

Weakling

by

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TITLE OVER:

'Suicide is never the answer. If you are experiencing suicidal tendencies or thoughts, please call 1-800-273-8255'.

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

JED, 17, with a sturdy but scrawny build, dark hair and pale face, wearing a Publix apron is sitting down, and gazes at the mirror. He is holding a 9mm pistol with a silencer. Turning his gaze to the pistol, his eyes become melancholy. He slowly looks up. He pulls the gun to his head, and looks up.

JED

Why me?

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIX PARKING LOT - MIDNIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jed pushes a cart in the cart lot. As it pushes into another cart, he breathes a sigh of relief and rests his hands on a railing. He looks at his watch.

JED

(breathy)

What?

He squints.

JED

It--

BANG! A gun discharges. Jed looks tirelessly for the holder... BANG! He runs to his car. He spots the culprit two cars to the right. He rushes at the man, but is pushed to the ground. The gunman points the gun at him, but... BOOM! A man charges at the gunman.

MAN

Don't worry about me! Go!

Jed runs, fear covering his face. While he runs, he hears a gunshot and a gut-wrenching yell from the man.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Jed is seen holding the gun in his lap. He looks blankly at it. Suddenly, he gets angry.

JED

(angrily)

Damnit! Why was it me? Why did he
have to die?

He looks down at the gun, and places it to his head. After a few moments, he puts it down.

JED

I'm a coward! A weakling! Why was
it me?

MAN (V.O)

Don't worry about me!

He looks up.

JED

(gravely)

You saved my life. I should..

Jed looks seriously at the gun. After a few moments, he puts the gun in his pocket, then stands up, and grabs the phone on the table.

FADE OUT:

THE END