

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH!

Short Screenplay
By
Louis Cepeda

Louis Cepeda

Louis124@Comacast.net

Copyright (c) 2018 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

OPEN TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

MATT NOBLE drives on a busy city street. Matt is a man in his mid-forties, well-tanned, dressed in casual upscale clothes. He stops at a red light.

Matt watches an attractive young woman in tight slacks cross the street in front of him. He shakes his head with admiration.

Matt notices a U-turn sign on the street corner. A look of indecision crosses his face momentarily. When the light changes, Matt drives on.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A large room with a bar at one end and only a few tables occupied. GARY NOBLE sits at a booth by a window glancing through a magazine. Gary is a lean boy of nineteen with brown, shaggy hair and pale, muscular arms. He wears a loose, black t-shirt with a Behemoth Band logo.

Matt enters the restaurant and stops to look around. He spots Gary reading and studies him unhappily for a moment. Matt walks over to Gary.

MATT

Gary.

Gary looks up and nods. It should be obvious right from the start that these two people don't like or trust each other. Matt sits down across from Gary.

MATT

I must say I was surprised by your call yesterday.

GARY

I bet you were.

MATT

You're looking grown up.

Gary glances through the magazine again.

GARY

Yeah, I even shave now.

A WAITER comes to the table.

WAITER

Would you like to see a menu?

Matt shakes his head.

MATT

We're just having drinks. Make mine
Chivas on the rocks.

WAITER

(to Gary)

And you, sir?

GARY

Iced tea, no lemon.

The Waiter leaves. Matt leans back in his seat curiously.

MATT

So how did you find me?

GARY

I called Uncle Dan.

MATT

(sourly)

I wish my brother would mind his own
business.

GARY

He probably figured I had a right
to know, to see you.

Gary puts the magazine aside.

GARY

He brought me up to date on you, Matt.

MATT

Is that right?

Gary folds his hands on the table and nods coolly.

GARY

Said you got married again. Did pretty good in the money department this time. Country clubs, exotic vacations, fancy cars. Even a million dollar house to boot. Must be nice.

MATT

What does that have to do with anything, Gary?

GARY

Well, it must feel strange to you, Matt, all this good fortune. When I last saw you, you couldn't afford to feed Mom and me three squares a day.

MATT

(resentfully)

Yeah, well that was then. I no longer. . .

GARY

Drink like a fucking fish?

MATT

Whatever.

GARY

You no longer come home and puke all over the house? Or piss in your pants like you did on my birthday?

Matt frowns and looks outside. He sees a hooker in her late twenties pacing back and forth across the street. The hooker stops to look in her purse. She takes out a mirror and examines her make-up.

MATT

(to Gary)

Look, you have a right to be angry, Gary. I'm not denying that.

GARY

Angry?

(chuckles ironically)

I'm passed anger, Matt. Hate is more like it.

The Waiter comes over and serves the drinks.

WAITER

Will there be anything else?

Matt shakes his head and the Waiter leaves. Gary slowly removes the paper cover from a straw.

GARY

You know when I was a kid, I used to look up to you, Matt. I knew you drank too much, but you were a happy drunk. Always making people laugh, always the life of the party like Mom used to say. I'd think to myself, why can't I be more like him? Why can't I make people like me like they like him? What's wrong with me?

Gary puts the straw in the tea and takes a sip.

GARY

And those few times when you were fatherly to me, when you took me to a ball game or fishing, I was proud to be your kid, Matt. So proud I almost overlooked how bad you treated Mom. The shit she had to put up with just to keep the family together.

MATT

Your mother and I had our differences, Gary, that's how marriages go sometimes.

GARY

You used to call her a dumb bitch. I'd be in bed listening to you yelling at her, 'dumb bitch' this, 'stupid bitch' that. 'Bitch' was bad enough, Matt, but you knew Mom was neither dumb nor stupid.

MATT

It was just an expression, Gary. Whenever I get pissed off at somebody, that's how I blow off steam.

(drinks)

I might've called your mother those names, but I never got physical with her. I never put a hand on her.

GARY

Just mentally tortured her, is that it?

MATT

(agitated)

Think what you want. I don't need to explain anything to you, Gary. Not at this point in my life.

GARY

Is that why you didn't come to the funeral last month?

MATT

I didn't come because I didn't think I'd be welcomed. I was never a favorite with your mother's side of the family.

GARY

You're still not.

MATT

Fine! Now what the fuck is this all about? You need money, is that it? You figure you can tap your old man now that you found out he has some money? How much money do you want, Gary?

Gary grins sarcastically.

GARY

Is that what you think, Matt? That I came here to get some pity money from you?

MATT

The thought has crossed my mind, yes.

GARY

Do you really think I would stoop that low, Matt?

MATT

So why the sudden interest to see me? You could've call your uncle anytime in the last ten years.

Gary leans back in his seat and sighs heavily, suddenly looking troubled and unsure. He begins to fidget with the straw.

GARY

I came to see you because I have a problem.

MATT

What kind of problem?

GARY

(hesitates)

I got busted a couple of months before Mom died.

MATT

For what?

GARY

Possession of illegal drugs with intent to sell. They caught me with half a pound of marijuana.

MATT

You were selling drugs?

GARY

I started with a few joints in high school to make a few bucks on the side. But after a while I saw a chance to make more money to help Mom with the bills.

MATT

That wasn't very smart. Why didn't you just get a job?

GARY

In hindsight, I should've, you're right.

MATT

What're you facing?

GARY

Maybe as much as ten years. To be honest, I'm not looking forward to the trial. If I get the full term I'll be almost thirty when I get out.

MATT

Did you tell your mother?

GARY

(shakes his head)

I told her it was a mistake, I was holding the bag for a friend. I did three days in jail. It took Mom that long to get the bail money.

Matt drinks and looks outside again. The hooker is now standing by a parked car talking to someone inside.

MATT

So what do you need from me, money, a lawyer?

GARY

No, the court already appointed me a lawyer.

MATT

(puzzled)

Then what?

Gary leans forward, putting his elbows on the table and folding his hands.

GARY

Well, it's just that I keep thinking about Mom. She was always there to help me when I had a problem.

MATT

Your mother is no longer here, Gary. You're going to have to deal with your problems on your own from now on.

GARY

I know. It's just that we had this kind of bond, me and her. After you left it was like us against the world. That's the way I grew up. Mom looking after me, me looking after her.

(smiles)

Did you know she wanted to be a forensic investigator?

MATT

No, she never mentioned it.

GARY

Yeah, she was hooked on it. When she was alive she loved watching all those *CSI* programs. I think she secretly had a thing for William Peterson myself.

MATT

I wish she would've said something.

GARY

I'm pretty sure she would've gone to school if she wasn't working so much or taking care of me all the time. She kept promising herself in her diary that one day she'd get a degree in forensics.

A quizzical look crosses Matt's face.

MATT

Your mother had a diary?

GARY

Yeah, I found it when I was looking through her things after she died. I didn't know until I read it but Mom was a pretty good writer.

Matt takes another drink.

MATT

What else did she write about?

GARY

A lot about you. I don't think she ever accepted that you had left her for good and was never coming back.

MATT

I know, your grandmother put it into her head that marriage was a sacred thing. That you should be dedicated to that person for the rest of your life.

GARY

I think you're right. Even at the end she kept telling me not to hold anything against you. That I needed to forgive you, get on with my life. She had even forgiven you for that night in May just before you left us.

MATT

(guardedly)

I don't understand.

GARY

May 10th, remember? You came home real late, drunk out of your mind as usual, with blood on your clothes.

MATT

Oh, that night.

(nods to himself)

Yeah, I'd been in a fight at a bar earlier that night.

GARY

That's what she said in her diary, too. But you also asked her to get rid of the clothes you were wearing.

MATT

They were old clothes as I remember. I figured the blood stains couldn't be washed out.

Gary leans back again and gives Matt a skeptical stare.

GARY

She mentioned there was lipstick on your shirt.

MATT

(shrugs uncomfortably)

That could be. I hit a lot of bars that night. Probably ran into an old friend who gave me a kiss.

GARY

Are you sure it was just a kiss?

Matt sneers and looks outside once more. The hooker seems to be having an animated conversation with someone in the car.

MATT

(to Gary)

Look, I never claimed to be a saint in those days. I did fool around, and looking back at it now, I'm not proud of myself. Your mother deserved better.

GARY

Was Deanna one of your girlfriends?

MATT

Deanna?

GARY

Deanna Campbell.

MATT

(after an uncomfortable pause)

Deanna was a bar maid at a local tavern in town, I hardly knew her.

GARY

Mom found her telephone number in one of your pockets that night.

MATT

That's possible. I think she wanted me to look at her car the next day. She was having trouble with her starter.

Gary begins to play with the straw thoughtfully.

GARY

Did you see her the next day?

MATT

I don't know, maybe I did, I don't remember.

GARY

So you didn't look at her car?

MATT

Like I said, I don't remember. Why

all this interest in Deanna?

GARY

Well, for one, she went missing a couple of days later according to Mom. She just disappeared.

MATT

Maybe she moved.

GARY

I checked it out on the internet, and you're right. Initially the police thought she just took off with some guy.

MATT

Like I said I didn't know her that well.
(finishes drink)
What's this all about, Gary?

GARY

What this is all about, Matt, is that two months later the body of Deanna Campbell was found in a wooded area less than ten miles from our old house. That's quite a coincidence, wouldn't you say?

Matt smirks and shakes his head.

MATT

You've got to be kidding, right? You think I had something to do with that?

GARY

You have to admit, Matt, something here's not right. You asked Mom to get rid of some bloody clothes with the name and phone number of a woman who shows up murdered a couple of months later. How strange is that?

(drinks)

If I was a cop I'd sure be interested in finding out why.

Matt becomes angry and leans forward.

MATT

What do you *really* want from me, Gary?

GARY

I don't want anything, Matt.

Matt motions the Waiter to bring another drink. He looks at Gary with growing contempt.

MATT

You don't want to say it, but this is all about money, isn't it?

GARY

No, I just want to know what happened that night, Matt.

MATT

I told already, *nothing* happened. I got into a bar fight and that's it.

GARY

Then you won't mind if I turned over the evidence to the cops.

MATT

What evidence?

GARY

Mom never threw away those clothes, Matt. She put them in a plastic bag and hid them in the basement.

MATT

Why would she do that?

GARY

She never said why. Maybe she just didn't believe your story after she saw the lipstick and Deanna's telephone number.

Matt wipes his mouth nervously with a napkin.

MATT

What're you going to do?

GARY

(calmly)

Don't know yet. I mean can the police
still get DNA evidence from something
that old?

The Waiter brings over the drink and leaves.

MATT

This is blackmail, isn't it?

GARY

No, I just want to know what happened that
night, Matt. For years Mom wondered about
that, too. It kept coming up in her diary.

(observes Matt indifferently)

But she was loyal to you, right to the
end. As hard as it must've been to keep
your secret for all those years, she
did it to keep you out of trouble.

In her mind you were still her husband.

Matt takes a long swallow from his new drink.

MATT

I was too drunk to remember anything
that happened that night.

GARY

You're lying, Matt, and I'm not Mom. I
stopped loving or caring about you a long
time ago. I don't have any trouble going
to the cops with the evidence.

Matt begins to play anxiously with his hands on the table.

MATT

It's not what you think.

GARY

What happened?

MATT

I did know Deanna. We've been seeing each
other off and on for a while.

(frowns reflectively)

She was a strange woman.

GARY

Strange in what way?

MATT

She liked her sex on the rough side. Regular sex was boring to her. She enjoyed it more when pain was involved. It was like a fetish with her. The more I slapped her or verbally degraded her, the more excited she became.

GARY

Is that what happened that night? Things got out of hand?

Matt nods guiltily and takes another drink.

MATT

We went out to the boondocks after she got out of work and we started kissing and fooling around. Pretty soon she started calling me names, edging me on to be a real man. I slapped her face and she just laughed and continued, saying I hit like a little girl. So I slapped her again and she started bleeding from the mouth.

Matt turns and looks outside. The hooker is now standing up straight and shaking her head at someone in the car.

MATT

When I saw the blood I got scared but Deanna wouldn't stop taunting me. She took off her jeans and underwear and began questioning my ability to satisfy her.

(stares at his drink)

When I got on top of her she claimed she couldn't feel me, that I was too small for a woman like her. She called me a worthless son of a bitch and tried biting me. I slapped her again and she pleaded for me to hit her even harder.

(drinks bitterly)

And that's when things went terribly wrong.

GARY

Go on.

MATT

(on the verge of tears)

I put my hands around her throat and told her to shut up again. But she wouldn't stop calling me names.

(finishes drink)

I guess I just lost it. The next thing I know she was laying there half naked and not breathing. She was dead.

GARY

Why didn't you just go to the police and tell them what happened?

Matt wipes tears from his eyes and sniffles.

MATT

I guess I was scared. I panicked.

GARY

So you got rid of the body instead?

MATT

I dumped her body in a ravine nearby and covered it up with branches and dried leaves the best I could. Then I got the hell out of there and went straight home.

(looks at Gary sincerely)

I didn't mean to kill her, Gary, I swear. It was an accident.

GARY

If it was an accident, Matt, you should've gone to the cops. That would've been the right thing to do.

MATT

I know.

Matt stares at Gary with a sense of fear and uncertainty.

MATT

What're you going to do?

GARY

(vaguely)

I don't know.

Gary begins to wrap the paper straw cover around his finger like a ring.

GARY

I'm wondering what Mom would do. Would she turn you in or would she continue to protect you?

MATT

Your mom wouldn't turn me in, Gary, I think you know that. If it was up to your mother, she'd get rid of the clothes, I'm sure.

GARY

Oh, she did.

MATT

(taken aback)

I don't understand?

GARY

She got rid of the clothes as you asked her to. I made that up about finding them. The only things in the diary were Deanna's telephone number and Mom's suspicions about her death.

MATT

So why . . . ?

GARY

Because that was pretty much circumstantial evidence. But a *confession*, Matt, that's prime stuff according to the cops.

MATT

What cops?

Gary raises his t-shirt exposing a circular white patch attached to his upper stomach. A strip of tape holds a small, cone-shaped microphone to the patch.

GARY

Like the cop said, it was either your ass or me doing ten years, Matt. You understand, don't you?

The sight of the microphone seems to confuse Matt momentarily. He looks to Gary for an explanation but the boy just stares back coldly.

Matt glances outside and sees the hooker and two men from the car rushing across the street toward the restaurant with their guns drawn.

Matt looks at Gary again, and then with a jolt of anger.

MATT
You son-of-a-bitch!

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END

