

SLAYERS

by

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FADE IN

EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The road winds through a heavily wooded forest. Headlights appear and approach. The sedan has a light bar and County Sheriff markings on the door.

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

The driver is OFFICER COOPER and his partner next to him is OFFICER MILLER. They are clean-cut, in uniform, and in their mid-thirties. Cooper's one hand on the steering wheel is blood-stained.

Uncomfortable silence as they both stare straight ahead.

Cooper gives in and holds up his other hand in defeat.

COOPER

Alright, alright, go ahead and let me have it.

Miller pounds a blood-stained fist on the dashboard.

MILLER

What the fuck, Cooper?! Were you TRYING to kill him?!

Cooper shrugs indifferently.

COOPER

No, of course not. It was an unavoidable situation.

Miller stares in disbelief.

MILLER

Totally avoidable. What the hell did they teach you in the academy?

COOPER

Defend myself.

MILLER

What you did was offensive. You could have killed us both!

COOPER

Well, I didn't, did I?

MILLER

(facepalm)

Asshole. I can't believe this. We should've called it in.

COOPER

No one is going to know. Besides, I told you I'd split it with you.

Cooper motions with his thumb to the back seat. Miller looks over his shoulder through the mesh barrier.

MILLER

Christ. I can't believe you talked me into this.

(beat)

What are we going to do with him at this hour? It's two in the morning!

COOPER

Don't worry about it. I know a guy. He'll take care of it.

(beat)

You know, we'll probably get, like, I dunno, a hundred each?

MILLER

No, no way he's packing two hundred. We'll be lucky to get sixty, maybe seventy each.

COOPER

Hey, better than nothing.

Miller looks at his bloody hands and shakes his head.

MILLER

Should of called it in. Now I'm an accomplice to your fuck up.

COOPER

Hey, man, didn't this happen to you a few years back?

MILLER

Yeah. And I called it in.

COOPER

And they've been calling you Hawkeye ever since.

MILLER

I can think of worse things.

They drive a short distance in silence until-

THUMP!

Cooper and Miller turn and look at each other with curious expressions and-

THUMP! THUMP!

-they both look through the mesh screen, horrified.

MILLER

Fuck! He's still alive!

COOPER

I knew I should've put one between his eyes!

MILLER

Yeah, well, you didn't. Pull over!

The cruiser skids to a stop on the gravel shoulder.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

MILLER

He's trying to kick out a window.

COOPER

Hey! Settle the fuck down!

Cooper pulls his pistol and puts the muzzle up to the mesh.

MILLER

What the hell are you doing!

COOPER

I'm going to take care of him once and for all.

Miller grabs the gun as Cooper pulls the trigger. The hammer slams down on Miller's little finger.

MILLER

OUCH! You asshole!

COOPER

Okay, smart guy, what do we do?

MILLER

Just open the door and let him go.

COOPER

After all we've been through? You just want to let him go?

MILLER

(thumbs to the backseat)

It's not like he's going to say anything. Maybe we can still get out of this without anyone knowing.

COOPER

Okay, okay. Which door?

MILLER

I don't know. Let's open both and just back away.

COOPER
Alright, but if he comes at me, I'm
putting a round between his eyes.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Driver and passenger doors open. Cooper and Miller step out
and grab the door handles to the backseat.

MILLER
Ready?

COOPER
On three. One, two, three!

They open both doors. Nothing happens.

After a moment, a curious Cooper leans in and-

THUMP!

Cooper goes sprawling backwards and lands in the middle of
the road. Miller doubles over and laughs.

Cooper pulls his pistol once again.

COOPER
That's it!

Cooper points, aims, and-

SNORT!

A huge DEER leaps out of the backseat on Miller's side of
the cruiser. Bloody froth sprays everywhere when it shakes
his head. It snorts and bounds into the forest.

Miller walks around the cruiser and puts a hand out to
Cooper to help him up.

MILLER
You alright?

Cooper takes Miller's hand and stands up. He rubs his chest.

COOPER
Fucker kicked me right in the
chest.

MILLER
Hmm, well, I think you were right,
though. He was probably at least
two hundred pounds.
(beat)
And that back seat? You're cleaning
that shit up.

FADE TO BLACK