

HICK (Short)
an original screenplay by
Michael Tyre

Michael Tyre
(302)841-0089
2022 Screencraft Fall Film Fund Second Rounder
mike.tyre@aol.com
WGAW Reg#2157149

HICK

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DUSK

Play Jelly Roll "Creature" as we pass an automotive shop, "Chet's." A second later we pass a pizza shop, "Laurel Pizzaria." Next we see, "Shore Stop." Past the shore stop is a small bridge.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Jelly Roll "Creature" still plays. 16 year old HICK drives. He sports a black eye, bibs, a wave cap and pull on boots like country folk wear. He's a cool white boy with a bottom gold grill. He nods his head to the music as he glances to the right, catching site of an old train bridge.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Jelly Roll "Creature" still plays. Hick pulls his car to a stop at a dense forest.

BLACK SCREEN

There's faint heartbeats. Hick speaks (O.S.).

HICK (O.S.)

There's a million small towns where women and kids deal with mental and physical abuse. Every once in a while the abuser gets the short end of the stick. My escape is music.

EXT. FOREST - RED FOG - NIGHT

Jelly Roll "Creature" still plays, but low. Hick stands behind a tree discretely watching as MIKE JOHNSON, 24 and thin holds a medieval hatchet in his hand. He stares at a man of 20 tied to a tree. Mike swings the hatchet at the man's head.

MAN

(screams)

No!

On Hick. He listens to the CRUNCH SOUND. Spits on the ground and walks off, emotionless.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Hick stands next to his car. He stares at dirt that's been recently harvested. An old FARMER hands Hick a check.

FARMER

Hick, I know your daddy was in some bad stuff, but at least he left you this land to lease out every season.

HICK

I sure miss him.

FARMER

How's your momma?

HICK

Stuck on Roy.

Farmer taps Hick on the shoulder. Hick looks in his eyes.

FARMER

Be careful. He's as crooked, or might even be more crooked than that corrupt uncle of a sheriff of his.

HICK

Still owe that old man one fo' killin' daddy.

FARMER

Recon' I can't blame you for feeling that way.

Hick puts the check in the pocket of his bibs.

HICK

Talk to you next quarter.

Hick gets in his car, pulling off.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Mike holds a fishing pole, watching his bobber. Hick walks up, stopping next to Mike.

MIKE

What's up, Hick?

HICK

Saw ya fishin'.

MIKE

Something on your mind?

HICK

Yep.

Hick waits.

HICK (CONT'D)

Don't take this wrong, but there's
some things a kids gotta know.

Mike's peculiar eyes find Hick's.

MIKE

Shoot.

HICK

Know what you do in that basement,
and did to that guy in the woods--
don't worry 'bout me tellin' though.

MIKE

Why's that?

HICK

You're not the type person who's
gonna do something for nothing.

Hick pulls out a beef jerky dip can. Placing some in his
lip, offering Mike some. He motions his head, "No."

MIKE

Wrapping up some of my father's loose
ends. If that makes any sense.

Hick nods his head, "Yes."

HICK

Why's the good folks always gotta
play kamikaze?

Hick spits off to the side. Mike laughs to himself.

MIKE

Well, Hick. Cowards love taking
credit for success they don't deserve.
True hero's satisfaction lies in the
heart.

Hick frowns, spitting. Eyebrows slant in a V.

HICK

Been watching Sling Blade a lot.
Step dad's itching for the retard
treatment.

MIKE

(thinking)
Anywhere you and your mom can go?

HICK
 Daddy left that trailer for us.
 Won't leave my home or keep lettin'
 him hurt momma.

MIKE
 I'm cooking out Friday. Bring your
 mom by for a plate.

HICK
 (spits)
 Time comes when I need to use that
 hatchet of yours--won't mind will
 ya?

Mike pats Hick on the shoulder.

MIKE
 Nope. What's mine is yours.

Hick walks away, eyes on the ground.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Hick pulls up, parking.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

ROY PENNINGTON, 40s, sits in a recliner watching tv. He's a
 redneck, woman beating, child abuser. His trucker hat is
 worn out, mustache not groomed. A beer's in his right hand.

ROY
 (calls out)
 Tina.

Roy crumbles the beer can, tossing it on the floor.

TINA PENNINGTON enters, looking at Roy. She's a woman of 40
 who's thin and visibly scared of Roy. Her eye is black.

TINA
 What is it, Roy?

ROY
 Get me a beer...and pick that god
 damn can up.

The front door in the living room opens. Hick walks in,
 staring at Roy and Tina.

TINA
 Hey, Hick.

HICK

Hey, momma.

Roy snarls.

ROY

Not gonna say hi to your daddy?

Hick gives Roy a death stare, then walks to his room.

ROY (CONT'D)

(angry)

God damn it, boy! Don't you
disrespect the only man in this house.
You hear me?

In Hick's room. There's a nice computer with speakers and wireless BEATS headphones. There's posters on the walls: "Kid Rock, Jelly Roll, Johnny Cash, George Jones, Eminem, Dr Dre, Seventy Sixers, Philadelphia Eagles and Run D-M-C."

Hick kicks off his boots. Puts on his headphones and lays down on the bed, staring at the ceiling. The bass from the head phones thump as Hick sings and nods his head to "Peru" by Big Beanie & J Lyricz, the song emits from the headphones.

HICK

Brains on the floor, exposed all
your thoughts, call it consequences,
for fucking with a boss--

The bedroom door flies open. Hick's up, instantly. Eye to eye with Roy. Hick pulls his head phones down around his neck, but the music keeps playing.

Roy hears the lyrics emitting from the headphones.

HICK (CONT'D)

(angry eyes)

Get outta my room.

Roy smiles, coldly. He speaks through gritted teeth.

ROY

You fixin' to get more than a black
eye if you don't pay me some respect
when you come in my home--and turn
that trash music off.

Hick shows no fear.

HICK

Last time I looked, my name is on
the title of this trailer--and only
(MORE)

HICK (CONT'D)
trash in this world is someone who
hits women and kids.

Roy laughs to himself, then attacks Hick with punches and kicks.

Tina enters, jumping on Roy's back.

TINA
Get off my boy!

Roy slaps Tina, knocking her to the floor where she joins Hick. He spits on the floor.

ROY
This god damn world doesn't need
filth like you--god damn bastards!
You better respect me in my home!

He raises his voice.

ROY (CONT'D)
Do you understand me!

Hick and Tina look up at Roy. Hick doesn't speak. Tina answers through a crying breath.

TINA
Yes, Roy. We're sorry.

Roy laughs.

ROY
Good. God damn losers.

Roy storms out as Tina and Hick get up off the floor.

EXT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Hick's got on his Beats head phones, listening to "Hillbilly Einstein" as he pulls into a trailer park. He glances at mobile homes, then pulls up to one with a deck.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

BEAR, a 13 year old girl with a sweet personality sits at a table, looking at her laptop. Hick walks up on the deck.

HICK
What ya doin', Bear?

Bear looks at Hick.

BEAR
School work. Mom home schools me
now.

HICK
Why's that?

BEAR
Bullies. Called me spoiled milk and
cracker.

HICK
Aw, reverse racism. Just like spoiled
milk, it's not good either.

She looks at his black eye.

BEAR
Looks like you still live with Roy.

Hick laughs.

HICK
Don't hit hard as he used to. Roy's
gettin' soft in his old age.

BEAR
Lucky you.

He laughs.

HICK
What you gonna be when you grow up?

She waits a moment, then looks at Hick's black eye.

BEAR
Just wanna be nice.

Hick's smile is understanding.

HICK
Take it easy, Bear. I'll see ya
around.

He walks to his car, getting in.

Bear watches him drive away as she plays a song on her phone,
signing Taylor Swift "Mean."

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Hick sits in his car. Head leaned back, eyes closed.

A moment later. Tina taps on the window. Hick opens his eyes, rolling down the window.

HICK
Hey, momma.

TINA
I'm sorry, Hick, 'bout all this mess
I got us in.

Hick waits, not looking her in the eyes.

HICK
Momma, Roy ain't got no soul. He's
no better than yo' daddy was. Trade
'em in so we can be happy.

She touches Hick's arm. He looks at her.

TINA
I'm working on it, Hick.

Hick gets out of the car. He walks in the trailer as Tina leans on the car, singing Demi Lovato "Father."

Tina looks in the window of the trailer, staring at Roy watching television.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

Hick rides through town, nodding his head to the music, Yelawolf "Aquanet." He turns on to the highway. After a short distance, he pulls up to a motel where a woman of 40, TEAR DROP, stands. Her hair and makeup are from 1980. It's apparent, she's a street smart hustler.

Hick parks the car next to Tear Drop, speaking out the driver side window.

HICK
What you doin', Tear Drop?

TEAR DROP
On the grind, baby. You know what
it is. What takes you up here?

HICK
Figured I'd pass through and say hi.

Tear Drop produces a slight smile.

TEAR DROP
Tell me, Hick. Why you always look
so sad.

He takes a moment to think. He looks Tear Drop in the eyes, shaking his head "No" as he pulls off.

Hick pulls out on the highway. Day turns to night as he drives away.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Play Yelawolf "Rocks At Your Window" as Hick pulls up, parking. His lips synch the words as he stares at a tomb stone. After a moment, a tear rolls down his cheek.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

"Little Creek." Hick pulls up, parking. He looks at a BLACK GUY standing on the sidewalk.

HICK
Yo, where's Flip?

BLACK GUY
He's at the basketball court.

HICK
Thanks.

Hick pulls away.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Six GUYS are playing a game of three on three. A black man of 35, FLIP, watches the game.

Hick pulls up, parking. He gets out, walking up to Flip.

HICK
Flip.

Flip gives Hick dap, smiling.

FLIP
What's crackin', young buck?

HICK
Just out ridin'.

FLIP
Still dealin' with that punk ass Roy?

Hick nods his head, "Yes." Flip lifts his shirt, revealing a pistol.

FLIP (CONT'D)
You need this?

Hick stares at the pistol, tempted.

HICK

Na, I got something else for old Roy.

FLIP

Just checking, young buck. Always promised yo' daddy I'd look after you.

HICK

Thank you.

There's commotion on the court. Two of the guys, 1 and 2 from opposite teams start arguing. The game stops.

GUY 1

Don't be playin' dirty.

GUY 2

Watch your mouth.

Flip calls out with authority, getting everyone's attention.

FLIP

Hey! You better cut that bullshit out. You're not gonna jack my money off.

Silence fills the air. The court lights go out. Blue lights illuminates the court. Play Yelawolf "Money" as the six players fall in formation on the court. They dance in sequence to the song as Hick does his dance and lip synch to the song.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Mike and his girlfriend, SANDRA PENNINGTON, are cooking on the grill, sipping beers. She's petite with red hair, a real firecracker personality.

Hick and Tina pull up in Hick's car, parking. They get out, walking up to Mike and Sandra. Tina and Hick's black eyes still show. Tina's got a fresh swollen lip.

HICK

Smells good.

MIKE

Sure does.

TINA

Thanks for having us over.

MIKE

No problem. There's plenty to go around.

Hick looks at a punching bag hanging from a tree. Sandra nudges Hick's arm.

SANDRA

You like that?

Hick spits.

HICK

Let's see what I got.

Hick and Sandra walk over to the punching bag. Hick puts on bag gloves.

Back on Mike and Tina, at the grill.

MIKE

How you been?

Tina tries to be tough.

TINA

Good I guess. Still trying to get Roy to change his ways.

MIKE

Why don't you kick him out?

She waits a moment.

TINA

I would...just want Hick to have a man in his life.

Mike flips some burgers, then looks at Tina.

MIKE

None of my business, but a real man don't beat up his woman or step son.

Tina's eyes water up.

TINA

I'll never have a real man. I been praying Roy will change. He only acts bad when he drinks.

MIKE

Shouldn't drink then.

She laughs to herself.

TINA
(through tears)
Asked him to stop drinking and he
told me to stop breathing.

Mike waits.

MIKE
Sad.

On Sandra and Hick. He punches the bag.

SANDRA
There you go.

HICK
Take that, Roy...ya sonsabitch.

Sandra laughs as Mike calls out.

MIKE
Come and get it.

Mike, Sandra, Hick and Tina sit down at a picnic table,
eating.

An old truck driven by Roy pulls up. He gets out, storming
over to Tina.

ROY
Stupid bitch! Did I say ya could
leave the house.

HICK
Ain't even your house.

Hick jumps up, walking toward Roy.

ROY
Boy. Don't get brave 'cause you got
people watching.

Hick swings at Roy. Roy grabs him by the forehead, shoving
him down.

Mike jumps up. Walking toward Roy.

MIKE
That's enough, Roy!

ROY
(drunk slur)
You think my uncle will lock me up?

MIKE
(cold eyes)
Don't disrespect my house.

Roy's face shifts angrily.

ROY
The goddamn house is over there.

MIKE
Take your bullshit somewhere else.

Mike clenches his fist.

ROY
You gonna hit the sheriff's nephew?

MIKE
Might do worse than that.

Roy grabs Tina by the hair. Looking in her eyes.

ROY
Get your ass home.

Sandra's up quickly. Fist drawn back.

ROY (CONT'D)
(to Sandra)
Wish you would, cuz'.

Roy shoves Tina's head. Knocks her plate off the table, then walks to the truck.

Hick jumps up and runs at Roy, hitting him in the back.

HICK
Bastard! I'll kill ya.

Roy shoves him down.

ROY
(laughs)
Get in line, ya lil' fucker.

Roy climbs in his truck, driving off. Hick scoops up rocks, throwing them at the truck. Turning to Tina.

HICK
Ya gotta leave him, mamma. That man
ain't no good.

TINA
He'll change.

Hick kicks at the ground.

HICK
Hell he will. He'll beat us forever.

TINA
Mind your mouth, Hick. Don't you
disrespect me too.

He walks up to his mom. They lock eyes. Sandra and Mike
watch, pissed.

HICK
Guess we better get home so he takes
it easy on us.

Tears fall from Tina's eyes.

TINA
I'm sorry, son.

He turns, walking to his car.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Hick sits in his car, headphones on. He watches Tina walk
toward the front door.

Roy exits the trailer, beer in hand. His smirk is vindictive
as he walks up to Tina.

ROY
What I tell ya 'bout leavin' without
my permission?

Tina's hands start to tremble. Her eyes find the ground.

TINA
Roy, I just wanted to have a meal
with my boy.

INT. CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Hick watches Roy. The music, Eminem's "Step Dad" pumping
from his headphones drown out Roy's words. He crumbles up
his beer can, tossing it down. There's a SUDDEN SLAP to
Tina's face.

Outside the car. Roy screams at Tina.

ROY
Get yo' ass in that trailer!

Roy points to Hick.

ROY (CONT'D)

You too, boy!

Hick's eyes kill Roy. He starts breathing heavily, in and out. Roy's scream is muffled.

ROY (CONT'D)

In the trailer!

Roy stares in Hick's eyes coldly as he grabs Tina by the hair, dragging her in the trailer.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Hick's lips purse. He nods his head to the music playing. He speaks to himself as his nostrils flare.

HICK

Tired of this punk bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Hick pounds on the door with his fist. He's enraged, the years of abuse turned him psychotic.

HICK

Mike! Come on Mike!

Hick pounds the door.

HICK (CONT'D)

Momma needs me!

The door opens quickly. Mike and Sandra look at the bewildered Hick.

MIKE

Calm down, Hick.

Hick's eyes are crazy. He grabs Mike by the shoulders.

HICK

Give me the hatchet! Give it to me, Mike. He ain't beatin' my momma no more--give it to me!

Mike grabs Hick's hands, sympathetic. His eyes let Hick know he's got his back.

MIKE

Didn't I tell you, what's mine is yours?

Hick's face shifts as if he wants to cry, but he don't. Hick breathes in and out. His bottom lip drops down enough where his gold grill is visible. He nods his head "Yes" to Mike.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Tina's on the couch. Roy straddles her, his snarling lips pressing against her bloody cheek.

ROY

You know what I love more than beatin' yo' ass?

Tina's tear stained mascara eyes find Roy's. Her lips quiver.

TINA

No, Roy.

He laughs.

ROY

Whoopin' that sorry ass boy of yours.

Roy's face shifts to sinister happiness. He laughs.

ROY (CONT'D)

I fuckin' love it. It's like every time I beat his ass, I'm stompin' the shit out of that no good drug dealing daddy of his.

Tina cries, gasping.

TINA

Please, stop.

Roy's eyebrows and mouth are sarcastic.

ROY

And I must say, a great deed was done when my uncle gunned down his sperm donor.

The lights go out. It's near pitch black. We can still see a dark silhouette of Roy's face.

ROY (CONT'D)

You home, Hick?

Roy laughs.

ROY (CONT'D)
Just in time to watch me kill yo',
momma.

There's a THWACK followed by Roy's screams. FLASHES of BLACK LIGHTS, RED LIGHTS and STROBE LIGHTS reveal Hick slashing and cutting Roy with the medieval hatchet.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Mike and Sandra stand in front of his truck, the tailgate down. Their facial expressions are apathetic.

Play Eminem's "Step Dad." Roy's clothes are shredded, covered in blood. He crawls away from the trailer front door, Hick hovering over him. Hick's bibs, face and hatchet are blood splattered.

ROY
I'm gonna kill you, boy.

Hick doesn't speak. He hauls off and kicks Roy in the ribs.

ROY (CONT'D)
(gasp)
Goddamn it!

Hick walks up to Roy, placing a boot on his chest. Roy's lips snarl as he locks eyes with Hick.

HICK
You some garbage.

ROY
Like yo', daddy.

Hick raises the hatchet above his head, staring down at Roy.

HICK
Good night, Roy. Rest in pain.

Hick spits on Roy, then swings the hatchet at his head as we go to.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Bring in ominous instrumental music. Sandra and Mike both have one of Roy's legs, dragging him toward the truck.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Ominous instrumental music still plays. From above the trees. We follow Mike's truck, Roy's dead body in the back.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Hick and Tina stand at Mike's front door. Hick's wearing pants and a suit jacket. No bibs, wave cap, boots or gold grill. He has the hatchet in his right hand. Tina's in a nice dress. Hick knocks on the door, Mike answers.

MIKE
Good morning, Hick?

Hick hands Mike the hatchet.

HICK
Don't need this no more.

MIKE
Giving up on the bibs?

HICK
Just for today. Only time daddy ever saw us dressed up was on him and momma's wedding day.

MIKE
He'd be proud of you.

HICK
What's next for you?

MIKE
Gonna tie up them loose ends dad used to call Demented Nights--get rid of a few more Roy's.

Hick smiles.

HICK
See you around.

Hick and Tina walk toward his car. Play instrumental music as we SHOOT.

QUICK FLASHES - HICK AND TINA

A) Hick and Tina sit at a truck stop table, breakfast ready. They hold hands. Heads bowed, praying.

B) Hick and Tina ride in the car, talking (MOS--without sound).

C) Hick and Tina stand at the bottom of church steps. They walk toward the double doors. Instrumental music stops playing as we.

END QUICK FLASHES - HICK AND TINA

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike looks into a mirror. He puts on a BLUE bandanna and pops two gold caps on his bottom teeth.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A BUZZING black light casts an ominous glow. There's a box spring and mattress, chains and wrist straps at each corner of the bed. There's old newspaper articles on the wall, a few X's through photos of murder victims. A photo of Roy and the guy that Mike killed in the beginning of the film are side by side. Mike uses a marker to X out Roy and the guy's photos.

EXT. FOREST - RED FOG - NIGHT

Hollywood Undead "Dark Places" plays. Mike and Sandra stand over two fresh mounds of grave dirt, two black roses in their hands. They reach out their arms, each dropping a rose on separate graves.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Hollywood Undead "Dark Places" still plays. Mike and Sandra stare at the dark road ahead.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Hollywood Undead "Dark Places" still plays. We follow Mike's truck from ABOVE as him and Sandra drive down the dark road. We PUSH IN ON the hatchet laying in the bed of the truck. As the truck disappears into the night, we roll credits and.

INSERT:

"To Be Continued...DEMENTED NIGHTS,
MIKE JOHNSON...HIS HEAVEN IS YOUR
HELL...YOUR DEATH IS HIS
REBIRTH...NATURAL BORN KILLERS MEETS
THE CROW!"

FADE OUT:

