

S/ash
(OPENING SCENE ONLY)

by

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Story by Rycke Foreman

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EXT. SICKERT HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

The front door rattles violently as WALTER SICKERT's heavy fist hammers it. His furious voice is slurred by alcohol.

SICKERT
Open this fuckin' door right now,
ya little shits!

INT. SICKERT HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

Just around the corner from the foyer, TRENCH SICKERT and CADE VICTOR stand. Trench is in his mid-20s, tall and thick, naturally muscular, with the dress--and attitude--of punk. He holds a shotgun.

Cade, Trench's half-brother, is only a bit shorter but wiry thin, early 20s--a little more rock 'n' roll. He has a black eye, and a face overrun with fear.

TRENCH
Just go sleep it off somewhere
else, you fat prick! Don't come
back 'til you're sober--oh wait,
that'd be never!

CADE
(overlapping)
Trench, don't piss 'im off--

INTERCUT: INT./EXT. SICKERT HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

The door strains under Sickert's fists.

SICKERT
Dammit, open this door right now,
you sumbitches! I'll come in there
'n teach ya th' respect ya oughta
even know from me!

TRENCH
You're not even making sense,
dumbass! That's what you get when
you mix stupid with vodka--

CADE
(overlapping)
Trench, what're ya doing? Shut up--

Sickert draws a pistol from his waistband.

SICKERT
I'll use this!

The foyer reverberates with jolting blows and Sickert's curses. Trench whirls around the corner, training the double-barrel shotgun at the center of the front door.

TRENCH
Go ahead, Dad! I'll tell ya where
to stick it first!

Abruptly, the hammering stops.

CADE
What the hell're you doing? He's
gonna kill us!

TRENCH
That's the idea--

The deadbolt in the front door explodes in a glut of twisted metal and three rapid gunshots. The wood around the knob splinters with each deafening roar.

The door rattles again, wood crackling like fireworks.

TRENCH
I know girl scouts coulda kicked
that in, you pussy!

Sickert screams in rage. The next kick sends the door crashing in, the remaining chunk of doorhandle tumbling across the floor.

Sickert stumbles in, pinwheeling his arms as he squeezes off a wild shot. Trench barely flinches as Sickert gains his wobbly equilibrium and sees the shotgun in his son's hands. Trench chambers a round as Sickert faces him, slurring:

SICKERT
You ain't got the--

BOOM! Both barrels flare as Trench staggers against the blast. Sickert is flung like a ragdoll through the doorway, airborne spirals of blood tracing his fall.

Cade stands, gawking at the fallen man in utter shock, crossing behind Trench and coming around him still gaping. Trench's face, on the other hand, shows the beginnings of a triumphant, killer grin.