. It's enough to change someones mind in a hurry. Are you really OK with this?

KARLA
I just don't want the girls to see it. That's the most important thing. Let's go to bed my nerves are shot.

ROSCO
I'm beat. Wake me up when you come in after your shower. I'll put the gun away.

The morning is a sunny day but as Karla pulls up the blinds she notices she is still living in a terrible place.

Rosco comes out tucking in his shirt as a horn blast sounds from the trash truck below calling him to hurry.

KARLA
Here's some cinnamon toast and your coffee's in the thermos with your lunch. Have a good day, baby.

ROSCO

Love you, bye.

Rosco rushes out the door and down the stairs to work.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was a typical day in the projects. Lots of hustle and bustle on the streets below. Once in a while someone would yell. Sometimes a scream and even a shot would ring out. Karla always tried to distract the girls so they wouldn't notice. It is a fact that gun violence is much higher in poor inner city neighborhoods. The restrictions put on police has made these area more and more dangerous.

28 INT. HOUSING PROJECTS APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

28

Screams are heard in the distance.

YOUNGER CHILD

Why is that lady screaming outside, Mommy?

KARLA

Oh she probably saw a spider. Do you like spiders?

YOUNGER CHILD

No, they're creepy crawlers. If I see a spider I'm gonna scream too.

OLDER CHILD

I saw one in the bathroom and squashed it with a shoe. Yeech!

A loud shot rang out down the hall of the apartment. And in seconds a knock on the door.

KARLA

OK girls, you know what to do... Get in your room and close the door.

OLDER CHILD

OK Mommy. Come on let's go.

There's another knock on the door and this one is faster and louder. Karla cracks open the door to the end of the safety chain. It's him.

KARLA

Can I help you?

THE MAN

Open this damn door.

KARLA

I think I'd be more comfortable if
I left it latched. What do you
want?

THE MAN

I want the door open.

The man is so strong he simply pushes on the door and the latch panel slowly moves away from the casing screws and all.

KARLA

Don't come in here - I don't want
you in my home.

The man grabs Karla by the arm and slowly walks her out of the way so he can shut the door.

THE MAN

You don't listen very well. When I
ask you to do something, you do it!
Got that?
Now I'm gonna ask you something for
you to do - and you will do it or
else, got it?

KARLA

What....

THE MAN

Once a week I'm gonna come for a
visit. And when I come for my
visit, you'll have \$50 for me -
cash. You understand? And you'll
never know when that day will be,
so plan ahead because I'll show you
what's going to happen just so
you'll know.

The man is so strong Karla can't stop him as he pushes her against the door and pulls down her jeans. Karla fights and turns her body around and the man loses his grip but regains it and pushes her up against the refrigerator. Then he pulls down her pants and scoots her up higher to get her in position.

Quickly Karla reaches behind her head for the revolver on top of the fridge, grabs it and shoves it between her legs upside down with her free hand and into his crotch and pulls the trigger. "BAM"

THE MAN

Oh god, oh god.

He releases Karla and stumbles back against the kitchen table Karla opens the door. Holding his crotch, the man slowly walks out of the apartment to the stairway and leans on the rail. Karla fires another shot point blank into the

mans back, "BAM". His body tumbles down the stairs. In a panic Karla goes back in the apartment and grabs a towel and shoves it into the toilet and wrings it out. Then tosses it on the floor and with the mop on top of the towel scrubs down the trail of blood leading from her apartment to the stairs. Then at the top of the stairs tosses the towel down the stairs and onto the man's dead body. Karla goes back into her apartment and doesn't come out.

The trash truck pulls up to the apartment building and Rosco hops out.

DRIVER

Have a good weekend Rosco! See ya
Monday!

ROSCO

You too!

Rosco thinks nothing of the police car parked outside with lights flashing. He climbs the stairs and notices things are a little quieter. He shoves the key into his apartment door lock but the door opens....

KARLA

Come on in, baby.

Rosco bounds in but stops in his tracks when he sees a policeman and a detective sitting at the kitchen table.

ROSCO

Where are the girls?

KARLA

Waiting for you in their room. I'll
fix you a coffee while you tell
them you're home and give them
hugs. Either of you like any more
coffee?

Rosco leaves to see his girls.

DETECTIVE

No, Ma'am, where has your husband
been all day?

KARLA

Working, he works on the trash
truck for S&D Sanitation.

DETECTIVE

Does he come home for lunch?

Rosco closes the door of the girls room behind him as he hears the question.

ROSCO

(coming out of the girls room...)
No I don't come home for lunch we
work clear across town. Now, maybe
you can fill me in on why all the
questions.

POLICEMAN

Sir, there was a shooting and one
man is dead - it happened in this
building. We are just gathering
information about the murder.

KARLA

Honey, I put your coffee on top of
the fridge.

DETECTIVE

Why would you do that?

KARLA

I'm in the habit of keeping hot
coffee away from the little ones
and I always put it up there so
they don't get into it.

ROSCO

One of them got burned when they
picked it up and spilled it on
them. We're careful about that.
Thanks, dear.

Rosco reaches up to get the cup of coffee and notices the
gun is gone. He looks at Karla then around the kitchen.

DETECTIVE

Do you own a gun, Roscoe?

Roscoe doesn't hear the question as he takes a drink of
coffee.

KARLA

Rosco, did you hear the question?

ROSCO

No what did you say, I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE

Do you own a gun?

ROSCO

No we don't have one but I've been
saving up to someday get one.

DETECTIVE

Do you know the man that was
shot... His name is Tucker Jackson.
Here's a picture.

ROSCO

Never heard or seen this man. Was he a border in this building?

POLICEMAN

No he lived down the street. He was seen in the building earlier and fired a shot in someone's apartment down the hall but there was no injuries, then within an hour, he's dead and no one knows anything about it. Go figure.

ROSCO

Honey, did you hear shots?

KARLA

Yes, I even told the girls to get in their rooms.

DETECTIVE

Well, if you hear anything or see anything give us a call - here's my card.

ROSCO

Say, before you go I'd like to request more police watching the area. It's really gettin' dangerous.

POLICEMAN

I'll bring it up at the squad meeting in the morning. Thanks for your cooperation. Be careful.

DETECTIVE

See ya.

ROSCO

Bye. Be safe.

Rosco shuts the door and turns and puts his finger to his mouth for Karla to be silent. He watches out the curtain of the apartment window. Karla grabs his hand tight. Both the detective and the policeman get in their cars and pull away on down the street.

KARLA

Hurry up and get cleaned up - I need to be in your arms. I'll check on the girls.

Roscoe makes a beeline to the bathroom and turns on the shower and tosses his clothes into the plastic bag for Karla to wash. Turning he sees the gun on top of the medicine cabinet behind a shampoo bottle and pulls it down to inspect. There are spots of blood on the barrel and smudges of blood on the pearl handle. He opens the cylinder to find

two bullets. He holds the gun under the hot water of the shower and rubs it clean with his hands and some soap, dries it with a towel and places it back on the top of the medicine cabinet.

In a while Rosco walks out to see Karla drawing pictures with the girls at the kitchen table.

KARLA

Dinner's ready.

YOUNGER CHILD

Can I set the table? I know how.

KARLA

Sure you can. Get the forks. And your sister can get the water.

ROSCO

Can I see you in the bathroom?

Karla nods her head and walks straight to the bathroom behind Rosco. Rosco turns and Karla jumps into his arms.

KARLA

(Quietly..) I killed him, I killed him, Baby. (cries...)(gets a tissue)

Rosco just listened without a word as she described the whole event.

KARLA

(Quietly..) He pushed the door open with the chain lock engaged and entered the apartment. I had the girls go in their room with the door closed. He said he was gonna come by about every two weeks and collect \$50 - then he started to show me what was going to happen if I didn't have it. That's when he threw me against the door and pulled down my pants - I slipped out of his hold but he got me and slammed me against the fridge and pulled down my panties and lifted me up (cries, beat...) that's when I remembered the gun was right there and as fast as I could pointed it between my legs and pulled the trigger. You were right - that stopped him and he let me go and stumbled out the door and down to the top of the stairwell. I couldn't help it I followed him to the stairs and shot him again in the back and he tumbled down the

(MORE)

KARLA (cont'd)
stairs. I cleaned up the blood and
hid the gun. Oh God, what have I
done? Rosco, what have I done?

ROSCO
There, there, dear. You did the
right thing. You saved so many
other people that he's threatened
and most important you saved our
girls. Come here.(hugs)

GIRLS
Table is set... Ready to eat.

Rosco gives Karla a big hug as they are called in for supper
from the girls in the kitchen. Karla dries her eyes again.

29 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

29

It's Sunday morning and they are all getting dressed to go
to Mass at St. Anthony's Catholic Church. Karla has the girls
all ready and Rosco comes out from the bathroom clean and
shaven.

ROSCO
Say (quietly...) I didn't see the
"you-know-what" in the bathroom.
Where did you put it?

KARLA
Rosco (beat...) please go along
with me on this, please.

ROSCO
OK, what?

KARLA
I'm going to get rid of that gun. I
know you like it and all but I've
got something I need to do to get
rid of it, OK? I'm not going to
tell you, you're just gonna have to
have faith in me.
Let's get going to church
everybody.

ROSCO
It's early, Honey.

KARLA
I'm going to confession before
Mass. Let's go....

30 INT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - MORNING

30

Twenty or so parishioners are kneeling and sitting in silent
prayer as the family genuflects together and take a seat.
They all get on their knees and pray for a short while. The

little ones know to bow their heads and fold their hands.

Karla gets up, grabs her purse and walks quietly to the back of the church where the confessionals are located. The priest's light is on and the light is off on the side door which tells her nobody is inside, so she enters. The priest slides the little door with the dark screen open.

KARLA

Bless me father, for I have sinned. My last confession was three months ago and since then I have told little lies and used the Lords name in vain (beat...)

PRIEST

Continue please.

KARLA

I have killed a man. I am sorry for these and all the sins I may have committed.

PRIEST

Uh, I'm sorry, did you say you killed someone?

KARLA

Yes, Father I killed someone.

PRIEST

Was it in self defense? Or was it premeditated?

KARLA

He was trying to rape me. He had been terrorizing the area for months and in a fit of anger I shot him as he was getting ready to rape me and he stopped and was leaving... But I shot him again. Oh, Father... I didn't want him to hurt anymore people and most of all I didn't want him to hurt my two little girls.

PRIEST

I see. (beat....) Sometime as humans we panic. You did have a right to stop him so the first shot is self-defense but the 2nd shot is different. You were under severe stress and didn't use good judgement. And I know you are truly sorry for that second decision, because you are here before me and the Lord himself. And because you are sorry, know that the Christ

(MORE)

PRIEST (cont'd)

Jesus forgives you. Just like a Mamma Bear defends to the death her cubs, you were protecting your young, so too your instincts told you to pull that trigger the second time. Go in the peace of the Lord, your sins are forgiven. Say 3 Rosaries when you can and try to put this behind you. I'm going to say a few prayers while you say the Act of Contrition. I will pray for you, too.

PRIEST

Dominum spiritum....(mumbles a latin prayer)

They both finish at the same time as the Priest closes the door halfway.

PRIEST

Go in peace to serve the Lord.

KARLA

Father I'm leaving my sin with you here in the confessional. Bless you!

The priest closes the door all the way but has an inquisitive look on his face. He reaches up and turns off the light to show that he is through hearing confessions. He gathers up his prayer book and leaves his room. Then he opens up one of the confessionals and picks up a tissue. Then in the other confessional where Karla was kneeling he looks to see if it's clean and sees a pearl handled .38 special lying on the kneeler in the confessional. He reaches in and picks it up, pulls up his cassock and sticks the gun in his pants belt, closes the door and walks outside and to the rectory next door.

Another priest walks by with altar boys to start Mass as the crowd sings a hymn.

31 INT. ST. ANTHONY'S RECTORY - MORNING

31

Father Brown makes his way to the rectory as late parishioners pass him with hurried greetings. He enters the rectory and as usual after hearing confessions for an hour Fr. Brown fixes himself a drink. Two ice cubes, 3/4 whiskey and a splash of water then up to his room to change into something more casual. He pulls out the revolver he presses the button that opens the cylinder. It reveals 2 bullets.

He takes the bullets out and plays with the cylinder, spinning it, closing it and reopening it, pulling the trigger, cocking it and then reloading the bullets and putting it in the back of his dresser drawer.

The front doorbell rings. Father Brown goes down and answers the door. It's Donnie Petit, the young boy Father Brown is tutoring math.

FATHER BROWN

Hello Donnie! Go on into the study and I'll join you shortly.

DONNIE

Yes Father.

Father Brown goes back upstairs, gets a notepad and slugs down his whiskey and heads back downstairs.

He takes a seat next to Donnie at the desk and while they are going over some equations Father Brown takes Donnie's left hand and sets it on his leg and taps it. In a while he slowly moves Donnie's hand further up his leg touching his crotch all the while talking about the math problem.

FATHER BROWN

See how that works if A times C equals B then...

DONNIE

Father, please let go of my hand so I can erase this wrong answer.

FATHER BROWN

That's OK Donnie I like your hand there, in fact move it up closer, it relaxes me.

Donnie stands up quickly knocking over his chair.

DONNIE

I'm not doing what we did last time when you made me stroke you - you said it relaxes you. Well, that's wrong, really wrong.

Donnie slams his book closed and walks quickly to the door.

DONNIE(CONT'D)

I'll be getting a new tutor, Father. Thanks anyway.

Donnie goes out the front door as Father Brown puts his hands over his face. He then runs both his hands through his hair and goes back into the kitchen and fixes another drink. He goes back to his room where he lays on his bed and thinks. After his drink he grabs a couple of \$20's from his dresser, takes off his collar, changes his shirt and heads out to his car.

He turns down an alley and pulls up to a old dilapidated house with a "Condemned" sign on the back door and parks. He walks up to the front door and opens it as far as it goes which is just enough to get inside.

32 INT. CONDEMNED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

32

There are several people rolled up in blankets or boxes on the floor.

FATHER BROWN

Tammy! Tammy!

HOMELESS MAN

Quiet buster can't you see we're sleeping in here.

FATHER BROWN

Have you seen Tammy.

HOMELESS MAN

I don't know any Tammys. Check upstairs.

The stairs are squeaky and are about to give way. Father Brown goes in each room.

FATHER BROWN

Tammy Tammy Tammy....

TAMMY

What, whose calling me?

An unkept woman in her 20's sits up and rubs her eyes.

FATHER BROWN

It's me Tammy - Brownie!

TAMMY

Brownie, you old sonofabitch come see your Tammy. You got some money for me cause I'm really needin's some stuff. The man comes by today and I sure would like me some. I haven't had none for two days. Come on climb in my sleepin' bag I'll make you feel good Brownie. Don't I always make you feel real good?

FATHER BROWN

Yes you do Tammy. I've got \$20 for you - here put it somewhere safe.

TAMMY

I'll do lots more for you for only \$20 more.

FATHER BROWN

It's sure hard to pass you up. You really turn me on Tammy.

33 INT. CONDEMNED HOUSE - AFTERNOON

33

The door of the room opens and two teens and an adult monitor enter with boxes of food and water from a local fast food store.

TEEN BOY

Hello we've brought food for anyone who's hungry.

TEEN GIRL

It's fried chicken and mashed potatoes and a corn on the cob, yummy.

Tammy throws back the covers she's under to get some food and exposes Father Brown to the teens of his parish and the monitor Mrs. Winchell.

MRS. WINCHELL

Oh, Father Brown.

TEEN GIRL

Father Brown?

Mrs. Winchell pushes the teens back out the door. She hands Tammy a box of food.

MRS. WINCHELL

You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're a sick man. And if you think for one minute I'm keeping this quiet, you're wrong, dead wrong.

Mrs. Winchell marches the two teens downstairs and out the door.

34 EXT. CONDEMNED HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

34

Father Brown gets in his car and fixes himself in the mirror. He takes off down the road and back to the rectory.

35 INT. ST. ANTHONY'S RECTORY - EVENING

35

The other priest hasn't returned and according to his schedule on the fridge he's making rounds at the hospital.

Father Brown goes upstairs to get something for his headache but finds nothing in his medicine cabinet. He goes into the other bathroom and opens the medicine cabinet and sees a full bottle of Percodan which is an Oxycodone. He pours a handful into his hand and goes into his bathroom and takes them all and then spreads out on his bed. Soon things start to spin so he gets up and takes a swig of whiskey strait from the bottle. He is sweating profusely and opens the dresser and grabs the gun and slides it inside his shirt.

FATHER BROWN

(Mumbles to himself as he looks at himself in the mirror..) I'm a sick sonofabitch.

He makes his way downstairs and out the back door and down a path that leads past a prayer garden and into the woods behind the rectory. There's a clearing and a railroad track about 50 yards into the woods. Things are still spinning. He throws up and then walks up and sits on the track. He reaches into his shirt and pulls out the revolver, puts it in his mouth and pulls the trigger. CLICK (he doesn't flinch) CLICK (again he doesn't flinch) (Beat...) BAM

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There were roughly 21,000 suicides by guns last year. This figure is up 24% from 15 years ago. Whites and American Indians are the two groups that dominate suicides and the use of a firearm is the most efficient method of all.

His body falls back over the steel track as the gun falls a few feet away.

36

EXT. THE WOODS NEAR THE TRAIN TRACK - EARLY MORNING

36

Three young boys (Rusty 11, Tim 11, and Dean just turned 12) are walking down the train tracks with fishing poles and one has a tackle box and one a cup of worms. They all are carrying a fishing pole over their shoulder and are on their way to their favorite fishing pond.

RUSTY

My Mom almost didn't let me go this morning.

TIM

Why not?

RUSTY

She said I should stay home and help clean out the garage.

TIM

How'd ya get out of that?

RUSTY

I just told her that the only thing in the garage besides this fishing pole that was mine was my bike. Then I pulled it out onto the driveway and parked it. I told her I'd move it back in when the garage was clean.

TIM

Good move, Exlax.

RUSTY

That's when I heard her yell at my older brother to get his stuff cleaned up.

DEAN

I sure hope we catch a whopper today. You get plenty of worms?

RUSTY

Yes, and I did what you told me. I put 'em in the fridge. But I got an ass chewin' when my Mom saw 'em.

DEAN

Yeah, I heard somewhere they stay fresh that way.

Dean picks up a rock.

DEAN CONT'D

Whoever hits that telephone pole is World Champion Rock Thrower.

He throws his rock and it flies right by. Tim and Rusty throw theirs too but both miss.

RUSTY

Oh, man, almost. I was the closest.

DEAN

Close don't count.

TIM

I never hear a train come by on this track.

DEAN

They do, I hear them at night. We need to get moving before all the fish quit bitin'.

RUSTY

There's the old out house up ahead where we make our turn to the pond.

TIM

Shhhh....(they stop) I see a man sleeping on the tracks.

They stop running and start walking slower.

RUSTY

Why would someone sleep with their back over the rail track? I think he's dead. His face is all red and puffy.

As they get closer, Dean spots the gun.

DEAN

Look, there's a gun. See that shiny thing in front of him? That's gotta be a gun.

TIM

You're right.

They start running and the three arrive at the scene at the same time. They are mesmerized by the first dead body they've ever seen. Ants and flies are crawling over his face covered in blood.

DEAN

He must have killed himself.

TIM

No way, why isn't the gun in his hand?

DEAN

When the gun went off it flew away from him.

RUSTY

Oh shit, he shot himself in the mouth. Look here behind his head. Geeze, that's gross!

DEAN

You're right, he sat down by the tracks, put the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

TIM

We're keepin' this gun. This is a cool gun. Put it in the tackle box and let's get outta here.

DEAN

Don't you think we should call this in to police?

RUSTY

Naw, somebody will find him. Maybe we should take him off the track so the train doesn't cut him into two pieces.

TIM

Good idea.

Rusty reaches down and grabs his shirt and pulls the body off the track. Then goes over and puts the gun into the tackle box.

RUSTY

Let's get outta here.

DEAN

Let's go.

37 EXT. FISHING POND - AFTERNOON

37

Later from a distance they hear the train. They each look at each other.

TIM

You suppose the train conductor saw the body and called it in?

RUSTY

If he was payin' attention he did.

DEAN

He couldn't help but see it. I'm glad you pulled him off that rail, Rusty, that train would have made mince meat out of him.

RUSTY

Oh shit, don't mention mince meat. Makes me want to throw up.

TIM

Speakin' of food I'm getting hungry and it's getting late, we'd better be gettin' home.

DEAN

Right, we have to be in at a decent time or we won't get to do this again. Let me look at the gun again.

RUSTY

How many fish do we have?

TIM

Just 4 small perch.

DEAN

That ain't enough to take home, let'em go Tim.

RUSTY

I want to hold the gun too. It's heavy. I would have to shoot it with two hands.

DEAN

Me too!

Tim reaches in the tackle box and pulls it out and aims it at a railroad sign CLICK.

TIM

Yea man it'll take two hands for sure. Here...(Tim spins the cylinder)

Tim hands it to Dean.

DEAN

See this ball on the end of the barrel and on down here is the v shaped plate. I learned this when I got my "Hunter Safety Certificate" with my Dad.

Anyway you line those two up and shoot. And don't point it at anybody.

TIM

It ain't loaded. I'm supposed to go to safety class this Fall.

RUSTY

Me too. Maybe we'll be in the same class. OK, it's my turn.

Rusty acts like he's a gun slinger and pulls it up from the hip and at the hip tries to pull the trigger but it's too hard so he brings up the other hand for help. CLICK

TIM

Let's go!

38 EXT.THE WOODS NEAR THE TRAIN TRACK - LATE AFTERNOON

38

They take the same trail back home and when they come to the place near the track where the body was - it was gone. There were three small red flags stuck in the ground.

DEAN

I know this is where he was, I remember that dead bush over there with bees all around it.

TIM

Yes, this is the spot. They must have taken him away. Probably to the funeral home. That's where they take dead people.

TIM

We better get out of here.

DEAN

Yea!

They take off walking fast but it turns into a jog. After a while they stop to catch their breath.

RUSTY

Tim, you take the tackle box to the tree fort in your back yard. Can we all meet tomorrow morning?

DEAN

Fine with me. We can decide what we need to do.

TIM

What time?

RUSTY

How about 9:00.... Is that OK?

TIM

Perfect.

Dean nods his head yes as they walk to the corner where they part ways.

39 INT. TREEHOUSE - EVENING

39

Tim quickly walks to the back yard of his house and climbs up and puts the tackle box into a secret compartment in the floor of the treehouse.

40 INT. DEAN'S HOUSE DINNER - EVENING

40

Dean is sitting at the dinner table with his sister(6 years old) and Mother(40's) and Father(40's).

MOTHER

(to Dean..) Did you wash your hands good? I hope so, you've been out fishing.

FATHER

Catch anything? (shoves a fork full of mashed potatoes in his mouth)

DEAN

Naw, just a few perch. Not enough to bring home.

MOTHER

Did you boys go down to the pond passed the tracks?

DEAN

Yes, it's our favorite fishing hole.

MOTHER

Jack, aren't you going to say anything? He was down by the tracks... What we were talking about earlier.

JACK

Oh, you boys don't walk along the railroad tracks do you?

DEAN

Why yes, we always go that way.

JACK

Did you see anything different today along the way?

DEAN

Well, a, no, not really. There were more misquitoses than usual. Why?

MOTHER

A man, Father Brown, from over at St. Anthony's was found dead along the tracks. It must have been further down.

DEAN

We would have seen that for sure but it must have been further down.

41 INT. TIM'S HOUSE - EVENING

41

Tim and his father are watching a western movie together. A commercial comes on.

TIM

Say Dad, you still planning on taking me to "Hunter Safety" this Fall aren't you?

DAD (40'S)

Yes I am, son. Make sure you remind me after school starts and I'll get us signed up, OK?

TIM

Great! Thanks Dad!

42 EXT. TIM'S BACKYARD - MORNING

42

It's morning and Rusty is waiting in Tim's back yard for Tim to come out. Dean walks up behind Rusty, whispers, "Boo!" into his ear and scares him. Tim comes out the back door of his house and the three all climb up the chain ladder and into the treehouse to hold their meeting.

TIM

Meeting is coming to order - all is present.

RUSTY

Where'd you hide the gun?

TIM
In our safely deposit box, where
else?

DEAN
You mean safety deposit box.

TIM
Whatever. Here it is.

Tim points it at a singing bird and pulls the trigger. CLICK

DEAN
How do you know it's not loaded?

TIM
We shot it yesterday and I shot it
again this morning and nothing's
happened. How do I check?

DEAN
Cock the trigger back till you hear
a click.

TIM
Like this?

Tim pulls the hammer back but it's very hard so he uses both
hands. Then he hears a click.

DEAN
Tim, you gotta take your finger off
the trigger...

Tim grabs the handle with his finger on the trigger and he
hands Dean the gun... Dean grabs at the gun...

TIM
Here... BAM

Dean immediately falls backward against the side of the
treehouse. Blood is appearing on his white t-shirt.
(beat.....)

RUSTY
It was loaded. You shot Dean. Go
get your Mom, fast! Dean can you
hear me? Can you hear me? It's
Rusty!

Tim races down the ladder and into the house and meets his
mother coming out the back door.

MOTHER
What was that loud noise, Timothy
Arnold?

TIM

We had a gun, I didn't know it was loaded, honest, and it went off accidentally. Dean's been hit and he's bleeding. Call the ambulance!

Tim's mother runs back into the kitchen to the phone and dials 9-1-1 while Tim runs back out to the treehouse.

MOTHER

I want to report an accidental shooting. What? Oh, 436 Sycamore in the backyard. I'm.....

Tim climbs up the ladder and back into the treehouse.

RUSTY

This is bad, Tim, very, very bad. He won't respond to me. I think he hears me.

TIM

Dean, if you can hear me nod your head.

To their relief Dean slightly nods his head.

RUSTY

We gotta hide the gun. Give it here and let me put it in the safety box.

TIM

They're gonna find it anyway but here. (to Dean...) Dean, help is on the way.

RUSTY

It was an accident, we all saw it. Dean, you gotta hold on till help arrives. Tim, do you think we can get him down from here?

TIM

Let's try. I'll get our big ladder.

Sirens get real loud and then stop. Two men in white coats jump out and grab a stretcher.

MOTHER

You boys get down from there.

ATTENDANT PETE(50'S)

No, you boys stay where you are, we don't have time to wait for them to climb down. When I get up there John, hand me the stretcher. I'll get him on and then lower him down to you. You boys stay clear.

ATTENDANT JOHN(30'S)

Gotcha,Pete!

More sirens arrive. Two police cars and a small fire truck all show up with sirens bellowing through the neighborhood And after they park it's complete silence.

ATTENDANT PETE

OK, he's strapped in tight and coming down. He's still breathing but he's bleeding badly. Here he comes.

ATTENDANT JOHN

Officer help me with this stretcher. Go slowly, be careful, set him over here in the shade.

The officer helps the ambulance attendant. As the other policeman steps over to the ladder.

POLICEMAN #1(30'S)

You boys come down from there.

TIM

Do you want us to bring down the gun too?

POLICEMAN #1

No, leave everything as it is and come down now.

Tim and Rusty make their way down and stand aside looking at their friend Dean laying still in the stretcher. One of the attendants begins to give him CPR. All around the stretcher can sense something is wrong by the look on the faces of the ambulance attendants. Something is wrong. After a couple of minutes the attendants look at each other in disgust.

ATTENDANT JOHN

We lost him.

Attendant Pete pounds on Dean's chest with his fist then pumps some more as John breathes into his mouth again... But nothing.

Meanwhile Policeman #1 climbs back down from the treehouse and pulls out the pearl handled .38 special from his pocket carefully as to not smudge any finger prints.

POLICEMAN #1

Is this the gun that went off?

Tim and Rusty shook their heads yes.

POLICEMAN #2(20'S)

Are there any more weapons in your treehouse?

TIM

There's a slingshot... Do you want that?

POLICEMAN #2

No.

POLICEMAN #1

Young man (pointing to Tim) you come with me. And you, young fella go with the other officer. Both of you are going to tell us what happened. Get in the squad car. Ma'am, we aren't going anywhere, we just want to talk to them separately.

MOTHER

Fine officer.

The ambulance attendants slide the covered body of Dean into the ambulance, close the doors and drive off.

After a while all the parents of the boys are gathered together consoling Dean's parents. One of the officers approach with the two boys.

POLICEMAN #2

Their stories check out. It looks like a very unfortunate accident, we are impounding the gun. Seems they found it when they were going fishing, it was on the ground at the place Fr. Brown committed suicide. They didn't know it but there was a bullet still in one of the cylinders.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Approximately 300 children are victims of accidental shootings each year, of those children under 13 just over 100 results in death.

The officer leads all the parents over to where the boys are crying. Dean's parents go to there car and follow the ambulance.

43 INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

43

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The police in the US seize an estimated 900,000 guns a year. It is also estimated that an illegal handgun is confiscated by Chicago police every 75 minutes to make an annual total of about 6,500 for just the one city.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

After seized, the municipalities
auction them off to it's citizens
or destroys them completely.

Sgt. Dickerson is at his desk in the back room cage in the
basement of the police station typing out his report on the
computer. His phone rings and he answers.

SGT. DICKERSON

Inventory room, Dickerson speaking.
Hello Captain. (beat...)
Yes, I've got all the guns ready to
be blown up by the bomb
specialists. I've got a question
about this pearl handled .38
special just picked up at that
young kid's shooting a few days
ago. You want it to go too?
(beat...) OK then, we're ready to
roll.

Sgt. Dickerson tosses the .38 into one of the 2 barrels of
rifles and handguns seized by the department. He then picks
up the phone again and dials...

SGT. DICKERSON

Hi, Sgt. Dickerson in inventory
here. Is this Captain Reynolds?

CPT. REYNOLDS

Bomb Specialists, this is Cpt.
Reynolds.

SGT. DICKERSON

Your weapons for disposal are ready
to roll.

CPT. REYNOLDS

We'll be there shortly.

44 EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR TOWN - AFTERNOON

44

The bomb squad wagon pulls up deep into the wooded area
outside of town and parks.

CPT. REYNOLDS

OK, Roger, pay close attention on
how we do this. I need you to go to
the back and unattach the bomb
trailer from the wagon and I'll
pull forward. We need to get
everything away from the bomb
compartment. While I pull up I need
you to open the bomb compartment
and don't touch anything.

ROGER

Gotcha!

CPT. REYNOLDS

That's "Yes Sir!"

ROGER

Sorry sir, yes sir!

As Roger opens the bomb compartment he sees every kind of handgun and rifle imaginable. One gun stands out the most. He focus' in on the pearl handled .38 special which lies on the top of the barrel. The Captain joins Roger near the barrel.

CPT. REYNOLDS

What a waste. There are a lot of nice looking weapons here. You know some towns have an auction but our mayor insists that we destroy any gun that's seized.

ROGER

What if someone wanted to purchase one of them?

CPT. REYNOLDS

Sorry no dice. Our city law states that no gun shall be auctioned or sold or taken from the seized lot of weapons. No exception. Take that nice lookin' .38 with the pearl handles.... Damn, I'd like that to add to my collection but no way. I'm not losing my job and my pension I've built up for 35 years over a handgun.

ROGER

(changing the subject) Do you put a bomb on top and seal it shut or...?

CPT. REYNOLDS

No, the bomb has already been placed on the bottom of the pile of guns by the inventory department. See these wires coming from the pile of guns? I need to connect them to the transmitter/igniter in the cab of the wagon. Oh hell, I forgot the connectors, I'll be right back.

Captain Reynolds hops off the bomb compartment trailer and heads over to the wagon. Roger continues to look at all the pistols in the bin. He picks up an automatic but can't look away from the pearl handled .38 special. He leans back to

see if Captain Reynolds can see him. Both wagon doors are open so he can't see the trailer from the mirrors. Roger hears him open the glove box to get the connectors. In a split second Roger picks up the .38 and tosses it straight back behind the bomb trailer. Just then he sees the Captain walking toward him but looking down untangling the connectors.

CPT. REYNOLDS

Here we go. Now pay attention
Roger, you might have to do this
someday. These connectors detonate
the bomb by a radio signal from the
cab of the wagon. It's simple...
Red to red - white to white.

The connectors are placed inside the top of the bomb compartment and the hinged lid is closed. The 5 screws are tightened.

ROGER

That's it?

CPT. REYNOLDS

That's all except for the fireworks
haha. You'll be surprised how
little the sound of the bomb is in
that sealed compartment. Shut and
seal the bomb compartment then go
to the wagon. I'll meet you there.

Roger lowers the lid and seals it shut and goes to the wagon.

CPT. REYNOLDS

Close your door and roll up the
window, just in case.

The Captain presses the red button on the dashboard. There is no sound at all but the wagon shakes back and forth a bit.

ROGER

That's it?

CPT. REYNOLDS

That's it... Let's take a look see.
Grab those gloves. The lid of that
thing's will burn the shit out of
ya.

They go back and loosen the nuts holding the lid. Soon smoke starts to seep out and as Cpt. Reynolds lifts the lid all the way up a huge bellow of smoke rises like an indian smoke signal. The two wave their hands back and forth till it clears the smoke so they can get a good look. Inside the level of firearms metal has been cut in half and instead of guns there are bits and pieces of small metal fragments scattered throughout.

ROGER
Nothing but pieces, wow!

CPT. REYNOLDS
We got one more stop. The scrap metal shop just down the road. Any piece of a weapon that was in there is rendered unusable. It's basically scrap metal now.

They hook the bomb wagon on the vehicle and take off. As the wagon and the bomb container roll out of the woods Roger spies a cattle crossing sign on the highway.

45 EXT. DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR TOWN - MIDNIGHT 45

Roger pulls up to where the surroundings look familiar. He spots the cattle crossing sign, turns in to the woods, cuts his lights off and turns off the motor of his truck. He steps out and grabs his flashlight and begins to comb the area. He spots something shiny and there it is. He quickly picks it up, gets in the pickup, heads back onto the highway and takes off into the dark.

46 INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 46

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Statistic show that over the last several decades in America death by gun violence has decreased. We still need to remember that guns don't pull the trigger by themselves. It takes an unstabled finger connected to an unstabled mind. When you are in a relationship for example: you should always be on the look out for the red flags of controllers, physical abusers, mental abusers, those that abuse themselves with drugs or alcohol and losers who are anti social. Don't think for a minute that you can change people.

Roger sits in his undershirt drinking a beer cleaning the .38 and all the while he is admiring the pearl handles. He steps over to his gun cabinet to get some oil and cloth pads. He has 3 rifles and a half a dozen or so handguns and boxes of ammo. But this is the only one with a pearl handle. He shoves 6 live rounds into the cylinder and closes it.

Later Roger is dressed and heads over to his girlfriend Sally's house. He decides to take the pearl handled gun as a gift to impress her. The gun is in a nice box on the seat.

47 INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 47

Roger walks up the stairs and knocks on the door of Sally's apartment.

SALLY
Just a moment, who is it?

ROGER
It's me Roger.

Sally opens the door in her towel.

SALLY
Oh, Roger. You didn't call. What's up?

ROGER
I thought we'd go out to dinner and stop by Bonkers' for a drink afterwards.

SALLY
I wished you would have called. I've gotta study for my advanced Realtor License tonight with my tutor. What time is it?

ROGER
It's early ... A little after 7:00pm.

SALLY
Well, come in for just a minute while I get dressed.

ROGER
I've got something for you.

SALLY
Roger, I told you no gifts between us.

ROGER
It's for your protection. It's a gun.

SALLY
I don't really need a gun. I can scream really loud. You want a drink while I get my shower and change?

ROGER
Sure, I'll help myself.

SALLY
(from inside the bathroom..) You gotta call when you come over. You just can't show up on my stoop, Roger.

Roger pours himself a shot of bourbon sitting on the kitchen counter. While he is waiting he rummages around the kitchen

and spots a note on the fridge.

"You make loving more than I
ever could imagine how wonderful
it could possibly be." - MT

And below the letters is a mark of lipstick kissing the paper. Roger drinks the rest of his bourbon and pours another. Also on the side of the fridge was today's date and an inscription.... Meet for dinner with Matty xoxo and desert too!

Sally comes out of the bathroom and is half dressed and in a hurry.

SALLY

Now what time is it?

ROGER

Only 15 after. Who is your meeting with tonight?

SALLY

It's not a meeting, it's someone helping me with my license, I told you.

ROGER

What's her name again?

SALLY

Why do you need to know everything I do, Roger? It's a realtor Matty Thompson from work. Now you've got 10 minutes of my time then you have to go.

ROGER

I wanted to show you this gun.

SALLY

I really don't want the thing, OK?

ROGER

What's with you? A couple of months ago you wanted me to take you to the shooting range or out in the country to target shoot? What happened to that. You're acting strange.

SALLY

It's you who are acting strange. We are not a couple anymore, Roger. Have you forgotten how you shoved me around in our last argument? You need to get out... Get out now?

ROGER

Not until you tell me what's goin' on.

SALLY

Look things have change over the last couple weeks. I decided we're through and I'm moving on. I'm going a different direction.

ROGER

That's it, we're through, good bye? I know what it is - you're hooking up with someone else aren't you Sally. You're makin' it with a woman.

SALLY

That's none of your fuckin' business you bastard, get the hell out. And take your gun with you.

ROGER

I can't satisfy you any more? I used to... Remember how good we were together.

SALLY

Don't kid yourself... You weren't that good.

ROGER

You bitch!

Roger shoves her onto the couch and gets on top of her. He then forces a kiss on her mouth as Sally reaches for something on the coffee table to hit him. She finds the shot glass and uses it to hit him on the back of the head. He grabs it away and throws it against the back of the fake fireplace. He tears open her v-neck t-shirt and exposes her breasts. Before she can scream he covers her mouth with one of his hands. Her free hand goes back to the coffee table to find something else to hit him again - this time it's the pearl handled .38 special. She grabs it by the barrell and tries to hit him again but he grabs it by the handle and as she bites him on the neck He pulls the trigger BAM.. She stops fighting. She goes completely limp as he hovers over her out of breath.

Roger looks at the clock. It's now 7:30 he starts to put the gun back in the box but on second thought tosses the box aside and puts the gun in his shirt. He panics and looks out the window at his pickup parked on the street below. He nervously paces the floor of the apartment and pours another shot of bourbon. Then he goes into the hallway and gets a sheet out of the closet. After wrapping her body he wipes off everything he's touched and lifts Sally's lifeless body over his shoulder and goes to the door.

The hallway is quiet and it's beginning to get dark. He looks at the clock one last time, it's a quarter till 8:00pm. Down the stairs he flies and out the door. Down the five steps to the sidewalk and tosses the body wrapped in the now blood stained sheet into the back of the pickup. He jumps in the cab of his truck and takes off. At the same time a shiny black Cadillac pulls up across the street and the door opens and two very attractive legs come out to meet the street. The license on the back reads MT4U2.

Roger drives out onto the the old highway out of town. He is sweating terribly so he rolls down the window. He comes up on the old river bridge and pulls over at the halfway point and turns off his headlights. There are no cars coming from either direction. He quickly gets out, drops the tailgate and slides the body out and over his shoulder. He then launches the body into the river below. At that moment he sees headlights coming toward him so he jumps back into the cab and pulls away in the dark. He flips his lights back on but notices the .38 special laying on the bench seat of the cab. He panics and grabs it and heaves it over the side of the bridge just before the bridge ends. The gun lands on the bank of the river.

48 EXT. THE OLD HWY BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

48

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Guns are lost or stolen at a very high rate. There is no way to get an accurate account of lost or stolen guns but it is estimated that 600,000 guns are stolen every year in the US. Just in California the police departments alone lost 944 handguns in one year.

A very old Chevy pickup pulls off the highway and into the tall grass at the edge of the bridge. Two old men get out and grab fishing poles, collapsible chairs and a tackle box and head down to the river's edge. These two characters fish about every other day and most of the time right next to the bridge. The white old timer is Ned Smith (Smitty) and the black old timer is Tyrone James Turner (Ty).

SMITTY

Ty, you ready to catch some real fish today?

TY

You betcha, uh huh. We are like a library book, my friend. We are way overdue.

SMITTY

You got that right.

They make their way down near the water's edge and set up their chairs. Ty goes back up and gets the coolers as Smitty untangles his line.

SMITTY CONT'D

With all this damned high tech gizmos out there why ain't they invented lineless fishing pole.

TY

Now that would be impossible, Smitty.

SMITTY

No it ain't. If they can get a man on the moon or a telephone that you can take with you when you shit in the woods, then they can make a fishin' reel with no fishin' line, I'll betcha.

TY

Did you remember to buy worms?

SMITTY

Got some right here. Help yourself.

TY

Naw, on second thought, I'm gonna change things up and use some stink bait.

SMITTY

Oh no man! Go down wind of me if you're gonna use that gawd-awful crap. It smells like shit wrapped in some old cheese. I wouldn't want to eat any fish that eats stuff like that. Sheesh, can you smell that?

TY

I ain't even opened the damn jar yet. Don't get your panties in a wad, Smitty. My dad told me that the more it stinks - the better the bait.

SMITTY

I'm using some of those talking worms.

TY

Whatta you mean talking worms?

SMITTY

They can speak fish and they invite them right up to'em and bang I hook'em.

Ty moves a bit down the bank away from Smitty waving his hand in front of his face.

TY

I was at the barber shop last week and ol' Chester Johnson, you know the lawn mower man, was braggin' about all the big fish he and his buddy Lefty caught. Well, we all were bitin' on that fish story.

SMITTY

Whatta ya mean.

TY

I asked him where did you catch all those whoppers, Chester? And he puffed up his chest, put his finger up by his mouth and said straight out, "right in the corner of their mouth".

SMITTY

Haha... He got you guys. That's a good one.

TY

You're crazy. Hey, is this far enough away?

SMITTY

I can still smell it but it's not that bad.

TY

Well, sure you can still smell it. Hell, they can smell it in Cincinnati from here too. Haha

SMITTY

OK, my line's in the water, I'm relaxing in my chair, gotta cold one right here and my good friend just down the way. This is what I call livin'.

TY

Yep. (beat...) a few fish wouldn't hurt neither. Did I ever tell you the story about ol' Tom Shrank? They say he caught a carp in here that was so big it took a winch on a Jeep to drag it onto the bank of the river. Yea he did... It was so big they had to clean it on the bank.. yep it was so big.....

SMITTY

OK already, don't believe everything you hear, Ty. Uh oh, I got a nibble. Come on baby take

(MORE)

SMITTY (cont'd)
 those worms home to your sweety.
 Feels like a nice sized catfish.

The end of Smitty's pole takes a nose dive as he rears back to hook him. The line breaks as the end comes out of the water with nothing - not even the hook.

TY
 Looks like an air-cat to me.

SMITTY
 Damn it, he was a biggun' - I just know he was. Well one good thing... it got my innards a movin'. Where's that toilet paper we brung?

TY
 It's in the pouch behind your chair and don't use all of it.

SMITTY
 Here it is. I'll be right back.

Smitty walks off into the weeds near the bridge and circles a good spot to go.

TY
 You look just like my damn dog. He has to circle his shittin' spot 3 times before he squats.

SMITTY
 Hey, I gotta check for spiders and snakes, man.

Smitty is grunting and groaning as he walks into the high weeds to take care of business. All of a sudden he sees something shiny nearby.

SMITTY CONT'D
 There's something shiny in the weeds and it ain't no beer can.

TY
 It's probably some aluminum foil. What is it?

SMITTY
 Just a dad-gum minute "The job ain't done till the paperworks' complete".

TY
 You're a funny old coot. I guess that's why I like fishin' wit ya.

Smitty walks toward the shiny object.

SMITTY

Why, it's a toy gun. If I can bend over without falling on my keister I'll bring it over to ya. Uhg! Ty, it's a real gun! Looks fairly new too. Oh shit....

TY

Oh shit, what?

Smitty walks up to where Ty is sittin' and hands him the gun.

TY CONT'D

Damn, it a real gun, a .38 special. Probably would knock us over if we shot it.

Ty opens the cylinder to see every chamber is loaded but one has been spent. He looks down the barrel and then closes it and sets it to have the empty chamber on top so when it's fired it'll be live. He wipes some of the mud off the handle.

TY CONT'D

You want me to shoot the thing? ... To see if it works?

SMITTY

Let's see - aim for that old refrigerator on the bank across the river.

TY

OK, here goes. BAM... (Pach-ing!)

SMITTY

Nice hit. Let me try. Here's how those detectives on TV hold it, both hands.

TY

You look just like a detective with your bald head. Yeah, you look like Kojak all you need now is a sucker.

Smitty takes aim. BAM

SMITTY

I think I missed. Nice lookin' gun. Kinda like a General George Patton six shooter. You want it?

TY

Not really but I can take it down to the pawn shop and get a few hundred for us to split.

SMITTY

Sounds good to me. I'll go for that.

TY

I know a guy that hangs out at the East Side Jazz Club who collects guns... I'll see what he says it's worth.

49 INT. THE OLD PICKUP TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

49

The two load up their gear, get in the truck, pull away from the bridge and travel back into town as the sun goes down.

TY

Pull in up here. I want to see a guy about a horse.

SMITTY

You gotta pee?

TY

No, I'm gonna show this gun to a fella who might be interested in buying it. Get on the same page, will ya.

SMITTY

But this is a club, are they open?

TY

Yea, he'll be open. Come on in with me. It's a rough crowd but don't worry, they're sorta good folks and stay close.

SMITTY

(mumbles) We haven't come very far in this country if I have to be nervous going into a club.

TY

Stop mumbling to yourself and let's go.

Smitty opens the door for Ty so he won't be the first person the patrons see. Ty walks over to the bar as Smitty follows.

BARTENDER

What'll it be boys?

TY

Is Duke around?

BARTENDER

Who shall I say is asking?

TY

Tell him the only guy in the county
that can still beat him in a game
of "HORSE".

Bartender walk into the adjoining office door. They hear
from inside the office....

DUKE

(loud laugh) Tell that
sonofabitchin' Tyrone to get his
ass in here.

BARTENDER

Go on in fellas.

DUKE

My oh my, if it ain't ol' "tie one
on" Tyrone hisself. And you?

TY

This is my fishin' buddy Smitty.

DUKE

Good to meet you Smitty, any friend
of Ty's is a guy about to get
snafoozzeled I always say. Haha

TY

I know you're busy but we came
across something today while we
were fishin'... Thought you might
want.

DUKE

Ty, you know I love ya man but I
don't want no 50 pound carp.

TY

Haha.. No its a .38 special but
it's a special, special.

DUKE

Well let me see it. Have a seat.

TY

Smitty could you go out an get it?
And wrap it up in that old rag on
the console.

SMITTY

Sure.

TY

It's got a pearl handle, that's why
I thought of you first. I remember
you had a pearl handled pistol at
one time.

DUKE

You remember that? Great gun. Lost it somewhere...(beat...) Oh I lost it in a damn card game. Hell, I forgot all about that.

Smitty returns and unwraps the rag and pushes the gun toward Duke.

DUKE CONT'D

Oh man, I love this. It's very similar to my old one.

Duke flips the cylinder open then in one smooth move closes it, pulls the hammer back and uncocks it. He opens it again and looks down the barrell.

TY

Whatta ya think?

DUKE

What do you want for it, my friend?

TY

How's about \$500?

DUKE

(beat...) Well, did you shoot it?

SMITTY

Yes, Ty nailed a refrigerator across the river and I killed a sunflower.

DUKE

It sure feels good. Hmm.. If it was anybody else I'd say \$350 tops but between friends I'll say \$500 sounds fair. It's not registered is it?

TY

Not that we know... It could be a gun the police are lookin' for in a murder case. (beat..)

Smitty quickly swings around at Ty.

SMITTY

What the hell...

TY

Relax old man. Just jokin'!

DUKE

I knew he was jokin' - Ty was always a kidder.

Duke opens his wall safe and counts out 10 \$50bills and hands it to Ty. He picks up the gun again and runs his hands down the barrell.

TY

Thanks Duke!

DUKE

Hell no, thank you guys, you made my damn day. Can I buy you a drink?

TY

Naw, we gotta go but we'll take a rain check.

SMITTY

Thanks Duke.

DUKE

Good to meet you, Smitty, keep ol' Ty out of trouble. See ya!

Ty and Smitty leave the bar and head down the road toward home.

TY

This was a very profitable fishing day.

SMITTY

And it just goes to show you.

TY

What?

SMITTY

Be careful where you shit... It might just be near your "best catch of the day".. Haha...

50 INT. CLUB - EVENING

50

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Many social gathering spots like bars, clubs and even malls and main streets are gathering places for those who want to buy drugs and those who want to sell drugs. Because the business of narcotics is unlawful many transactions are settled by the also unlawful use of guns. Club owner "Duke" waits in his office for a delivery of cocaine.

He has time to kill so he's admiring his new pearl handled .38 special. He even goes to his desk and opens a drawer and finds a few .38 cartridges to replace the ones missing from his new revolver. He then slides the revolver in the top

drawer of his desk and puts the automatic 9mm away into a locked cabinet behind him.

Then he counts out the \$10,000 he is planning on spending for the cocaine that's about to arrive. A buzzer goes off in his office.

He goes to the door steps to the side and slides open the small window.

It's his delivery guy, a Mexican immigrant named Carlos Parker(30's heavy set).

DUKE

Hey, Carlos, come on in (unlocks the door). You want a drink?

CARLOS

No, just here to make the delivery and be on my way, sir.

DUKE

I've got your \$10Grand in that envelope on the desk.

CARLOS

It's not \$10Grand
Duke...(beat...)It's \$12.

Duke stops inspecting the coke and looks up at Carlos.

DUKE

Excuse me? I thought I heard you say \$12.

CARLOS

I did. That's the new going rate.

Just then, Dukes girlfriend (Ida) enters the office as Duke tosses the bag down on the desk.

DUKE

Dammit girl, I asked you to always knock before you come barging in here. (looks at Carlos) Take the \$10Grand and I'll personally talk to Ethan about this problem with the extra \$2K.

CARLOS

I don't think I can do that.

DUKE

You can do that. I'll take full responsibility. Go ahead and take off and tell Ethan I'm on the way, OK?

Carlos leaves the room and shuts the door on his way out.

DUKE CONT'D

I can't f-in' believe this shit.
After 4 years doing business he
springs this shit on me.

IDA

Aren't you gonna say "Hi" or "Nice
to see ya, babe?"

DUKE

Sorry, baby... Look what I got you.
You always admired the one I had
and this one just happened by.

Duke pulls the pearl handled revolver out of the desk drawer
to show Ida.

IDA

Oh, baby, I love it.

Ida gets up close to Duke and they exchange a hug and a
passionate kiss.

DUKE

Wow, I need to buy you more things
you like just to keep you
interested.

IDA

Oh Duke, you know I'm more than
interested in you, you're my man,
baby.

DUKE

I gotta go across town to see
Ethan. You wanna go?

IDA

For sure.

DUKE

Leave that gun here and I'll meet
you out front... We'll take the
BMW. Pull it up by the front door.

Duke steps into the restroom as Ida takes another long look
at the revolver then shoves it into her big beach purse and
goes to get the car.

The BMW pulls up to the front door of the hotel and the two
get out and go in to the front desk.

51 INT. HOTEL - EVENING

51

DUKE

Is Ethan in?

CLERK

That depends on who's asking.

DUKE
Tell him it's Duke from the
"Highball Club".

CLERK
Concerning?

DUKE
Concerning... It's none of your
damn business, buddy. I'm an old
customer of his, that should be
enough.

CLERK
I'll page his room.

DUKE
I'll save you the trouble.

Duke grabs Ida by the arm as they walk to the elevator and
step in and pushes floor #17. The door closes.

Duke glances down at Ida's bag and spots the shiny barrel of
the .38 he gave her.

DUKE CONT'D
You bring that thing with you? Damn
it, woman. Just don't let anyone
see it, you got that straight,
baby?

IDA
You worry too much, baby.

DUKE
Yea, easy for you to say.

The elevator bell goes off and they both walk to the only
door on the 17th floor. A heavy set, well dressed thug
stands by the door.

THUG
You have an appointment?

DUKE
We don't need no stinking
appointment!

THUG
Well then you don't go in, simple
as that.

DUKE
Tell Ethan that Duke is here to see
him.

The thug pulls out his cellphone, pushes a button and then
mumbles into the phone. After a while he knocks 3 times on
the door. A tall athletic man opens the door.

TALL ATHLETIC MAN
 (to Ethan) You want I should check
 them?

ETHAN
 (from across the room) No, not
 Duke, hell, we've been doing
 business for How long?

DUKE
 Can you say 12 years!

52 INT. HOTEL OFFICE FLOOR 17 - EVENING

52

The doorman waves them both inside. They walk up to Ethan's
 desk and shake hands as Duke introduces Ida.

DUKE CONT'D
 This is Ida, Ida, Ethan.

ETHAN
 Don't say anything, I know why
 you're here... Look Duke it's outta
 my hands.

DUKE
 A 20% increase and without a
 warning. You could have given me a
 heads up or something. This is not
 good business, Ethan.

ETHAN
 And you paying only \$10Grand when
 the price is \$12 is not good
 business either.(beat...) We don't
 have a choice here.

DUKE
 I'm not paying any more and don't
 bother sending your man out to me
 again. I'm shopping around.

ETHAN
 I guess I didn't make myself clear,
 my friend. You got no choice in
 this matter. You owe me \$2Grand and
 my guy's coming by in 2 weeks for
 another \$12Grand. Ya just got no
 choice. And you're gonna stay here
 till one of your men bring over the
 money. (shoves the phone in front
 of Duke)
 Sorry, things have changed - that's
 the way it is, period.

DUKE
 You son-of-a-bitch! Damn you!

Out of nowhere Ida reaches into her bag and pulls out the revolver. Duke sees the shiny barrel out of the corner of his eye.

IDA

There's another solution to this problem....

DUKE

Put that damn thing away!

ETHAN

Don't be a fool. Let me have the gun you stupid....

Ida snaps and fires 2 shots into Ethan's gut BAM,BAM and he falls from his swivel chair onto the floor. Then BAM, BAM, the inside door man fires 2 head shots into Duke and Ida. There's a pause as the doorman outside pounds on the door to come in and finally is let in as the inside doorman waits for a phone call to go through.

INSIDE DOORMAN

Freddy, Freddy, we got a situation. Ethan is dead. It seems that Duke from the "Highball Club" didn't like the new coke price and got into a screaming match, that's when his crazy girlfriend shot Ethan in the gut twice. I had to take both of them out.(beat...) What do you want me to do?

FREDDY

Black bag the 3 of them and clean up the blood as best you can. I'll be right over.

A white limousine pulls up to the hotel and Freddy(50's) steps out and walks quickly to the door and straight to the elevator. He enters and punches the button for the 17th floor and paces the small space in the elevator till he hears the bell. The door slides open and he walks to the doorman who is already on his cellphone letting them know inside the room to open the door.

Freddy goes in and surveys the room.

FREDDY

Who knows what happened?

DOORMAN

I was right here when Duke's girl pulled this .38 (taps it on the floor with the toe of his shoe) while she and Duke were sitting across the desk. Ethan was

(MORE)

DOORMAN (cont'd)
explaining the rise in the coke
price and they were having words.
Then all of a sudden she put 2
slugs into Ethan's gut.
That's when I took them both out.

FREDDY
You didn't check them for a weapon
when they came in? You know that's
what we always do.

DOORMAN
Ethan said not to check... He said
he trusted them, you know, they'd
done business together for years.

FREDDY
This is what happens when you get
careless. Don't ever get careless.
Get this mess cleaned as well as
you can, then call Stokes to come
over and dispose of the 3 bodies.
Damn, this is gonna cost me.
Call Robinson to see if he can
clean up all the traces of blood,
he's good at that. If he can't then
tear out the carpet and replace it.
(beat...)
You did OK, but I want this place
scrubbed like this never happened,
you got that? Call me when it's
done.

DOORMAN
You got someone in mind to run this
office?

FREDDY
You run it till I get someone. And
if you do well, hey, that someone
might just be you.

DOORMAN
Thanks, Boss. Do you want me to
dispose of the gun?

Freddy reaches down and picks the .38 off the carpet and
takes out his handkerchief and rubs some blood off the
barrel.

FREDDY
Nice, very nice... I think I've got
something in mind for this.

Freddy turns and walks out as the door shuts behind him.

53 EXT. FREDDY'S LIMO - EVENING

53

Out front Freddy steps into his limo and tells the driver, (Charlie 60's), to take him home.

FREDDY

Take me home, Charlie, and get this thing serviced and cleaned tomorrow. It's due for some detailing.

CHARLIE

Will do Boss.

Charlie pulls up into the "U" shaped driveway of Freddy's home overlooking the city. He steps out and goes to the front door where he is met by his wife, a beautiful young blonde(20's).

54 INT. FREDDY'S HOME - EVENING

54

THE WIFE

What's the matter, honey? You usually aren't home this early in the evening.

FREDDY

I'm just checking on you.

THE WIFE

You really checking on...

FREDDY

Just joking, just joking, you know I trust you. I'm calling it a day. You want to go eat at the Savoy, later, then go to the hotel for "Big Band Night" for some dancing?

THE WIFE

I'd love too, we haven't done that in a while. I'll get ready. (walks away...) What time are we leaving and I'll make reservations.

FREDDY

Make it around 8:30pm.... I'll be in the study.

In the study Freddy fixes himself a whiskey on ice and pulls out the pearl handled .38 revolver he picked up at the bloody scene earlier. He admires it and stops to think and lights up a cigarette. He then picks up his home phone and dials 7 quick digits.

FREDDY

Terry, Freddy here, say, I got a hot job for you tonight. It's a
(MORE)

FREDDY (cont'd)
 total burn-out at 700 Jefferson Avenue - The "Highball Club". Make sure everyone is out before you flame it. (beat...) Uh ha, same rate as before?
 They close at midnight and it has to be started at 20 minutes after midnight exactly. (beat....) Right, don't let anyone see you. Oh, and another thing, Terry, are you listening? Have one of your goons pick me up right after the fire is set... I'll be outside of the Hotel Grant just down the way about 6 blocks. Sammy? Yea, he'll do... Just don't let him be late you got that? I'll meet him outside.
 Thanks!

Freddy hangs up and tosses the gun on the desk, then puts his feet up and closes his eyes.

55 INT. HOTEL GRANT - EVENING

55

Freddy and his wife are dancing at the Hotel Grant. Everyone there is dressed to the max as the big band plays the classic standards. The dance floor is crowded as Freddy and his wife come into view.

THE WIFE

Oh, Freddy, we need to do this more often. I forgot how much fun we have dancing.

Freddy glances at the huge wall clock over the dance floor.

FREDDY

We sure do, dear. Let's take a break after this one. Order me a double whiskey on the rocks while I go outside and get some fresh air.

THE WIFE

You mean smoke.... I know you better than you think.

FREDDY

You got me!

Freddy looks at the huge clock on the entrance wall as it shows 12:20am exactly. The song ends as the two go their separate ways. On his way out Freddy makes contact with several local business men and asks the inside hat check girl for a light.

56 EXT. HOTEL GRANT FRONT VERANDA - EVENING 56

Outside a blue Chevy Camero is double parked. Freddy climbs inside the vehicle as it takes off down the street.

57 INT. BLUE CAMERO - EVENING 57

About 6 city blocks away is the "Highball Club". The Camero pulls up to the front. Freddy sees the flicker of flames in the back of the building. From the car he takes the pearl handled .38 revolver from his shoulder holster and throws it right through the pane of glass showing the name of the club. It breaks the glass as it travels inside the building and comes to rest under one of the booths. He looks at his cigarette - it's half gone.

FREDDY

Step on it, Sammy, get me back to the hotel.

With tires squealing the Camero takes off and soon pulls up just passed the hotel where Freddy quickly gets out and the Camero speeds off. Freddy walks to the top of the entrance of the hotel and drops his smoke and puts it out with his shoe. He enters and walks to the table to greet his wife who is just returning with their drinks.

58 INT. HOTEL GRANT - EVENING 58

THE WIFE

Now that was good timing.

FREDDY

Very! Thank you!

59 EXT. HIGHBALL CLUB - EVENING 59

The clock on the street corner shows 2:30pm and the fire at the "Highball Club" was in full blaze as firefighters with 2 ladder trucks poured water onto the scene. Several firefighters in full protective gear are entering the front door of the club for a routine check. Jack Pilson, a rookie firefighter is one of the three.

60 INT. HIGHBALL CLUB - EVENING 60

FIREFIGHTER 1

Jack, you go in behind us and watch for our signals. Can you both hear me OK? Let me know with a thumbs up.

They both give him a thumbs up.

FIREFIGHTER 2

(to Firefighter 1) You go ahead and check the kitchen and coolers. I'll check the restrooms and behind the
(MORE)

FIREFIGHTER 2 (cont'd)

bar. Jack, crawl on your knees along the floor and look under tables for anyone who might have fallen from smoke inhalation. I'll meet you both at the front door in 60 seconds.

They all go their separate ways. Jack crawls as the fire and smoke start to increase in the building. After about 30 seconds and just before Jack gets back up on his feet he sees the shine of the revolver's barrel. He crawls quickly toward it as he hears his name being called to get to the front. Jack quickly grabs the revolver and drops it into his big pant pocket and gets up and goes to meet the others near the front door.

FIREFIGHTER 1

Good job guys. Did you see anyone or anything?

FIREFIGHTER 2

Not a soul..

JACK

Nobody sir. It's clear

Just as the 3 were walking away, the second story floor came crashing down onto the main level.

FIREFIGHTER 1

Looks like we got out just in time, fellas.

61 INT. FIRESTATION - EVENING

61

Back at the station, Jack had totally forgotten about the gun in his pant pocket until he undresses and feels the hard steel. He grabs an old t-shirt and quickly wraps it up and sets it in his locker as he checks to see who is watching.

Later the shift changes and Jack stuffs the handgun and other dirty clothes in his athletic bag to head off for home.

62 EXT. HIGHBALL CLUB - EVENING

62

On the way home Jack stops his Charger by where the fire took place earlier in his shift. Some areas were still smoldering as three fire inspectors with notepads walk the area.

JACK

Hey George, anything show up? Damn, it took out the main floor too, all the way to the basement.

GEORGE

I'll say, and when it landed down there the alcohol fueled the fire and caused everything to melt. See that ball of metal?

JACK

Yea...

GEORGE

Those are the keg barrels from the main floor. Melted into a ball. That fire had to be a hot one when it got down there. Any metallic evidence is lost.

JACK

We were lucky gettin' out when the 2nd story came down. I'll see ya, George, I need to get home and take another shower.

GEORGE

I don't blame ya.....

JACK

See ya...

Jack walks over and gets into his Charger and drives off.

63 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

63

He goes into his apartment building and checks his mail before going up the stairs. At the top of the stairs Jack meets his neighbor Monk(30's black man).

MONK

Say Jack, rough day.

JACK

Not really, same ol', same ol'. What's up with you? Say, did you ever find that gun you were sayin' you wanted?

MONK

Naw, I can't buy it anywhere - my felony, ya know.

JACK

What was that for?

MONK

(laughs...) not filing my taxes 3 years ago. I owed \$97! A chicken shit crime for a felony, I think.

JACK

On that I'd have to agree. What are you willin' to pay for a gun, Monk?

MONK

Well, I'm not just lookin' for any ol' gun. It's gotta be something special, you know. It's gotta shine, you know pop! I'm tryin' to impress my girl, ya see. She's got this thing about a guy and a gun. She somehow thinks a gun is part of a guy's character, or something.

JACK

What ya willin' to pay?

MONK

I've got a couple grand saved up for a ring and a gun. Need the gun first, of course.

JACK

Come on inside my place, I might have what you're looking for...

64 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

64

They both enter Jacks apartment and Monk closes the door behind them. Jack sets the gym bag on the dining area table and reaches into the bottom of the bag and pulls out a wad of clothes. He unravels the clothes to expose the shiny pearl handled chrome barrelled .38 special and hands it to Monk.

MONK

F an A.... Damn. This is it. Just what the hell I'm lookin' for Jack. This is one bad-ass revolver, man.

JACK

\$950

MONK

\$950 what?

JACK

I'll sell it to you for \$950. No questions and no paperwork. It's not registered, Monk. So, don't do anything stupid with it. Or you could get put away for a long time. And besides, I don't want this thing traced back to me - you gotta promise me, you hear?

MONK

You, my friend, have a deal. And don't worry yourself about it. I found it near a dumpster in the alley on 4th Street, OK?

JACK

It's loaded, man, so be careful.

Monk goes to the door and turns.

MONK

I'll be right back with the \$950.
Hey Jack, thanks, thanks a lot!

Monk leaves as Jack takes his bag with dirty clothes and dumps them on the floor of the laundry room. He then goes into the kitchen and grabs a couple of beers from the fridge. Monk is back and counting a small stack of money.

JACK

Beer?

MONK

Thanks... Here's the \$950. That's the perfect gun. It's just the gun I was looking for, man.

JACK

That benefits both of us... I now have enough to buy that cruise for my girl and I to go on....

MONK

Everyone's happy, yep!

65 EXT. STREET NEAR MONK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

65

Monk finishes dressing and goes outside and walks down the street to finally arrive at a local gun shop.

66 INT. GUN SHOP - MORNING

66

CLERK

Can I help you find something?

MONK

Sure, I need a shoulder holster for a .38 special.

CLERK

Alright... Hmm, right over here. I've got a few you might like. Here's one that covers the handle.

MONK

Oh no, can't have that. It's got a pearl handle - ya gotta see the handle.

CLERK

I've got just the thing....

They walk across the store floor and hanging on the wall is a beautifully etched black leather holster and shoulder strap.

MONK

Oh yea, that's the one. How much?

CLERK

Let's see.... Damn, this is mismarked, only \$25.

MONK

You got yourself a sale, mister!

67 EXT. STREET NEAR MONK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

67

On the way back from the gun shop, Monk calls his girl from his phone.

MONK

Hey, girl. You up for me takin' you out to eat when you get off at 5:00?(beat...)
OK, wear something nice and comfortable, I'd like to go to the "Rathbone Grill". It'll be a great evening for some dancing and a romantic walk home too. See you at your place around 5:30, bye.

68 INT. MONK'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

68

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the United States there are over 16 million people who have a legal permit to carry a concealed weapon, Monk is not one of them. When he walks out his apartment door - he can be charged as a felon.

Monk wakes from a nap in his apartment. He showers, shaves, works on his hair and grabs a nicely ironed white shirt. He then straps on his shoulder holster as he watches himself in the mirror.

Slowly Monk slides the .38 down into the holster and is totally impressed how the gun looks sitting next to his side.

He grabs his sport jacket and slips it on while he watches how it all fits together so nicely. He smiles at himself in the mirror and gives himself a thumbs up.

69 INT. IN FRONT OF KARLA'S APARTMENT

69

Monk stands outside Karla's apartment and is right on time. He knocks as she steps out into the hall. The two walk hand in hand down the hallway and out the front door. The "Rathbone Grill" is just a couple blocks away so the two take off on foot.

70 EXT. STREET TO RATHBONE GRILL - EVENING

70

KARLA

It sure is a delightful evening,
it's cooled off a bit.

MONK

Yes, a great night for a walk. What
are you hungry for?

KARLA

I rightly don't know. Something not
too heavy and not too light, like
you, baby.

MONK

Haha, I'll be lookin' forward to
havin' some sweet desert with you
back at your place. That is if
you're in the mood.

KARLA

Being with you usually gets me in
the mood.

They make it to the restaurant just as it starts to get dark. They stand at the entrance waiting to be seated.

71 INT. RATHBONE GRILL - EVENING

71

MONK

I don't know about you but I've
worked up an appetite.

KARLA

I have too.

MONK

Table for two please.

MAITRE D

Follow me.

The two are led to the corner of the room where a flickering candle lightens the area.

MONK

Now this is romantic.

KARLA

I love it. Yummy.

MONK

Let's split a big steak. Whatta you say?

KARLA

You took the thoughts out of my head. Sounds great.

The Maitre d approaches as Monk orders for the both of them.

MONK

We'll share the ribeye medium rare with the loaded baked potato.

MAITRE D

Very good choice, sir. And to drink?

KARLA

I'll have a whiskey sour.

MONK

Woah, then I'll have a Rusty Nail, you have that?

MAITRE D

Our bartender will for sure figure that out for you.

KARLA

Where did you ever drink that before.

MONK

I have only drank that at another special evening - my 21st birthday. To be honest, I drank too many of them and had to be helped home. Haha, but not tonight, only one for me.

KARLA

So, why are you so romantic tonight?

MONK

I am?

KARLA

Well..... Yes.

MONK

I just feel good. You know life hasn't been perfect for me but you have mad me feel like there's a lot to live for. I'm lucky having you on my team, so to speak.

KARLA

Well, if I'm on your team, what position am I playing?

MONK

Hmm. I guess I would have to say a "player/coach".

KARLA

Good answer. I have always wanted a 50/50 relationship and I think we have that.

MONK

Well, like right now, I would say I have the upper hand.

KARLA

How's that may I ask.

Monk slightly opens his sport coat to expose the pearl handled chrome barreled .38 revolver. He watches Karla's face as it lights up. Her hand goes immediately up Monk's leg as she gets turned on at the sight.

KARLA CONT'D

Oh, my... Ooo baby, baby. God I'm turned on right now.(fans herself with her napkin)

MONK

Get control, here comes our steak.

KARLA

Mmmmm.

Karla backs off in front of the maitre d and lets Monk cut her portion of the meal as she ogles him.

72 EXT. STREET HOME TO KARLA'S - EVENING

72

They are walking down the street after the meal as Karla can't get close enough to Monk. Several times she stops and give him a passionate kiss. She can't seem to keep her hands off him and the gun. The night is dark but the cool breeze doesn't cool her off.

About halfway to her apartment. Three thugs wearing wife beater tee shirts step out of the dark and follow them down the street. Monk grabs Karla's hand and stops.

MONK

You guys want to go ahead of us?
You're welcome to go on ahead,
we're in no hurry.

THUG 1

We're in no hurry either, man.

THUG 2

That's right, we are in no hurry.
(looks to Thug 3) Are you in a
hurry?

THUG 3

No, man, not at all. You just go on
ahead, man. Don't mind us.

Again Monk and Karla walked down the sidewalk but the thugs walked closer and closer. Monk slides his hand into his sport coat, unbuttons the holster and wraps his hand around the revolver's pearl handle.

Monk could tell Karla was freaking out so he stopped and stepped in front of Karla as the thugs were within inches.

MONK

Back off!

THUG 2

Woah, man, who are you tellin' to
back off?

Thug 1 pulls out a switchblade and opens it up.

THUG 1

You don't want to fuck with us,
man. You know what I mean, you pig?

Monk quickly opens his eyes wide open and pulls out the .38 and waves it as he takes a small step back.

MONK

You don't want to go there. Just go
on by us or cross the street right
here and no one will get hurt.

THUG 3

Such a tough guy with a little
shiny gun.

Thug 1 starts to wave the knife around, challenging Monk to do something stupid. Monk puts his left hand over the gun to protect him. For a minute no one says anything.

MONK

Karla, go on home. I'll meet you
there.

THUG 3

Yes, Karla, go on ... Run home so
the hero with his big gun can take
care of the situation.

Karla takes off running as the 4 stand in the dark part of the sidewalk looking at each other.

THUG 2

You got some money for us? You give us your money and we'll let you go.

MONK

Fuck you, man. You get nothing but a slug from this revolver if anything.

THUG 3

Let's do this dude, I'm tired of his shit.

Thug 1 flips his knife from one hand to the other and lunges to cut Monk's arm which was protected somewhat by his sport coat. But the knife is so sharp that it cuts through and into his forearm. BAM BAM BAM! The 3 of them fall to the concrete in unison and Monk takes off running.

To throw any bystanders off Monk runs across the street and around the corner. Down the street he runs till he feels he is out of view. He then takes off his coat as blood soaks his shirt. He looks around to see if anyone is watching. He rolls his coat around his arm as he walked down to another block and turned down another dark street. Then as he turns back to the main street he notices his holster and realizes it has to come off.

He stops as the lights from the main street shows that he is carrying a gun. He takes off his holster and wraps it up with his coat. He is sweating as he frantically walks back up to the main street.

As he walks down the street he spots a cowboy bar and in a panic Monk tosses his gun in the hay pile in the back of one of the many pickup trucks parked outside the bar. Then proceeds to Karla's apartment.

73 EXT. OUTSIDE COWBOY BAR - EVENING

73

A farmer(50's) yells to his friends as they come out of the bar.

FARMER(PHIL 40'S)

Yahoo! There's an echo, hear it? Man am I drunk. You guys got me drunk and I'm gonna catch hell from my wife.

FRIEND(50'S)

Hell Phil, tell her to stuff it, man. You work hard and one day a month you should be able to play hard. See ya, and thanks for all the money I won off ya on the pool table. Can you say "Fitty Dollars"?

PHIL

Did I loose that much? Shit, she's really gonna be, hic, pissed. See ya, my friend.

FRIEND

See ya... Better drive with one eye shut.

PHIL

You got that, hic, straight.

74 INT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

74

Phil stumble in for breakfast and greets his wife Gretchen(50's) and his 10 year old son Tommy. Tommy is finished eating and is heading out to do some chores before catching the school bus.

PHIL

Hey Son, before the school bus gets here I need that pickup unloaded and put those feed bags where they won't get wet, it's suppose to rain today. Oh, and if you have time sweep out that hay in the bed for me. If you don't get to it that's OK.

TOMMY

OK, Dad!

Tommy heads out to get his work done.

GRETCHEN

So tell me what was so damn important that you took 5 hours to get supplies and didn't get home till after midnight, Phil?

PHIL

I ran into Jeff Mullins, you know he was in my class in high school. Well, we got to talkin' about high school days and damn if the time didn't get away from us, sorry.

GRETCHEN

And you couldn't call, why?

PHIL

Before I knew it ... It was about the time you go to sleep and I didn't want to wake you up, dear. Sorry, for being thoughtful.

Through the door Tommy comes barreling.

TOMMY

Dad, hey Dad.

GRETCHEN

You know not to interrupt. Get your books, the bus will be here any minute. Whats that you got there?

TOMMY

That's what I'm trying to ask Dad about... Where do you want me to put this?

Tommy holds up the revolver with the pearl handles.

PHIL

Where in the hell did you find that? Give it here, it could be... Yes it is, the damn things loaded.

Phil quickly unloads the 3 bullets and the 3 empty casings from the cylinder.

TOMMY

I got the truck unloaded and I spotted it up in between the spare tire and the bed while I was sweeping.(bus honk...) Oh, the bus is here, gotta go!

Tommy takes off slamming the door behind him.

GRETCHEN

OK, Dear, what's the story behind the gun? Is that yours?

PHIL

You gotta believe me. I've never seen it before in my life. Damn, it sure is a nice one.

GRETCHEN

Well, get it out of here. We don't need any guns lying around the house. Your hunting guns are fine but those guns are only made for killing people not something you'd put on your plate.

75 EXT. FRONT PORCH - EVENING

75

Later that evening the family finishes supper and Phil and Tommy help clean the dishes. After everything in the kitchen is done the two go out to the front porch where Gretchen is relaxing. Phil steps out onto the yard and picks up a couple of sticks and hands one to Tommy and they proceed to whittle.

TOMMY

My blade needs sharpening, Dad.

PHIL

Well, go get my sharpening stone out of my tackle box. It's in the small rectangular box.

TOMMY

I know....

The boy takes off into the house as Phil lights up a smoke. As Tommy returns he hands his Dad the box and watches his father take out the stone and spit a couple times on it.

PHIL

Hand me your knife, Son. Take your knife like so, and rub your blade in a clockwise motion across the stone. Tilt it about 30 degrees, like this. See how I'm doing this? And when it looks like its drying out give it another spit. Then flip it over and go the opposite direction.

TOMMY

I get it let me try.

PHIL

Now, if you get distracted like I am now.... What did I do?

TOMMY

I dunno.

PHIL

I stopped sharpening. Why? Cause if you look away from what you're doing you could very well cut yourself. Understand?

TOMMY

OK, Dad, let me have it. I get it.

PHIL

Here ya go....

Tommy takes the stone and knife, spits a couple times and goes right to work on his knife, exactly how his Dad showed him. After a while his Dad takes a page from the newspaper that his wife is reading.

PHIL

Here, hand me your knife, I want to show you how sharp it is now.

Phil puts the knife blade on top of the page and runs it down easily cutting the page in half.

TOMMY

Wow, Dad, that's really sharp.

PHIL

Like a hot knife going through butter. That also means it's dangerous and will cut just about anything it touches. Here, put the stone back in the tackle box. You did a great job, Son.

TOMMY

Dad, where did you put the gun I found this morning? I sure would like to see it, if it's OK.

PHIL

Take that back to the tackle box and I'll ask your Mother if it's OK.

TOMMY

Oh, boy!

76 INT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

76

Tommy runs off to put up the stone as Phil goes inside. Gretchen has since went inside and is sitting on the sofa sewing Phil's torn shirt. Phil approaches her.

GRETCHEN

So what is Tommy all excited about?

PHIL

He wants to look at the gun he found in the truck this morning. I thought I'd ask you first if it's OK for me to let him hold it and take some time to teach him how to handle a handgun. He did well in our hunter safety class last year but he's never handled a handgun. Did anyone teach you?

GRETCHEN

My Dad did.(beat...) I'll never forget it... I was about 9 or 10 I think. Go ahead but make sure the bullets are out and don't glorify it. Let him know, like my Dad told me once that when it goes off you can never take back where the bullet goes.

PHIL

I will, Dear.

Tommy comes running through the living room with the biggest smile.

TOMMY
Is it OK with Mom?

PHIL
Yes, go out to the front porch and
I'll be out in a minute.

TOMMY
Oh, boy!

77 EXT. FRONT PORCH - EVENING

77

Tommy flies out the front door to the porch and begins pacing. While he walks back and forth, Tommy notices his Dad through the front window go into the dining room. He sees his Dad reach high up on the china hutch and retrieve a red cloth which, when open reveals the shiny barrel and the pearl handles of the revolver. Phil walks toward the door of the room as Tommy quickly sits down to look like he's been sitting patiently all the time. Phil steps out from the front screened door.

PHIL
Do you know what kind of gun this
is?

TOMMY
Yes, it's a pearl handled,
snubnosed .38 caliber revolver.

PHIL
Well, (chuckles...) I'm impressed.

TOMMY
I read all about it in the school
library during study hall. It holds
6 bullets and is called a revolver
because the cylinder which holds
the bullets revolves around after
each shot.

PHIL
Who's teaching who here? OK, smarty
pants, like all guns it has a
safety. Where is the safety
located?

TOMMY
Hmmm.... Can I hold it?

PHIL
Yes, now it's empty but always
treat a gun as if...

TOMMY
...it's loaded. I learned that at
hunter safety, remember?

PHIL

Right! See the cylinder (flips open the cylinder to expose 6 empty chambers) and spins it. The chambers are all empty.

He hands his Son the weapon and Tommy's eyes get big as he rubs his hand across the barrel. Finally, Tommy sees a small button.

TOMMY

Here's the safety.

PHIL

Now switch it off.

TOMMY

(click...) It's red which means danger, "ready to shoot", right?

PHIL

Right! Now there are two ways to fire this weapon. One way is to simply pull the trigger. It's kinda hard, try it. Aim out toward the field.

Tommy pulls back real hard then has to use his other hand to help ... CLICK.

TOMMY

I see what you mean.

PHIL

The other way is to pull back on the hammer and when you hear a click stop and the hammer will stay. Hold it out and aim for the field and pull the trigger slowly.

Tommy holds it up and aims out into the field and pulls the trigger with ease. CLICK.

TOMMY

That was much easier. Wow!

PHIL

Tommy, this gun looks small but a .38 caliber bullet has a good kick to it, so when you do get to fire it hold on to it with both hands. Here, I'll show you.

Phil takes the gun and shows his Son how to hold it properly. He then pulls back on the trigger slowly and CLICK.

PHIL

Now you do that.

TOMMY

OK..... CLICK

PHIL

Now this time pull back on the hammer first.

TOMMY

OK..... CLICK

PHIL

There you go... I think you got it, Son.

TOMMY

When can we shoot it, Dad?

PHIL

Well, I'm gonna sell it.

TOMMY

Oh no, Dad, don't do that! Please don't do that. Why?

PHIL

Look, Son, first of all, we can use the money to get tires for the tractor. Secondly, your Mom thinks it's too dangerous to have around and I agree. And, thirdly, well why do we need the gun in the house? We have enough hunting guns for protection.

TOMMY

But those are rifles and this is a handgun. It would be fun to target practice, don't ya think?

PHIL

Well, you're barkin' up the wrong tree... You'll have to bring it up with your Mother. But lay low for a few days, she's a bit upset about havin' the thing in the house right now.

TOMMY

I understand. Thanks for showing it to me.

PHIL

Now don't forget, it's partly yours, so when I do sell it you'll get half.

TOMMY

Gee, Dad, thanks. But I really hope you don't sell it. It sure would be fun to target practice with.

PHIL

It sure would be....

78 EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

78

Tommy gets off of the school bus, waves to his friends and hurries toward the back door. As he walks up to the back of the house he notices an old car parked behind the barn. He enters slowly when he hears voices coming from the dining room. He goes in as he sees 2 strange men talking harshly to his Mom.

GRETCHEN

I told you several times now, this is all the cash and valuables we have, now please just leave us be!

INTRUDER 1

Yes, I know, you told us before, but we don't want this pile of costume jewelry or that damn shotgun or this lousy \$30, lady. We happen to hear you have a safe somewheres in the house. And, my sources tell me it contains a stack of cash from years of illegal crop profits. (turning to his partner...) How much did we hear it was estimated to be?

GRETCHEN

You've been misinformed by someone. (to Tommy...) Tommy, it's OK, just stay calm.

TOMMY

Leave my Mother alone. Can't you see you're hurting her. Mom, are you hurt?

INTRUDER 2

Around \$60G's according to our source. Sit down kid and shut the hell up. (to intruder 1...) Should I tie this kid up?

INTRUDER 1

Naw, (to Tommy...) get in that room and close the door, NOW! If you so much as peak our the door, I'm gonna shoot your Momma.

INTRUDER 2

Git!

He gives Tommy a kick in the butt as the boy walks past. Tommy slams the door behind him. Tommy immediately puts his ear up to the door to hear what's going on in the next room. Slowly his eyes go across the floor to the hutch and up to the top. He spies a chair in the other corner of the room and hurries over to get it.

There's a scream in the other room so Tommy moves faster. He climbs up onto the chair and puts his hand over the top of the hutch and feels around. Finally, Tommy grabs the the gun which is nicely wrapped in a red cloth. He opens the cylinder but all the chambers are empty. Once again he hears a scream from his Mother. Then in a panic Tommy frantically checks the dresser drawers.

He has a quick flashback of Hunter Safety Class:

INSTRUCTOR

This is one of the top 5 rules of keeping a gun in the house. NEVER, and I stress, NEVER, store your ammo, with your weapon. Always put them in separate places.

In the living room Intruder 1 has Gretchen in a corner.

INTRUDER 1

I give up, there's nothing here.
Let's get outta here.

Intruder 2 steps up and tries. He hits her across the face and she lets out a short scream. Tommy hears it and begins to cry but all the while looking for some bullets. He finds a drawer with shotgun shells. And as he's shutting it in disgust, he decides to open it wider. There he spots 3 small bullets and tries to put them into the .38. They fit perfectly. He revolves the cylinder around so the bullet will be the next chamber when the hammer comes down, cocks it, takes the safety off and proceeds to the door.

INTRUDER 2

Hand me your gun. I'm goin' to ask her one more time.

TOMMY

No you're not. You're gonna put your gun down on the table, mister and I mean right now.

Tommy is holding the revolver up with 2 hands. Intruder 2 turns and pulls his gun towards him but Tommy fires a shot and hits Intruder 2 in the forearm and the gun falls to the kitchen floor. The gun comes to rest on the floor as blood drips next to it.

INTRUDER 2

Damn it, he shot me!(beat...) Will you look at this shit? He shot me.

INTRUDER 1

Let's get outta here! I'm getting the car.

INTRUDER 2

I'll get the gun and you get the car.

Intruder 2 bends over to pick up the gun.

TOMMY

Leave it! Get outta here, now.

He continues to reach down to pick up the gun. Tommy pulls off another round. Intruder 2 quickly puts his hand on his butt.

INTRUDER 2

Awwwww... Shit! You little sonofabitch!

TOMMY

I said get outta here! (cocks the revolver...)

INTRUDER 2

I'm going... just stop shooting me, damn it!

He turns holding his back side and limps out the kitchen door and hops to catch up with Intruder 1, talking all the while.

INTRUDER 2 (CONT'D)

Did you see what that little snot did? He shot me again.

INTRUDER 1

Shut up and let's get outta here.

They climb into the car parked behind the barn and peel out down the drive way and down the gravel road.

GRETCHEN

Call the Sheriff's office.

Tommy is already dialing the phone.

TOMMY

This is an emergency.... 2147
Gfeller Road.... my name is Tommy
Rutledge....my mother Gretchen
Rutledge.... 2 strangers have tried
to burglarize us. They are driving
south on Gfeller Rd toward old
Highway 40. (beat...) It's a small
red Honda clunker.... With a white
hood replacement. (beat...) in

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 their 20's. One is shot in the
 forearm and again in the
 buttocks.(beat...) I did sir. OK
 Thank you.

GRETCHEN
 Well, what was all that about?

TOMMY
 The lady wanted to know which way
 they were going, how old they were
 and if anyone was hurt.

GRETCHEN
 I can't believe you shot that guy
 in the ass...(laughs..)

TOMMY
 I didn't want to kill him. Besides,
 one of the most important rules of
 guns is that don't kill anything
 you wouldn't eat, right?

GRETCHEN
 (still laughing) Yes, that's one of
 the rules. Damn, I'm still shaking.

Phil is holding Gretchen on the sofa as she cries. Tommy is
 in the kitchen talking to the Sheriff's Deputy.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
 And I'm going to ask you again. Did
 you ever see these guys before?

TOMMY
 No, sir.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
 Thanks, Tommy. I need to speak with
 your father now. Thanks for your
 cooperation, young man.

Tommy goes in and tells his Dad he's wanted in the kitchen
 as he sits beside his Mom who is now trying to look strong
 in front of her son.

Phil sits down at the kitchen table.

PHIL
 You wanted to speak with me?

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY
 Yes, Phil. Do you have registration
 for this weapon?

PHIL
 No sir.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Where did you get it?

PHIL

Tommy found it in when he was cleaning out the back of my truck. It must have been tossed in by someone as far as I can tell.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

The law says that we can't confiscate a weapon unless there's a homicide. By the way, we got both of the intruders. One is in the hospital with fractured forearm and a gunshot wound to the buttocks. Serves him right.

PHIL

Yea.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Where did your boy learn to shoot like that?

PHIL

He took hunter's safety last year and I had just showed him how to handle the revolver last night. He's a good kid.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Take care and keep safe.

79 INT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

79

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There is a misconception when it comes to home protection. Most home breakins happen in the day time between 10:00am and 3:00pm when nobody's home. And only a small percentage include the use of a firearm. Only 12% of all burglaries involve a gun by the intruder. However, in 68% of US burglaries firearms are stolen from the targeted home.

Dinner discussion days later. They bow their heads in prayer.

PHIL

Oh Lord, bless the bounty we are about to receive and bless each of us as we strive to do your will.

GRETCHEN

Did you make a decision about that revolver?

PHIL

Well, I wanted to talk with you and Tommy about that.

TOMMY

You mean we can keep it?

PHIL

That's what I want to talk to you about, Son. (beat...) How about we sell that fancy thing and get a new one more your size, you know like a .22 caliber automatic. They're great for target practice and not too heavy. And with the extra money I can get those tires too.

GRETCHEN

I think that's a great idea. I, honestly, don't want to see that revolver again, too many bad memories for me.

TOMMY

Yea, me too. You're right Dad let's sell it and we can get a different one. I'm with Mom on this - I don't really want to see it either.

PHIL

Then that's settled. I gotta go into town tomorrow for parts. I'll ask Jake who runs the place if he would be interested in buying it, he's got a case full of guns. He buys and sells'em.
Pass the gravy over here. Honey, you make the best gravy in the world.

80 INT. PARTS STORE - MIDDAY

80

AUTO CLERK

Need any spark plugs or oil today?

PHIL

Naw, just this fan belt, thanks.

Phil spots the display of guns near the counter. Most of them too old to shoot.

AUTO CLERK

That'll be \$11.58 all together.

PHIL

Here you go... Say, you buy guns
don't you?

AUTO CLERK

Sometimes when I get a hankerin'.
And here's your receipt and change,
thanks for your business.

PHIL

You got time? I'd like to show you
something you might like.

Phil goes out to his truck and reaches under the seat and
grabs a ball of cloth and heads back inside.

Phil sets the pearl handled .38 revolver down on a rubber
mat on the glass case.

PHIL

I've got this pearl handled.. Looks
to be a .38 special, you know a
snubnosed gun. Would you have any
interest?

AUTO CLERK

Naw, that's out of my price range -
those go for \$8 or \$9 hundred.

PHIL

They do? I'll sell it to you for
\$600.

AUTO CLERK

Still out of my range. How about
you make it \$400 and I'll buy it
today.

PHIL

Sold.

AUTO CLERK

Let's see.....

The auto clerk inspects the cylinder, the barrel and looks
at the sights.

PHIL

Found it in the back of my truck
the other day.

AUTO CLERK

Nice, really nice. You know I've
always loved to watch the movie
"Patton", how he always wore pearl
handled sidearms. This is really
nice.

The clerk steps over to the safe and pulls out a small brown bag with rubber bands around it and opens it. He counts out 4 \$100 bills and hands them to Phil.

PHIL

Thanks, now I can get my front tractor tires replaced.

AUTO CLERK

You got any registration papers?

PHIL

No, do you have to have 'em?

AUTO CLERK

No, just asking. Thanks, I'm gonna lock it in this case till I get some time to clean it and shoot some targets. I really like the look of this. It didn't have a holster did it?

PHIL

No, no holster. Gotta run, see you Jake.

AUTO CLERK

Bye, thanks a lot.

The auto parts clerk checks to see if the cylinder is empty then wipes the gun clean. He grabs a price tag from the old cigar box and writes (\$800), ties it on the handle and sets it in the case and closes the back and locks the latch.

81 EXT. ACROSS FROM PARTS STORE - LATE EVENING

81

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jack "Spider" Thompson sits in his black '69 Camero across the street from the auto parts store. They call him Spider cause he's the town thief, sneaking into businesses at night and taking only items he likes and of course any money available. He's also known around town as a little crazy. Tonight it looks like he's got another target... Jake's Auto Parts Store.

Spider flicks his spent cigarette out of his car window and puts on his stocking cap that can be pulled down to cover his face and a pair of black gloves. All the tools he needs are in his pocket as he double checks. One roll of duct tape, a flashlight and a glass cutter.

He grabs his tools, looks around to see nobody around and walks across the street to the auto parts store. He tapes up a section of the plate glass window and then with the cutter etches out a big 3 foot section of glass. Just one tap it

falls into the store with a crash. He enters the business and makes a beeline to get the parts he had checked out the day before and puts them in his heavy duty bag.

A car drives by but it's only some teenagers out on the town. Spider goes over to the cash register and lifts out the opening money for the next day, about \$50. There he notices the guns and breaks the glass door behind the case and tosses several guns into his bag. The pearl handled gun is the first to go into the bag.

He pops his head out the opening of the glass window and sees that there are no cars coming. He then sends out the bag onto the sidewalk and next himself. He gets up brushes himself off and walks calmly to his Camero, tosses the bag into the back seat, hops in and drives off into the night.

82 INT. JACK THOMPSON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

82

Jack wakes to loud birds and dogs barking. The alarm clock shows 9:30am. He scratches his head and rubs his unshaven face. Then he remembers the bag and goes to the door and picks it up and places it on the table in his studio apartment.

Piece by piece he lays his stolen items on the table. He stops when he pulls out the pearl handled .38 and admires it. He grabs a dish rag and shines it up. Then opens the cylinder to see if it's loaded. It's not. He aims it at the window and pulls the trigger. CLICK

JACK

Nice.... Very nice, indeed.

He dumps the rest of the stuff out on the table and rummages through it and finds the money and puts it by the gun. He goes in and turns on the water to shave.

83 EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT - MID MORNING

83

Jack is cleanshaven and groomed. He gets in his car and takes off down the street.

Later he pulls up at the local discount store and goes in to the sports section. He carries the gun with him inside his shirt. Jack stops for a second and holds his head as if he was in pain then he continues. Sweat is forming on his face.

84 INT. DISCOUNT STORE - MID MORNING

84

He spots the row of shotguns on the back wall, walks to the area and steps up to the counter.

JACK

Excuse me..... Excuse me.

The clerk is stocking boxes of shells, also on the back wall.

CLERK

May I help you?

JACK

Yes, I've got this gun, you see.
(pulls the gun from inside his
shirt) I just wanted to.....

CLERK

Sir, you can not have that gun
inside the store! Is this your gun?
You gotta get it out and now!

JACK

Hold on a sec... I need you to tell
me what kind of shell this thing
uses.

CLERK

I've gotta call the manager. You
can't have a gun in the store.

JACK

It's OK, man.

Jack holds up his hands. The clerk grabs the loud speaker
phone and makes an announcement for the manager.

CLERK

Management to the sporting good
area, management to the sporting
good area, please, urgent.

Jack is getting steamed. He grabs the microphone from the
clerks hand and yanks it out of the box. All the while sweat
is forming on Jacks forehead.

JACK

Calm the fuck down, man, I just
want to know what is the caliber of
this damn gun.

CLERK

I don't know and I ain't touching
that revolver. The manager is on
the way, you best get out of the
store.

As the clerk takes off down an aisle he hears Jack say.

JACK

I ain't leaving till I Oh
hell!

Jack hops over the counter and goes over to the boxes of
ammunition on the shelf and grabs a box. He opens it as
shells fly everywhere. He checks to see if the bullet will
fit. It doesn't.

He tosses the box aside on the floor as bullets roll everywhere. Again he grabs a box and hurriedly opens it and again shells fly out and onto the floor. This time the first shell fits snugly into the chamber and he proceeds to fill all 6 chambers with bullets and slams the cylinder closed.

The manager makes it on to the scene.

MANAGER

Sir, you must step away from the ammunition and set down your weapon or I'll call the police.

Like he didn't even hear the manager, Jack fills all his pockets with shells and hops back over the counter.

JACK

You give lousy service so I had to help myself. Get outta my way.

Jack shoves the gun back into his shirt and walks towards the exit door. The clerk is standing by the door as Jack walks by.

CLERK

Stop, you can't take that.

JACK

Watch me. (points his finger like a gun and acts like he's shooting it)

Jack walks outside and to his car, gets in and he quickly drives off. As he drives he again holds his hand to his head as if he was in pain. He wipes the sweat on his head onto his shirt. He has a crazed look in his eye.

Jack's car pulls up in front of First United Bank. He sits in his Camero talking to himself and moving back and forth. The sweat is pouring down his head and his shirt is soaked.

JACK

Yea, I've got a plan. Oh yes, I do. They all think I'm a no-good two bit thief. I'll show these fuckers. I'll rob this fuckin' bank is what I'll do, yea. That's what I'll do. Then I'll get some respect around here. (mumbles...)

He reaches into his shirt and pulls out the revolver. He double checks the cylinder to see if it's loaded. Again he wipes the sweat from his forehead and around his mouth and rubs his hand on his pant leg. He starts to shake. He sees a cop car drive by and freezes till it passes.

Jack begins to flash back when he was a young boy. His Dad coming home drunk and yelling at his Mom. There was another voice, another woman. Jack remembered him saying, "Both of you get in bed together and take it off, all off!" and he

shoves them into the same bed. His Dad would wrestle with the both of them and hit them if they tried to get away.

He would force himself onto both of them. One day he came home from school and his Mom was not there so he forced himself onto the woman he brought home. The next morning Jack found a note. "I'm so sorry, Son but I have to get away before he kills me". Signed, "Your Loving Mother".

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll show that sonofabitch. (swaying back and forth) I'll get some money and hunt him down and kill the bastard. Yea, that's what I'll do.

85 INT. BANK - NOON

85

Jack bounds out of the car and into the bank. Inside he shouts...

JACK

Hands up everyone, this is a hold up. Hit the floor and don't move or I'll blow you into the next world. Tellers, empty the drawers and put the money on the counter... You, over there open the safe.

LOAN OFFICER

But....

BAM Jack shoots the loan officer dead.

JACK

I'm not playin' around people. (he throws a bag at one of the tellers) Put the money in this canvas bag and pass it down to the next teller. (yells...) Someone open that safe I tell ya....

TELLER 2

It's on a timer and we can't open it till we close at 5:00pm.

BAM Jack shoots the teller, but he is still alive. Jack sees him squirming. BAM

JACK

You'all are wasting my time... Throw the bag over the counter and get on the floor. Put your hands over your eyes. If this bank alarm goes off or if someone peaks to see if I'm here they get shot. You got that?

Jack stands by the door as everyone lies perfectly still. BAM Jack puts this bullet into the wall as if he shoots

someone for looking.

JACK (CONT'D)

I told you not to move!

He then quietly goes out the front door and into his car and down the street slowly.

A few minutes goes by when one brave bank customer yells.

BANK CUSTOMER

He's gone, he's gone!

Jack stops near a used car lot. He sees the manager and the salesman talking with a customer as he parks nearby. Leaving the door open Jack gets out and steps over to an older model Buick, the door is open. He quickly tosses in the bag, leans down and pulls out a handful of wiring. With the pliers he brought he hot wires the ignition and starts it up.

The tank shows half full and he takes off down the street and out of town on a gravel road.

A mile out of town Jack stops and counts this money. He looks up with his sweaty face.

JACK

\$400 lousy dollars.(beat...) I'll show them.

Jack gets out and walks around the stolen Buick. He stops and kicks it, denting the door panel.

JACK (CONT'D)

Damnit!

He gets back into the car, grabs his the revolver and loads up the 3 empty chambers. He tosses the gun back into the empty passenger seat and takes off down the road back into town. He spots a huge home - it's the biggest home in town. It's walled in all around. He drives down a side road where the stone wall turns into a barbed wire fence and stops. He quickly backs up and drives at the barbed wire going right through it.

Jack looks around and sees nobody at all. He then drives through the grass to the back door of the house. He spots an alarm company sign. He gets out and puts the gun in his shirt and grabs his vest from the back seat.

He brushes back his hair with his hands, tucks in his shirt and walks around to the front door and rings the bell. On a small TV monitor a woman appears.

WOMAN(30'S BLONDE)

Can I help you?

JACK

Hi I'm from HomeTech and am here to test your alarm. Did it go off when I approached the house?

WOMAN

No, it didn't.

JACK

OK, are you near the control panel?

WOMAN

Yes.

JACK

Hold down the red reset button for 5 seconds or longer.

WOMAN

OK.... What do you think is wrong with it?

JACK

I think the fuse is burnt from the storm we had last night.

WOMAN

Oh. What should we do?

JACK

I've got fuses with me. You're not the only one having this issue. If I could come in it'll only take two minutes to replace the fuse and you'll be good to go, ma'am.

WOMAN

Let me call my husband and I'll be right down.

JACK

Fine.

Jack turns and thinks what his next step will be. Maybe just breaking out the front window. He picks up a small porch ornament and tosses it in the air a couple times. He sets it down as he spots a wooden adirondack chair. He pulls the padding off and begins to pick it up.

WOMAN

I can't get a hold of my husband, he's in some sort of meeting. I'll be right down to let you in, OK?

JACK

Fine.

The woman fluffs her hair in the mirror and runs down the stairs to unlock the front door. She sees Jack through the

storm door.

WOMAN

Hi, I'm Sally, Roger's wife....
Well you don't have a tool belt.

JACK

I can fix it with this penny,
that's all I need and the fuse of
course.(he pats his back pocket)

SALLY

Oh, well come on in. I hope it
won't be long... I've got a beauty
shop appointment in 15 minutes.

Jack hears the door close behind him as he enters the foyer.
He quickly reaches into his shirt and pulls out the pearl
handled revolver.

JACK

Open the house safe, lady and I'll
be on my way. I don't aim to hurt
you, just want your money.

SALLY

Oh my, we don't have any money in
the house. But you can have my
jewelry.

JACK

Not interested in jewelry, ma'am.
Where's the safe.

SALLY

Roger has a safe in the study but I
don't think there's anything in
there, besides I don't even know
the combination.

JACK

Show me....

As they walked down the hall to the study Sally remembered
the movie she watched the night before. How the woman
tricked the robber by approaching him sexually.

SALLY

Here's the study. Say that's a nice
looking gun, I like the ivory
handles.

JACK

They're pearl. Hell, this safe door
isn't even locked. Shit.

Sally gets closer to Jack and her voice becomes softer as
she begins to lure him in.

SALLY

I know where we have some cash.

JACK

Where...

SALLY

In a safety deposit box at the bank in town on 4th street. We could go there.

JACK

No.

SALLY

I'm positive we have money - you know - in case some catastrophe or something. Let's go, I can get the key.

JACK

I said no! (mumbles... just robbed it and they're lookin' for me.)

SALLY

You're a bank robber? (Sally gets closer... rubs her arm accidentally up against his)

JACK

No I'm not a bank robber - I robbed a bank... There's a big difference. (begins to pace while he thinks)

SALLY

Follow me, my jewelry isn't anything to scoff at. (she leads Jack upstairs to the bedroom)

In the bedroom Sally takes off her robe to unveil her in a quite revealing negligee. She bends over and opens a drawer on the bottom of her jewelry cabinet. She pulls it all the way out and sets it on the bed. She pulls Jack close to her to take a look at the items.

JACK

You're right, some nice stuff in here.

Sally flashes back to her class at the pistol range and how to fire a revolver by flipping the safety, pulling back the hammer or just squeezing hard on the trigger. She looks at the revolver in Jack's hand and sees that the safety is not on and it's ready to fire.

SALLY

Let me see I think this next drawer will suit you even more. It has diamonds, you like diamonds?

She pulls it out and sets it on top of the other drawer. Again she stands extremely close to Jack. This time rubbing her leg up against his accidentally.

SALLY CONT'D

See this one? This one alone is worth \$70,000. (beat...) Who would guess that?

JACK

Wow, this is better than my freakin' bank job.

She walks around Jack and sits on the side of the bed, rubbing her hand on the bed inviting Jack.

SALLY

I've got something else you didn't get at the bank. (beat...) Come over and sit by me.

JACK

Well...

Jack stops shoving diamonds into his pockets and sits next to Sally and she rubs her hand in his hair then pushes him back on the bed. His hand with the gun is up against her leg as she starts to lie down next to him.

SALLY

I think we got something coming between us if you know what I mean.

JACK

Oh, let me set this on the stand.(reaches...) I can't reach it.

SALLY

Here I'll help.....

Sally puts her lips on Jack's as she gropes his hand for the gun. She presses harder down on her kiss as she slowly takes the gun from his hand. Just before she gets it completely from him she opens her mouth wider and he lets go of the gun. Sally calmly turns the gun around in her hand as she leans toward the night stand. Once she has the gun firmly in her hand she pushes down on the safety to make sure it's off. Then in one fast motion she quickly jabs Jack in the chest with the barrel, all the while kissing him passionately. BAM BAM BAM

Sally gets up and throws the gun across the room. Then turns away from the scene in anger pounding her fist in the palm

of her hand. She wipes her mouth off and rushes in to the bathroom and gets a wash rag wet to again wipe her face and her mouth. She looks into the mirror and sees blood on her negligee.

She walks into the room to see Jack lying in the bed in a pool of blood. Her jewelry drawers on the bed and the pearl handled .38 lying on the floor across the room.

86 INT. HOUSE - LATER AFTERNOON

86

Police are fingerprinting as the detective is asking Sally more questions as Roger stands nearby. He is removing a disc from the video and audio of the security control system. Men are waiting outside the bedroom with a stretcher to take out Jack's dead body.

SALLY

Please hurry and get him out of here, please, I'm sick of looking at him. (to Roger...) I can't stay here, take me somewhere away from this.

ROGER

We'll go away, dear, go take a shower and get dressed. (to the police...) can we get him out of here?

DETECTIVE

Right, let's go with this body, get it out of here. I'm through... We'll be gone in minutes. Hey, be sure to get the gun bagged up.

POLICEMAN

Got it, sir. We're outta here.

DETECTIVE

Here's my card if you need to talk to anyone about this - I would avoid the press. So sorry about this. You did the right thing ma'am. Thank you for stopping him when you did.

87 INT. FORENSICS DIVISION - NEXT DAY

87

DEPARTMENT HEAD

Detective Crowder, yes, it was the same weapon used at the bank. Looks like case closed.

DETECTIVE

I have to make sure that Jack and Sally didn't have any ties. Bye.

An investigator enters with paperwork for the Detective.

INVESTEGATOR

Well sir, we went back on phone records a couple months, we viewed 2 weeks of alarm records and video and we even checked his place. Seems this was just a random stop for Jack.

DETECTIVE

OK, get an order to put the revolver into the staging process to be destroyed. It sure is a nice looking weapon.

INVESTEGATOR

Well, I can't do that, sir.

DETECTIVE

And why?

INVESTEGATOR

It's missing.

DETECTIVE

Missing!(loudly)

INVESTEGATOR

Yes, no one know anything about it, except it was in the box of evidence one day and gone the next.

DETECTIVE

Great! That does it. I want the names of anyone in charge of that room and the list of all who went in there from the time it was placed there and now, you got that?

INVESTEGATOR

Yes sir!

88 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

88

The pearl handled revolver lies on the kitchen table next to 2 shot glasses of whisky and a lone cigarette smoking in an ash tray.

TIM

Of all the weapons I've gotten for you, Benny this is the nicest by far, wouldn't you say.

BENNY

Yes, I would say that. How much do we ask for it?

TIM

I say we ask \$700.

BENNY

No way, man. There's no way those skinheads are gonna pay that. Hell, they might not even want the damn thing.

TIM

I think you're wrong. Look they make big bucks dealing their drugs. I'm sure one of them will drop \$700 on this fine piece.

BENNY

OK, it don't cost nothing to ask. What else you got.

TIM

Here's an automatic and a couple of 9mm semis.

BENNY

That's it? That's all you got? Damn pickin's are slim.

TIM

Can't help that - they are crackin' down on the evidence room big time. In fact they're really hot on finding this .38 so get rid of it quick.

BENNY

It'll be gone today. I know just the guy for it. Come by tomorrow and we'll split the proceeds.

TIM

I go on duty at Noon. See you here at 10:00pm tomorrow.

BENNY

See ya....

Benny closes the apartment door and wraps up the automatic and the 9mm's in bubble wrap and a towel. Then wipes down the .38 with a wet paper towel and unloads it on the table. He pours another drink as he admires the pearl handles and the chrome barrel.

89 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

89

Benny is driving to see about unloading his collection of stolen weapons to one of his dealer friends. He stops in one of the local night joints, "The Tyme Out" to see Tyrone Jackson.

90 INT. TYME OUT - NIGHT

90

The place is just beginning to get busy as Benny walks inside. He sees Ty behind the bar and takes a barstool.

BENNY

Hey, Ty, got you workin' bar?

TY

Yep.... bartender called, said he would be late tonight. Seems like it's always somebody. But as I say it sure saves me labor costs. Haha

BENNY

That's a positive way to look at it. Got some guns for you if you're interested.

TY

Not this time Benny. Got no extra cash to play with.... Say, someone was in here a couple of days ago looking for... Hmm... Blake, Blake was his name. He's been a regular lately so take a seat and have a drink... You never know.

BENNY

Set me up with a whiskey on ice... But I only got a short while.

Benny takes a seat at the bar and looks at his phone for the time. After a while his drink is gone and he's left to sippin' on the melted water forming on the bottom of his glass. He's ready to go and stands up.

STRANGER

Hey, man, sit back down and I'll buy you... What you drinkin'?

BENNY

Whiskey on ice but I gotta....

STRANGER

2 whiskeys on ice Ty. (to Benny)
I'm Blake... And you?

BENNY

Benny's the name. Ty and I were just talkin' about you.

BLAKE

I could tell... My ear was buzzin'.

BENNY

I've got some weapons for sale. You interested.

BLAKE

I'm interested in taking a look.
What are we talkin' about?

BENNY

The standard 9mm's and I've got an
interesting .38 snubnose chromed
with a pearl handle.

BLAKE

Whoa How much for the .38?

BENNY

It's \$900 and the 9mm's are the
standard \$300.

BLAKE

For sure I'll take the 9er's. They
are always an easy sale. But I need
to take a look at the .38. You
parked outside?

BENNY

Yeah, you wanna meet me at my car?
It's the blue Mini Cooper to the
right as you walk out. I'll see you
there.

91 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

91

Benny gets up and goes to his car and opens the back of the
Mini Cooper as Blake follows. Benny lifts a towel and shows
the 9mm's. Blake picks them up and pulls back the top
several times to see if they are in working order.

BLAKE

Sounds good to me. Here is \$900 for
the 3.

Benny wraps them up and hands them to Blake as Blake puts 9
100s in his hand. Blake walks over to a guy standing outside
the front door and hands him the guns. The guy then puts the
guns in his car and drives off. Blake walks back over to
Benny.

BENNY

You're not interested in the .38?

BLAKE

Oh no, I'm interested but it's for
me.

BENNY

Well then, here you go. (hands
Blake the gun)

BLAKE

You do know \$900 is too much. And I don't like being played like a fool.

Blake reaches in and pulls out one .38 bullet and puts it into the chamber and spins it. He walks to the edge of the parking lot as Benny follows.

BENNY

OK, \$800.

Blake turns.

BLAKE

You're kiddin' me, man.

BENNY

\$700 and that's my rock bottom... Take it or leave it.

BLAKE

I got a better offer. You see I've got a .38 too (shows inside his jacket) and just happen to have a silencer. Let me put this silencer on your shiny revolver and see if it works.

BENNY

What's the better offer?

BLAKE

I'll pay you \$400 cash right now but if you spin the cylinder and point it to your head and pull the trigger I'll pay you double which is \$800 and if you do it again.. I'll pay you double again \$1,600 and again \$3,200 and only you or the gun says when we stop. Sounds like a fun game?

BENNY

And I can spin it after each double?

BLAKE

By all means, you can spin it or choose not to spin it, it's all up to you.

BENNY

So after \$3,200 I can go for \$6,400 and then \$12,800?

BLAKE

\$25,400, and let's see... \$50,800 and oh my \$101,600 I believe.

BENNY

Let me think.

Blake takes out a pack of smokes and hands one to Benny. Benny is pacing back and forth. Blake breaks the silence.

BLAKE

What's it gonna be boy?

BENNY

OK, I'll do it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Over 2,000 citizens in the US died last year in an self-inflicted gun shootings. 60 percent of those shootings are suicidal and not accidents at all.

Blake hands the gun to Benny and he quickly takes it, points to his head and pulls the trigger. CLICK. Benny is sweating profusely as he falls to his knees in emotional pain. Slowly he gets back up and spins the cylinder

BENNY

For \$1,600 baby.

BLAKE

It's yours.

CLICK... Benny falls to his knees shaking and sweating.

BENNY

Oh, gawd, shit!(crying)

Benny gets up and wipes his sweaty hands off on his jeans. He takes the gun, spins the cylinder, puts it to his head but instead brings it down and into the chest of Blake. CLICK, CLICK, BAM!

Blake falls back against a fence with eyes wide open.

BLAKE

You sonofabitch!

Blake falls to the ground. Benny pulls out Blake's wallet and finds nothing then he reaches into his front pant pocket and finds a roll of bills the size of a baseball. Benny walks to his car with the pearl handled revolver, tosses it into the passenger seat, gets in and drives away. He drives still emotionally drained from the events that just took place. He's still sweating as he looks down on the seat at the revolver.

Benny pulls over on a dark part of a street and throws up next to a fence. The sign on the fence reads "Walker Salvage". A small breeze blows across his face and cools him

off. Again he leans up against the car. He spots the pearl handled .38 revolver in the seat of the car. He looks inside the fence to see a mountain of smashed cars then back down to the weapon. He reaches into his car and grabs the gun.

Then with all his might he grabs the barrel and flings the weapon toward the top of the mountain of twisted metal. It lands inside an old car hidden from view on the top of the heap.

93 EXT. JUNKYARD - MORNING

93

The sign "Walker Salvage" is bright by the light of the sun and up from the sign through the fence and above is a large old crane reaching down on top of the pile of flat cars. One by one the crane picks up an old smashed car and places it into the smasher. The sides compact it into a small box and it is set onto a conveyer that takes it to a semi.

Through the pile of old vehicles the sun glimmers on the pearl handled .38 revolver as it is picked up and placed into the metal masher. The sides move in slowly compacting it with sounds of bending metal and popping and snapping plastic.

The 4x4 foot square of compacted metal moves onto the semi bed as the cargo is strapped and rolls out of the yard.

Soon the semi tractor trailer backs in and the boxes of compressed steel are placed on the conveyor belt toward the smelter. One by one, when one block in particular has an unusual shiny spot and puts out a glimmer. It is picked up and hoisted over and lowered into the smelter. The gun is gone for good.

94 INT. MANUFACTURER - AFTERNOON

94

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is a fictional story of the life of one pearl handled .38 snubnosed revolver. The story of this weapon is over, but is it?

Melted steel is poured into molds in a gun manufacturer plant. The metal pieces roll down an assembly line and are put together by workers to make a new revolver.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Despite what many believe is true, the fact remains that guns are no more the killers of the innocent as automobiles which kill over 30,000 a year. We as a society must put in place a system that will assure less gun violence for example: Automatic 5-10 year irrevocable prison sentences if committing a felony with a weapon. And, just

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

like we have drivers licenses we need to require a hands on gun class to licence owners in order to own a gun and if found without such license then a mandatory prison sentence will be enforced. One thing's for sure - what we are doing now is not working and we need to change that.

One gun in particular, is chromed platted and is adorned with pearl colored handle grips instead of black plastic. It is boxed up and placed on a separate stack in a sea of gun boxes.

THE END