

WRATH

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FADE IN...

1. CUTS TO: INT., NIGHT. ABU GHRAIB, 2004. A BIT BLURRY. A OBSCURE INTERROGATION ROOM LIGHTED BY ONE LIGHT BULB HANGING OVER THE PRISONER, WHOSE ANKLES AND WRISTS HAVE BEEN HANDCUFFED TO A CHAIR AND WHOSE FACE SHOWS BLUIISH INFLAMMATION, A SPLIT LIP AND SWOLLEN EYES AS WELL AS SOME BLOOD OVER HIS SHIRT. ONE OF THE INTERROGATORS, ANGRY, SLAPS HIM BRUTALLY AS HE SEEMS TO BE LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS. THE PRISONER PASSES OUT AND THE INTERROGATOR THROWS HIM A BUCKET OF WATER. A BLACK BELGIAN SHEPHERD, SAT AT THE SIDE OF THE INTERROGATOR, FOLLOWS THE PRISONER'S STRUGGLE WITH ATTENTION.

JOHN (with crazy eyes fixed on the prisoner)
I don't have the whole day, Ali
Baba. Where the fuck's Mustafa Al-
Jabbar? (Yelling) Where?

THE INTERPRET, COMING FROM THE BACKGROUND, TRANSLATES THE DEMAND TO THE PRISONER. THE INTERROGATOR, JOHN WILSON, STILL AGITATED, MOVES TO THE BACKGROUND, THEN HE COMES BACK. THE OTHER INTERROGATOR STEPS FORWARD, INTERCEPTING INTERROGATOR WILSON IN HIS WAY TO THE PRISONER, APPARENTLY TRYING TO STOP HIM, WHEN HE NOTICES THE PIECE OF PAPER IN INTERROGATOR WILSON'S HAND AND MOVES OUT OF HIS WAY.

JOHN (Yelling)
This your sister? She's nine,
right? I haven't tasted yet some
Iraqi cunt. But I'm going to start
with her, in front of you, if you
don't give me the fucking place,
comprende? (Turning to the
interpret). And you? I don't hear
you translating. That's what we
pay you for here, don't we?

RELUCTANTLY THE INTERPRET TRANSLATES THE THREAT. THE PRISONER SEEMS TOO BEATEN TO UNDERSTAND THOUGH.

INTERROGATOR 2
(To the prisoner) I think you had
enough for now. We're giving you
an hour to think. Make this easier
for yourself. Speak.
(Turning to John) Time for a
break.

BOTH INTERROGATORS LEAVE THE ROOM AND TWO SOLDIERS COME IN TO TAKE CARE OF THE PRISONER. THE INTERROGATORS START THEIR WAY THROUGH A LONG CORRIDOR WITH WORN, FADED WALLS.

INTERROGATOR 2

Go easier on the prisoner, John. We want to inflict him pain, not to kill him. Dead prisoners don't talk... And mentioning the little sister... I don't know...

JOHN (Still angry)

Well, you want him to talk. Bring the sister.

INTERROGATOR 2

John... Are you serious about...?

JOHN

Should I bring her myself? Bring the sister. End of the story. Damn!

2. CUTS TO: SMALL ROOM. INT., NIGHT, A BIT BLURRIER. JOHN IS SAT ON HIS BED, IN FRONT OF HIS LAPTOP, TALKING VIA ZOOM WITH A WOMAN. HE'S GETTING AGITATED.

JOHN

I've served my country since 2001, from the very beginning, while others were scratching their balls, Cindy. Then this CACI firm offers me a contract to interrogate bad guys. What? Don't you follow the news over there? I am doing this for us, for both of us. And now these fucking libs are closing Abu Ghraib...

(THE WOMAN ANSWERS. UNINTELLIGIBLE.)

Yes, I guess I could take it as a vacation. I haven't had one since I joined Operation Enduring Freedom; since I went to Afghanistan to settle scores with those fucking towel-heads who attacked our country!

(THE WOMAN ANSWERS. UNINTELLIGIBLE.)

Yes, I could apply to Black Water too. They could use guys like me. See you soon, sweetie. I'm going to give you that house you dream of all the time, two kids and a

dog. Everything's going to be
okay. Bye.

3. CUTS TO: LIVING ROOM, INT., NIGHT. BLURRY. JOHN AND CINDY ARE ARGUING. CINDY, CRYING, TAKES A RING FROM HER FINGER AND THROWS IT AT JOHN'S FACE. ANGRY, HE GRABS HER WRIST WITH ONE HAND AND PUNCHES HER WITH THE OTHER. SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR. HE MOUNTS HER ON HER BELLY, THEN HE KEEPS PUNCHING HER. THERE ARE BLOOD DROPS ON HIS FACE NOW. CUTS TO: EXT., NIGHT. DESERT, SPOT LIGHTED ONLY BY JOHN'S TRUCK'S HEADLIGHTS. HE LOOKS AFRAID, SWEATY. HE'S DIGGING A HOLE WITH A SHOVEL. WHEN HE FINISHES, HE GETS OUT OF THE HOLE AND PULLS A BODY COVERED IN WHITE SHEETS STAINED WITH BLOOD IN DIRECTION TO THE HOLE. FADES OUT..

FADES IN..

THE GRAVE IS FILLED AND JOHN MOVES ROCKS AND BRANCHES TO CAMOUFLAGE THE PLACE. HE'S DIRTY AND SWEATY.

CUTS TO: INT. NIGHT. SMALL ROOM. JOHN WAKES UP. THE SCENE WITH CINDY HAS BEEN A NIGHTMARE. HE SEEMS RELIEVED.

4. CUTS TO: INT., DAY. OFFICE. BLURRY. JOHN LOOKS ANGRY. SOME EMPLOYEES ARE TRYING TO CONTAIN JOHN AS HE PUNCHES AND KICKS A MAN ON THE FLOOR BEHIND A DESK.

JOHN

You motherfucker wimp! I risked my life to defend this country, to defend your freedom, and you are suspending me? I am chief of security and you are suspending me because I roughed up some fucking shoplifter? I quit, motherfucker lib! Fuck you and fuck your sissy company!

JOHN SLIPS ON THE FALLEN MAN, WHO IS STILL TRYING TO RECOVER AND SEEMS DISORIENTED.

EMPLOYEE 1

John, please.. please! you better leave. Somebody has already called the police. Don't make this worse. Leave, please!

JOHN LEAVES BUT BEFORE HE DOES, HE GIVES A BAD STARE TO THE MAN WHO, WITH A BROKEN LIP AND A CONFUSED EXPRESSION, LOOKS AT HIM FROM THE FLOOR. JOHN BRUSHES OFF THE ARMS HOLDING HIM AND LEAVES THE OFFICE.

5. CUTS TO: EXT., AFTERNOON. MACARTHUR PARK, LOS ANGELES. BLURRY. JOHN IS WALKING ONE OF THE WALKER TRAILS. THEN HE STOPS AND TURNS TO CONTEMPLATE THE LAKE. HE STAYS THERE FOR SOME TIME WITH A TIRED, CONCERNED EXPRESSION BUT HIS FACE SHOWS THAT HIS ANGER IS GONE.

6. CUTS TO: INT., SMALL ROOM, NIGHT. BLURRY. JOHN IS SAT ON HIS BED, AGAIN TALKING TO HIS WIFE VIA ZOOM.

JOHN

Cindy, please understand. I am not cut for civilian life. You saw what happened with those assholes, the so-called security job.. That asshole even looked like my father, that good-for-nothing wife beater, the one I sent to the hospital when I was still sixteen and more than sixty pounds lighter than him. You know it's not a good idea to mess up with me, Cindy, and that asshole was bothering me about the way I had tried the fucking shoplifter, a spic. I was taking care of his store and he seemed to care more for the spic, can you believe it? You know I'm no bully, but I'm nobody's fool either.

(THE WOMAN ANSWERS. UNINTELLIGIBLE.)

Yes. Probably the problem is not civilian life, but working with a boss. I have a boss here, but it's not the same. Black Water is kind of like the military. Different from that asshole manager, here we take care of our own. And Bagram is not Abu Ghrai. But still, they know what we're trying to do here, so they give us some slack.

(THE WOMAN ANSWERS. UNINTELLIGIBLE.)

Everything will be okay. You know I have loved nobody else in my life, that I want to have a family with you, don't you? Do you think that I'm going to... get my dick dirty with these dirty Arab cunts...? Never, Cindy! You're my sweetheart since we were in High School. The only one. I was your first man and

you were my first woman. That's special. That's forever.

(THE WOMAN ANSWERS. UNINTELLIGIBLE.)

I'll make it right. You'll see. You'll see I'll make it right, Cindy.

CINDY (with a broken voice, emotional)
The only dream of my life has been to be your wife and to have your children, John. But what's going to happen to our children if you finally get in trouble because of your temper?

JOHN (Struggling with himself)
I know! I know! I promise you that I'll sign up for Anger Management. This time, I will. I promise that I will. I want to have that family and you are the only one, the only one with whom I can imagine having one. But I need you at my side. I know I can change, but only if I have you at my side. If not, it's useless. Just one more chance. That's all I ask: One more chance. As soon as I am back in LA, I'll sign up for the program. You'll see. I promise. Military word.

CINDY

Maybe it's all that violence over there, John. Maybe, if you stay here, we can open a Pap&Mom Store. No more bosses. Just us. I'll take care of the clients. You can take care of the rest.

JOHN

You know what? That's a great idea. I'm not cut to deal with people, but you are. Who can resist that smile? Nobody. And the way you are nice to people. Everybody will want to shop in our store, sweetie.

(A VOICE CAN BE HEARD IN THE SPEAKERS.)

Well, I have to leave now, sweetie. They're calling the unit to supper. If I am not there before they say 'supper' again, the other guys will leave me nothing, not even leftovers, and then I'll die of starvation. I'll call you again tonight before I go to sleep. Take care, sweetie. Bye.

7. CUTS TO: EXT., DAY. ESTABLISHMENT SHOT OF THE HIPPIY KITCHEN AT 6TH STREET IN SKID ROW, LOS ANGELES. THE HOMELESS MAKE LINE, MOVING SLOWLY TO THE INTERIOR WHEN THE LINE IS MOVING.

CUTS TO: EXT., DAY. A CLOSER LOOK OF A HOMELESS MAN IN THE LINE. HE LOOKS DIRTY, WITH LONG, CAKED HAIR AND A LONG BEARD AND WEARS A LONG BROWN COAT THAT LOOKS BLACK IN MANY PARTS DUE TO THE GRIME. A DIRTY SCHOOL BACKPACK HANGS FROM ONE OF HIS SHOULDER. IN THE OTHER HAND, HE HAS A BUCKET, LIKE ONE OF THOSE USED FOR PAINT. HE STEPS FORWARD EVERY TIME THE REST MOVE FORWARD AND STOPS WHEN THEY STOP. HIS EXPRESSION SEEMS ABSENT THOUGH.

CUTS TO: EXT., DAY. MACARTHUR PARK. THE DIRTY HOMELESS MAN, WHO CAN NOW CLEARLY BE SEEN IS JOHN, SITS AMONG A FEW TREES, AWAY FROM THE REST OF PASSERSBY. HE TRIES TO EAT THE RICE AND BEANS WITH A PLASTIC SPOON BUT THIS BREAKS, SO HE PROCEEDS TO EAT WITH HIS DIRTY HANDS. ONCE FINISHED, HE OPENS HIS BACKPACK AND EXTRACTS AN OLD LAPTOP. HE OPENS IT. HIS FINGERS MOVE OVER THE KEYBOARD, BUT THE SCREEN REMAINS DARK. THE LAPTOP IS NOT WORKING.

JOHN

I'm back. They'll never be able to cook like you, but that's all I have for now. You know? I'm counting the days for this contract to end and to be back with you. Yes, I have been thinking in this couple of hours of what you said and, yes, it's decided. We'll have that Mom&Pop store. With what they pay me in Black Water for this tour, we'll open the store. It's decided.

CINDY (VOICE, SOUNDS HAPPY)

Then we'll have two children and a dog, like the Labrador Retriever I had when I was in high school, you remember Dick?

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT OF THE DARK SCREEN IN THE BROKEN LAPTOP.

JOHN

Dick? How can I forget him. He seemed jealous of me... Son of a gun barked at me all the time. But I liked him. He was protecting you and I like dogs. You know what? We'll have two dogs, a Labrador Retriever and a black Belgian Shepherd. And they'll be friends.

CINDY (VOICE)

And a big, strong boy I'll name John. John Jr.

JOHN (PLAYFUL)

And a sweet, pretty girl I'll name Cindy. Cindy Jr. And she will look like you.

CINDY (VOICE)

Yes, that sounds like a plan. (GIGGLES, THEN HER MOOD DARKENS) But... John, you have to sign up for Anger Management.

JOHN

I Know, I know, I know. I promise you... I promise you for our future children that I will. I will this time. Just give me one last chance.

CINDY (VOICE)

You know what's to have an angry, aggressive parent, John. You are a good man, but you have to control that temper before we have children...

JOHN

I will. I promise. I will obey your commands as if we were in the military. You'll be Sargent Cindy and I'll make all the drills you call. Sounds good?

CINDY (VOICE, Laughing)

Sargent Cindy. That's good.

JOHN

Sir, yes, sir. Well..., madam in this case.

CINDY (VOICE Laughing)

That sounds good... I was the luckiest girl in high school because you chose me. (SIGHS)

JOHN

No, I was the lucky one. You loved me when nobody else loved me. At home, the only one who loved me was my dog, my black Belgian Shepherd. Even when I stood up to defend my mom, she stood up in defense of that bum instead and kicked me out of the house. I had to go to the military. Not lots of options for guys like me. And I never could see my sister or my dog again. As soon as I was wearing the uniform, she poisoned my sister against me and they sent my dog to the pound. You see? You're the only good thing that has happened to me in this fucked up life.

CINDY

I'll be your home and you'll be mine. A happy ending forever and ever.

JOHN

Forever and ever. Yes, madam.

CINDY

And we'll have a house. I don't like apartments. There are cheaper houses in rural areas. I want to have a porch. And I want it to be like in the old sitcoms.

JOHN

A porch? Sure. And you can decorate the house any way you want. It'll be your house.

Our home. CINDY

Our home too. JOHN