

EMILY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

RALPH, 40s, guides his personal scooter over a cracked, uneven sidewalk. Paraplegic, long stringy hair, dirty, fat and slovenly, he's as unappetizing as vomit.

As he passes a house, a big DOG bolts off the porch, BARKING like mad, stopped only by a chain-link fence. Ralph stops to stare at a dog that salivates to bite him.

Ralph pulls out a reacher-grabber and rakes it along the fence, driving the dog CRAZY.

RALPH
(laughing)
Want a piece of me? Want a piece?
Stupid mutt.

From across the street, a soccer ball bounces and hits the fence at Ralph's feet. He reaches down and grabs the ball.

A 7-year-old BOY comes half way across the street, holding out his hands for the ball.

Ralph smiles, holds up the ball, and then tosses it over the fence where the barking dog bites it.

The Boy's face falls. Ralph laughs and rolls away.

INT. RALPH'S HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Ralph, on his scooter, rolls to the fridge and pulls out a beer. The kitchen is as dirty and soiled as Ralph, a decidedly lower-middle class hovel.

BEN (O.S.)
Little early for beer, isn't it?

Ralph turns to the table where BEN, 40s, soft, family man, sits.

RALPH
Who the fuck are you?

BEN
Name's Ben, not that names matter,
right, Kyle?

RALPH
Name's Ralph, and you're
trespassing. Get the fuck out
before I call the police.

BEN
Ralph, Kyle, Cory, Dennis, you have
a lot of names.

RALPH
Look, I don't know you are, and I
don't want a hassle from the cops.
Why don't you just leave, and we'll
call it square.

BEN
Not gonna happen. Emily was my
daughter.

RALPH
And George Washington is on a
dollar bill, so fucking what?

Ben produces a pistol from his belt and lays it on the table.

BEN
I think I started badly. Let's
begin again. I'm Ben. My daughter
was--

RALPH
Emily, yeah, I got that.

BEN
And you are Ralph AKA Kyle Barnes.

RALPH
Never heard of Kyle whatshisname.
Put that gun away before I make you
eat it.

BEN
Kyle's online name was TRUE-MAN.
He visited the same chat rooms as
my daughter. They became friends.

RALPH
I have no idea what you're talking
about.

Ben SLAMS his hand on the table.

BEN
Do you think I'd be here if I
wasn't sure!? You, it was you who
seduced Emily online. You! Why
don't you just admit it?

RALPH
Because it wasn't ME. I don't care
how sure you are.

Ben stands, gun in hand, and comes toward Ralph.

BEN
Your internet address, your
computer. The internet is not
truly anonymous, Kyle.

RALPH
Other people can use my computer.

BEN
You live alone.

RALPH
Ever hear of turning a computer
into a bot?

For the first time, Ben's face shows a hint of doubt.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Look at me. You really think some
eighteen year old girl is going to
go for me?

BEN
How did you know she was eighteen?

RALPH
You told me.

BEN
I don't think so. Nice try.

With amazing speed, Ralph jerks out his reacher-grabber and slams it on Ben's wrist. The gun skids across the floor as Ben HOWLS.

Ralph races for the gun, beer spilling. He's about to grab it when Ben crashes into the scooter, making it swerve. Even as Ralph fights for control, Ben scoops up the gun with his good hand.

He backs up as Ralph charges, swinging the reacher-grabber, hitting Ben on the arms. Until Ben manages to grab the device and jerk it from Ralph's grasp. He tosses it aside.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't move.

Ralph backs up to the fridge and grabs another beer.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't make me shoot you.

RALPH
Better do it while you can.

Ralph heads out, Ben following with his gun.

BEN
Where are you going?

INT. RALPH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ralph rolls through the house, closely followed by Ben.

BEN
Stop.

Right into

INT. RALPH'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

The den sports a big table with several computer screens and keyboards. Ralph likes to be online. Ralph settles in front of the table and grabs a keyboard as Ben arrives.

BEN
What the hell do you think you're doing?

RALPH
Go away.

Pissed, Ben hits Ralph in the shoulder with the gun. Ralph yelps.

BEN
Turn around.

Ralph slowly spins the scooter. Ben rubs his sore wrist.

BEN (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what you did
to my daughter?

RALPH

I paid her some attention.

BEN

You broke her heart.

RALPH

Because she's stupid.

BEN

Was.

RALPH

Was?

BEN

She isn't anything any more. She's
dead.

They glare at each other as Ralph takes a sip of beer.

RALPH

I'd say I was sorry, but I'm not.
She was stupid.

Ben raises the gun as if to strike, but Ralph doesn't cringe.
Ben pulls back.

BEN

She wasn't stupid. She was bright
and compassionate and giving. She
was exactly the kind of girl
fuckers like you prey on.

RALPH

She was a pig. A fat, ugly girl
who couldn't get a boyfriend in
real life. So, she got one online.
And she loved it.

Ben turns and fires a bullet through a screen, exploding it.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You're going to pay for that.

BEN

Insult my daughter one more time,
and I'll shoot you.

RALPH
You're going to shoot me anyway,
right?

Ben doesn't answer.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Let's talk about who did what for
whom, dad. I gave her some awesome
orgasms. What did you ever do?

BEN
Shut up.

RALPH
You couldn't even keep her nose out
of the feedbag long enough to make
her thin. Way to go, dad. Way to
be there for her.

BEN
I said, SHUT UP!

RALPH
You're as pathetic as your
daughter. Same gutless wonder.
What did she do, off herself? Let
me guess, a bottle of pills?

BEN
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

RALPH
Car in the garage maybe?

Ben SCREAMS and fires again, blowing out a second screen.
They glare at each other.

BEN
You know what you are? You're
scum. You're a lonely cripple
getting his jollies from seducing
young girls online.

RALPH
Some not so young.

BEN
Shut up. You're the lowest of the
low, one step removed from a slimy
slug wallowing in the mud.

RALPH
So shoot me.

Ben stares.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Go ahead, shoot me. You'd be doing me a favor.

Ben frowns, not quite believing.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Look around. What are you taking from me? What kind of life? I'm a cripple, asshole, a non-functioning cripple. I had a wife once, but licking only goes so far, know what I mean? When she came home preggo, we both knew it was over. Look around. I got a scooter and meds compliments of the VA and enough money to buy beer. Only, the beer isn't killing me fast enough. Do me a favor and speed up the process. The people in this neighborhood will throw you a parade. I have to pretend to be some young stud to get a woman to even chat with me. LOOK AROUND. You think killing me will hurt me? DO IT. If I still had balls, I'd do it myself. Go ahead. Squeeze one off. Do me.

Ben backs up a step, amazed at the venom in Ralph.

BEN

What kind of animal are you? Do you hate everything so much? You're sick. There's no one in your life is there?

RALPH

Get the fuck out.

BEN

You're such a loser. A bitter, aging asshole who hates what he is but doesn't have the guts to change. Killing you wouldn't hurt. Killing you would release you from your worthless existence. No, I don't think I'm going to shoot you. I think I'm going to leave you in your misery. You deserve it. Hell is too good for you.

Ben turns and heads for the door.

RALPH
You're as fucking worthless as your
pig daughter.

Ben stops, turns, and smiles.

BEN
It is about Emily, isn't it.

Ben fires a bullet into the middle of Ralph's chest.
Surprised, Ralph looks down at the spreading red stain on
his shirt as a second bullet rips into him.

Ben shoots one more time before he turns and walks away.

FADE OUT.