

Right or Wrong

by

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"There is no good and evil, there is only power and those too weak to seek it."  
J.K. Rowling

OVER BLACK

BEN (V.O)  
Crepes are for fags.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

An outdoor music festival.

Crowds are sparse.  
Food stands line grass left and right.

Two late-20's MEN attend a crêpe booth. In worn-out t-shirts and faded jeans, beneath burly beards. They are JOE and BEN.

JOE  
Crêpes are just thin pancakes.

BEN  
No they ain't.

JOE  
Tomato tomahto.

BEN  
They're all 'bout being healthy  
with fucking fruit inside.

JOE  
What, you don't like fruit?

BEN  
That's not what I'm sayin'.

JOE  
Bitch bitch bitch...

BEN  
Fuck you, man.

JOE  
Stick to pancake pancakes for all I  
care, you deep-fried fuck.

BEN  
Fuck you.

Joe is handed a crepe on a paper plate and they wander away.

JOE  
I got to fill up before I hit the  
beer garden. Last time I shit my  
drawers and missed everything.

BEN

Oh yeah, that's right, you missed the last riot, fuck.

JOE

Ah, I forgot mayo. Oh well.

BEN

Yeah, wouldn'ta made a difference. When they engaged, it didn't matter how much muscle we got. Doin' riot control has its days, but even with what backup we got, those fucking traitors made our job a whole helluva lot harder last time.

JOE

It wasn't about that, man.

BEN

Yeah it was.

JOE

Naw, it wasn't about being short-handed. Our cavalry's fucked from the get-go. Their hearts ain't in it. I'm serious. There were like half of em' standing around, watching the riot while those fucks countered, like they needed an okay to bash heads in. How hard is that?

BEN

That's cause we already had too many corking up the entry.

JOE

Too many cooks in the kitchen.

BEN

That's what I'm sayin'. More bodies up front-line wouldn't mattered at all none, jittery little pocket-poodle people or not.

JOE

Yeah, but when you got the okay, you laid down the law; no hand-holding, no hesitation, no brains needed. Them others just sat it out like fucking shelter-cases; they didn't lift a goddamn finger, too many cooks in the kitchen or not, they still wouldn'ta done shit.

BEN  
Fuckin' pussies.

JOE  
You remember back at the Capitol  
Riot, all those idiots just fucked  
around, right? Now those fucks are  
a prime example.

BEN  
Yeah?

JOE  
See, thousands showed up, ready to  
act up. They kept rarin' to strike.  
But in the eleventh hour, only  
maybe five hundred stepped up.

BEN  
So?

JOE  
So, those thousands pussied-out;  
they didn't have it in em'. Had  
every single one all stepped up,  
the Capitol would've been theirs.

BEN  
The Capitol was theirs.

JOE  
Yeah, for what, five hours? That's  
nothing. My point is, why didn't  
those pussies of the thousands step  
up: because those people who got a  
dog in the fight were too chicken-  
shit to let em' dogs off the leash.

BEN  
Fuckin' traitors. Gettin' in the  
way of justice. People like that;  
it's no wonder the country's gone  
to herding-cat hell.

JOE  
I hear you.

BEN  
How's your lil girl doin' by the  
way? Lil Carla? Such a sweetheart.  
Growin' tough like her daddy yet?

JOE  
Growin' over my old heart...

Along doddles a plump lady in belly-high sweats, TINA-REY.

TINA-REY

Look at you fine fellas of the law,  
off-duty. Who says you need a badge  
and uniform to look good, right?

JOE

Heya Tina-girl. Nice work with all  
this. Y'done a great job. Where's  
your daddy? 'Round here sumplace?

TINA-REY

Naw, back at the dealership. What  
y'all doing all way back here,  
missin' the stage? You two gonna  
participate tonight, on stage?

BEN

Oh, you bet.

JOE

Uh, we'll see.

TINA-REY

Puh-puh-pussy wimp!

BEN

Hey, watch it now.

TINA-REY

Come on, I'm just ribbing ya. A  
skull-cracker like this fella, I  
ain't gonna mess with him. Where's  
your arm bands? Opening act's gonna  
start any moment now.

BEN

Any idea who's headliner tonight?

TINA-REY

No idea. The fella's really cutting  
it to the last minute.

(Refers to Joe)

Hey, you wanna take it on? You know  
how to handle an instrument.

JOE

We'll see.

TINA-REY

Alright, I'll catch y'all there.

And Tina-Rey takes off ahead.

JOE

Woof. You see the clam lips up her?

BEN

Skull-cracker? Now how'd you get a nickname like that?

JOE

It's just this thing with some radical twerp years back.

BEN

How haven't I heard this?

JOE

I don't go blabbing on about every disturber of the peace I put down.

BEN

Yeah? What was the damage?

JOE

It was just some little nigro punk. Got all lippy when I took his knuckle-dragger girlfriend away.

BEN

Always a shame when they can't just get in line.

JOE

I gave him every chance.

BEN

But lemme guess, he had to go and hurt your fucking feelings.

JOE

Said I was apart of some conspiracy against the country or something. Can you believe that? I mean, going and turning it around on me like the heat is to blame. And they were the ones out on the street, getting all worked up, and starting shit. What's the matter with people?

BEN

You said it.

JOE

But yeah... Poor fucking kid.

Joe loses his appetite and tosses his crepe.

BEN

Some kids are just born wrong. Then they go get mixed up in pointless shit. And you just know niggers can't fight the tide, literally.

JOE

I don't know.

BEN

That's right. There's no other way about it than to get tough. Talkin' back gets you smacked. I'm ain't afraid to hit a child.

JOE

If things gone different, that kid be up on stage today. But he had to go flapping his big lips at me.

BEN

You done him in?

JOE

No, but I may as well have. His jaw ain't never hip-hopping again. No Juice Crews, just sippin' juice out a straw. Poor fucking kid.

BEN

BLM? ANTIFA? Amnesty International?

JOE

They're all the same.

BEN

Always dumb enough to go along with all that shit online, all "the experts say this and that" like they can't see it's all some blown out of proportion drama-queen shit. A lotta good that'll do when they come begging and crying the people they're boycotting for a job.

JOE

I'm guessing you ain't going along unionizing next month.

BEN

The fuck. You ain't are you.

JOE

No! Hell no! No. I just thought --



BEN

That Socialist shit right there,  
damned if I'll stand by and let our  
department fall for it.

JOE

It's just, the therapy coverage --

BEN

The fucking stupidest waste of  
money. Who needs therapy?

JOE

Yeah, you're right. Idiots.

BEN

Here's the only therapy I need:

They arrive at the Beer Gardens. Drunks wander in and out of  
the designated drinking area.

They each take beer glasses off a Server's tray.

BEN (cont'd)

See, that all seems sexy at first.  
But what's really at stake is this:  
(Gestures around)  
The liberty. Liberty is powerful,  
liberty is persuasive, They want to  
limit what we can do by shutting it  
down. Like it's somehow  
irresponsible. It's a free country.

Others hear this out of context and lend applause.

BEN (cont'd)

You were saying they were saying  
we're the conspiracy? Hell, I'm  
saying they're the conspiracy.  
We're the ones that got to keep  
fighting them and their barricades,  
bringing the peace.

JOE

Sure.

BEN

You know what terrifies these  
people: the truth. There used to be  
this thing called the fairness  
doctrine, and it gave those people  
the power to complain about views  
they didn't like. And what did it  
lead to...

JOE  
Uh, the riots we bust our ass over.

BEN  
That's right. Those feral animals  
seeking out rigid conformity and  
cutting out diversity, it's insane.

Joe lifts a glass and they cheers.

JOE  
Yeah, amen.

BEN  
Fuck...

JOE  
Nobody ever said holding up the law  
would be easy.

BEN  
Sure, but you'd think after the  
last two uprisings people would  
smarten up, y'know? Just look in  
the mirror and admit they impede  
our country and get in the way of  
what's right for everybody.

JOE  
If this work gets to you man,  
nobody would ever think less of you  
for tapping out.

BEN  
I'm not sayin' that. It ain't too  
hard, it just gets to me, y'know?

JOE  
People just can't get it together.

BEN  
It's just... fuck. Is there any  
hope? For people to be better?

Joe has no answer.

Tina-Rey hustles over.

TINA-REY  
Hey! There you are! Listen, the  
headliner didn't show up.

JOE  
Huh?

TINA-REY  
Something happened. I don't know.

BEN  
Fuck?

TINA-REY  
Here's the thing... Could you  
please please please help?

JOE  
Ugh, Tina-Rey...

TINA-REY  
I told them you could rock an axe.

JOE  
You want me to take on headliner??

TINA-REY  
Come on. You'd do me a big solid.

JOE  
I dunno. It's a big thing. I really  
don't know if I can...

BEN  
Tell them he'll do it.

JOE  
Wait, I didn't even bring my gear.

TINA-REY  
It's fine, we got some you can use  
on stage.

BEN  
I'ma gonna come on up too. Just  
give us a minute and let us finish  
our drinks, alright.

TINA-REY  
Really? You don't know how much  
they'll appreciate this. I'll tell  
them you're on your way. You guys  
are a lifesaver.

She hustles off. Joe gives Ben a look.

BEN  
Oh, come on. I'll back you up  
there. It'll be fine, man. It's not  
like you're under the gun or  
anything. Finish your drink.

Joe downs his beer.

JOE

Look, I don't get performance anxiety or nothing, but I'm not okay in the spotlight.

BEN

Come on, man.

Ben leads them out of the Beer Garden.

BEN (cont'd)

You can do riot crowds but being front and center's what fucks you?

JOE

No. Fuck you.

BEN

I'm just sayin' tomato tomahto.

JOE

It's not the same thing.

BEN

They're your people, man. They're all about bringing justice and shit. You could fuck up badly and they'd still back you.

JOE

You're the one going on about liberty. What liberty is getting pressured on to a fucking stage? What, do you hand pedophiles the gun and tell them to do the job themselves??

BEN

You callin' yourself a kid-diddler?

JOE

What!? No! That's not the point.

BEN

Shit, when'd you get to be such a soft little snowflake? You've got handed this golden opportunity to make a killing and you don't want it? What's wrong with you, man?

JOE

You can have it.

BEN

This about shittin' yourself?

JOE

Sure...

Crowds thicken. Manic music grows more and more thunderous.

BEN

What's this really about? Because to me, it looks like you're taking a left-turn; standing back at the uprising, standing by at the last riot. It's got me praying you ain't sympathizing with those animals.

JOE

It's not like that.

BEN

Because those fucks tried to steal the country, let me remind you. Remember the insurrection? Remember those needless beatings? The waves and waves of traitors? Y'don't feel for people like those! You club the shit out of people like those!

JOE

Jesus, man. No.

(Struggles)

It's just, the protesting, the arguing, the fighting, it adds up. When you fight for your country, all the shit gets to you, y'know? At one point I saw some guy step in and pull one of our boys out the line of fire, bleedin' red all over. I couldn't've known at first, but when he wasn't one of ours...

(Exhales)

He was the left, so I plugged him.

BEN

Good on you. But if you let these radical-left shits get in your head, you'll sink to their level.

JOE

Drove into the heat of the moment like this, it fucks with me.

Crowdmembers in Oakleys, flack jackets, and AR-rifles walk among countless others open-carrying.

BEN

We got to make hard judgment calls each time, man. When the fucking libtards got to go and make trouble, trying to make us look bad when we fight the establishment and liberate the country and all, we just got to cut them down.

The music comes to an outro. The mass crowds clap and cheer. A familiar voice takes the mic.

TINA-REY (O.S)

Alright, hey, lets give it up for 'Dead Sanders' everybody. Don't forget to buy their stuff over at the merch tents.

BEN

(Yelling over the crowd)

It's a hard call, but violence is the only solution, right. They left you with no choice. You had to do it. So, don't beat yourself up over it. The job needs no regrets.

They approach the rear of the stage. The backstage security halts them. Up on stage Tina-Rey sees them.

TINA-REY

Alright everybody, so I'm afraid our headliner, Lt. Stans fled the country and so we had to drop him. But fuck him, right! We got an even better treat tonight. They had the front-lines at each uprisings, these proud people, these brave bastards. They now head the unified police force that work tirelessly to quash out the radical-left and those who effort to steal back America. Your armed wing of the new Government. Please, give it up for Cpt. Ben Block and Lt. Joe Shapiro.

Mass applause airs.

BEN

Alright this is it.

Ben leads Joe up stage steps.

On stage, they find tied-up trembling YOUNG KIDS kneeling. They are beaten and bruised, with torn clothes.

A stage hand offers Ben a handgun. Then hands an axe to Joe.

Joe lags behind, blinded by floodlights.

Ben notices and urges him along.

BEN (cont'd)

Well? You gonna do what's right?

They stand over the crying captives. Ben presses them down on their hands and knees. Their heads each over a black box.

BEN (cont'd)

Or you just fruity on the inside?

Joe drags the axe close, hesitant.

The White House lawn is in the background behind the stage. A large Confederate Flag waves over it.

BEN (cont'd)

This age, you're either right or  
you're wrong.

Joe's grip tightens.

CUT TO BLACK