

Sour

By

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EXT. WOODS - DAY

A drone flies overhead looking directly down on the woods below. Faint sounds of the woods can be heard.

EXT. ROAD IN THE WOODS - DAY

A road in the woods. No traffic. Peaceful. Sounds of woods can be heard more distinctly. A few moments pass. A 70s muscle car tears across the screen in a blur with a thunderous roar as it screams by and reveals the stylized title of the film.

INT. CAR - DAY

A bag filled with crumpled bills sits between the front seats. SAM - mid 30s, dressed in a black t-shirt and blue jeans - sits in the passenger seat holding his left side just above his hip, hands covered in blood and shirt wet with the same. His expression is focused as he looks forward but an occasional wince of pain breaks across his face.

JOHN - mid 30s, dressed in a black shirt, black jeans, and ski mask - is driving. He rips off his ski mask and jolts his focus to the rear view mirror. He then quickly glances over his shoulder, then to the side mirror before he speaks.

JOHN

I think we're good.

SAM

Too bad... I'd rather go out in a blaze of glory, not by damn near getting my dick shot off by a gas station clerk.

JOHN

All you had to do was keep your mouth shut.

SAM

If I didn't tell you to shoot we'd both be dead... that's why you brought me.

There's a pause in the conversation as they drive.

SAM

Next time make sure they're dead. Dead people don't pull triggers.

(CONTINUED)

John pulls out two pills from the pill bottle in his pocket and Sam makes a comment.

SAM

You need to quit that shit.

JOHN

Stay quiet.

Whispering and overlapping voices can be heard telling John to do it, shoot him, kill him now. John stares Sam down out of the side of his eyes with a stern look.

John swallows the pills and the voices fade away while Sam comments under his breath - staring out the passenger window.

SAM

You don't have the balls.

The two cease talking for a few moments. John glances over at Sam's wound. He takes his ski mask and touches it against the back of Sam's hands holding his wound.

JOHN

Use this.

Sam takes the ski mask and presses it against his wound while taking a quick breath in through his teeth.

SAM

You're headed back to that hellhole, aren't you?

John glances back at Sam, to his wound, and back to the road.

JOHN

Don't bleed on my seats.

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - DOWNTOWN - DAY

DETECTIVE HARPER - 30s-40s, blue jeans, button up shirt - climbs into the car placing a stack of case files in her front seat. RING - a phone call.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Detective Harper... Are you sure?...What's the address?... What year? Got it. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

She turns the phone off, shuffles through the case files in a hurry, and pulls one out. She opens the file and compares her notes of the car description to a picture and written description of the car on the page. 1972 Cutlass Supreme, black, hood scoops.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Gotchya.

She slaps the file closed, flings it to the top of the stack in the passenger seat. She starts the car and takes off in a rush.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin sits in a secluded lot, surrounded by thick woods of heavy trees. A car is heard coming down the road. John and Sam arrive in the driveway. The car is turned off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sam grabs the door handle and turns to John.

SAM

No phone calls and don't draw attention to yourself. Take the stuff in, while I clean myself up.

Sam starts to get out of the car but stops when John asks about his wound.

JOHN

Is it bad?

John nods to the wound. Sam turns away and continues climbing out of the car as he replies.

SAM

I'll live, get the shit inside.

John glares at Sam as Sam walks around the front of the car towards the cabin. John pushes the cash down in the bag, pulls the sides together to close it, and exits the vehicle.

The two robbers enter the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Sam walks through the cabin from the front door and goes into the bathroom, turning on the bathroom light which is just on the edge of the frame. John trails in the door behind Sam, tossing the bag of money on kitchen table.

John is in the small kitchen opening drawers looking for dish towels. After several tries a drawer is pulled open revealing the towels. John grabs a handful and shuts the drawer.

John exits the cabin and is making his way to the car, towels in hand, as the rickety screen door slams shut.

EXT. CAR - DAY

While scrubbing sounds are heard, John cleans up the blood from the front passenger seat. He grumbles to himself.

JOHN

New seats.

From the underside of the car the legs and feet of a woman approaching the far side of the vehicle can be seen. John doesn't notice until this woman pokes her head in the car and startles him as she begins to speak.

Detective Harper with a disguised personality - chewing gum, southern American draw, ditzy - is seen leaned over the passenger door with a smile on her face.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Hi, there!

John jumps up quickly with a start, looking over the roof of the car and waits for Detective Harper to stand up and meet eyes with him before he drops the bloody rags on the ground next to his left foot.

DETECTIVE HARPER

That's a cool old car you got there.

John nudges the rags under the car with his foot, the camera pans up to show his hand on the pistol in the back of his waistband over the next 2 lines.

DETECTIVE HARPER

What year is it... 73?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Close... 72.

The detective eyeballs the car from the front to the back.

DETECTIVE HARPER
My daddy used to have one of these
when I was growing up...

She spots a crumpled \$100 bill on the floor of the back seat.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)
... but his was a 73...I think.

John misses the beat to carry on the conversation. An awkward moment as he stares at Detective Harper, waiting for her to excuse herself...but she persists.

DETECTIVE HARPER
I always liked these old cars.

As the detective continues talking he is focusing intently, as if he's having trouble hearing her. Ambient audio becomes muddy and muffled as the same overlapping whispering voices telling him she knows, shoot her now.

John's s attention is drawn to the door of the cabin where Sam is now standing shirtless and bandaged watching what's going on. Sam pretends to shoot the detective with his hand in the shape of a gun. After the gesture, Sam turns his head to lock eyes with John and he raises his eyebrows like "C'mon already".

The detective glances over her shoulder toward the cabin door and back at John with a puzzled look on her face. She catches herself and quickly changes to a smile.

JOHN
Pretty secluded area to be all by yourself.

DETECTIVE HARPER
Oh I'm not out here alone! I have my two cats to keep me company! So where ya comin' from?

JOHN
It's been a long day. I need to be finishing up a few things.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE HARPER

I'll leave you to it. My name's
Tammy by the way. I'm just up the
road if you need anything.

As the detective walks away the voices start up again and John draws his gun, pointing it at the detective's back. There's a moment of hesitation and tension is high. The voices stop abruptly as John's grip and stance relaxes with a heavy sigh. He puts the gun back in his waistband and rubs his face, takes a breath, pulls out his pills, and takes two. He glances back over to where Detective Harper is walking away - his faced stern with concern. He closes the car door.

INT. CABIN - DAY

John steps back inside with the bloody rags in his hands. He discards the rags in a cheap trashcan near the refrigerator. Sam steps into the kitchen area with his left hand over his bandages. John steps over to wash his hands in the sink.

SAM

You just let her walk away?

JOHN

I did.

SAM

I told you to shoot her. She's seen
your face, the car...she's gotta
go.

John begins drying his hands with a dish towel.

JOHN

Not everyone needs to die. She
doesn't know what she saw.

SAM

She already told you she's alone -
in the middle of nowhere. Go finish
the job.

JOHN

The job is finished! We're not
killing anyone else! The last thing
we need is a body to deal with. Lay
low, that's what we're doing! Not
making things worse.

INT. DETECTIVES CAR - DAY

Detective Harper approaches her car, glancing over her shoulder before opening the driver door and getting in. She grabs her phone and makes a call. While the phone is ringing she picks up a file folder and opens it. A photograph of John is paper-clipped to the top of a stack of paperwork.

The phone call is answered.

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK
Detective Mastbrook.

The detective looses the southern American draw and ditziness as she drops the personality disguise.

DETECTIVE HARPER
Hey, Tommy. It's me.

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK
What's up?

DETECTIVE HARPER
I just had a conversation with our old friend from the string of store robberies back in '08. Looks like he's out of money and decided to hold up a gas station in the town over.

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK
How'd you find him?

DETECTIVE HARPER
Local PD got a tip from a resident listening in on the scanners. Gave an address where they claimed to have seen the same car the night before.

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK
You confirmed it was him?

DETECTIVE HARPER
Oh yeah, it's him for sure.

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK
Did you call it in?

DETECTIVE HARPER
No, not yet. I wanna take him in before he's gone. Can you meet me?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE MASTBROOK

Look, you shouldn't even be on this case. How you managed that I will never know, but I'm telling you, even if you do bring him in, if you can't prove you followed procedure... he'll walk.

She sighs and stares out the front window.

DETECTIVE HARPER

You're right. I'll call it in.

She hangs up abruptly. Throws the phone to passenger floorboard in anger. Hand on forehead leaned against the door. She looks at an aged picture of an older police officer taped to her dashboard.

She snaps out of her defeat, slings open the glove box, grabs her badge and her gun. She turns to exit the vehicle. CLICK - John has a gun against her head.

Soft whispering voices faintly tell him "do it, pull the trigger...". The moment holds for a few additional seconds.

JOHN

Drop it. Let's go.

EXT. CABIN - DAY/DUSK

John handcuffs Detective Harper's hands behind her back as she's seated in a chair at the kitchen table.

He proceeds to interrogate the detective while grabbing trash bags from under the kitchen cabinet. While they talk he lays out garbage bags on the floor around the detective.

JOHN

Name?

DETECTIVE HARPER

My name is Jane Doe, I'm a detective...

JOHN

You're alone. Why?

DETECTIVE HARPER

I've been tracking you for several years. Every time I nail you down, you're gone in the time it takes me to get through the system.

(CONTINUED)

John finishes laying out the garbage bags and steps over to the counter across from the detective. He leans and crosses his arms, gun still in hand.

Sam enters the scene and leans against the refrigerator, staring at the detective.

JOHN

Your options. One, you drop the case, forget about me, the robberies, and the car. You continue your life, doing whatever it is you do...very much alive. Two, you agree to all that but you lie, you continue to come after me...I kill you and anyone else you've told. Or, three, you refuse, I kill you now and save us all the hassle.

DETECTIVE HARPER

Do you know why I really took the risk to come here alone? I couldn't imagine for a single second more the thought of you *not* rotting in a cell... You know, in a way, you're an inspiration to me.

John scoffs.

JOHN

Inspiration.

DETECTIVE HARPER

If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have fought so hard to get to where I am.

JOHN

Cuffed to a chair?

DETECTIVE HARPER

Looking at the man who murdered my father.

A brief silence.

DETECTIVE HARPER (CONT'D)

I've thought about this moment for what seems like an eternity. I didn't know if I'd take you in...or put you down like the dog you are. You're a coward. Hiding behind a mask and a gun. If my fath-

(CONTINUED)

BAM! The detective's chair hits the floor. Sam over the detective, strangling her. Over the thuds of clamoring bodies and rustling of the garbage bags the detective is heard struggling to breathe. John is frozen in a dilemma while watching the life begin to leave her eyes.

John slowly makes his way to the scuffle. He calmly puts the gun against Sam's temple.

JOHN
I told you...no more.

Sam is shocked but continues strangling the detective.

SAM
Are you fucking stup-

THUD! John kicks Sam. Sam falls backward, releasing his grip on the detective. She's limp. John stands between Sam and the detective. Sam gets to his knees on his way to stand.

SAM
What the hell is wrong with -

THUD! John kicks Sam in the ribs. Sam falls backward again grabbing his side.

JOHN
My whole life has been nothing but
you barking orders up my ass every
step of the way!

SMASH! John stomps on Sam's ribs.

JOHN
I'm done doing this.

SMASH! John stomps on Sam's ribs again.

JOHN
I'm done taking orders.

Smash! John stomps on Sams another time.

JOHN
And I'm especially done with you!

THUD! A powerful kick to Sam's face forces Sam to roll the other way. He slowly makes it to his feet. A psychotic laugh emanates from him.

The whispering voices infest the scene, urging John to kill Sam. Sam speaks through the blood collecting in his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

You can't function without me. Why do you think I'm telling you what to do all the time?

John is taking out his pills, just as he gets the cap off Sam walks over to John, still arguing, and snatches the pill bottle out of his hands. He dumps them upside down then drops the bottle.

SAM

Because you can't make a choice to save your life! That's why I'm here, that's why you made me!

JOHN

I can't make a decision for myself, huh?

Sam stands staring at John, rocking in place. Mildly dazed from the beating.

SAM

That's right...

JOHN

Not even a good one?

John quickly turns around, raises his gun, and shoves it against Sam's head at a downward angle, above his left brow near the hairline. He's pushing on the pistol enough to cause Sam to take a step back. John steps forward to keep the gun pressed firmly against Sam's head. Sam stands confident in place. Whispering voices infest the scene urging John to kill Sam as the scene carries on.

JOHN

How 'bout this for a fucking decision? How 'bout I put a bullet through your skull?

SAM

Go ahead, pull it! You won't because you can't! You're nothing without me and we both know it! The second I'm gone everyth-

John pulls the trigger and silence overcomes the room. The two stare at each other for a second. Sam surprised but collected. John surprised but worried. A trail of blood falls down John's face where the gun had been placed on Sam. He falls to his knees, then to the floor.

Sam stands over John's body.

FLASHBACKS

Quick cut flashbacks of the following scenes with Sam non-existent.

"Don't bleed on my seats."

Rags hitting ground and being nudged - no blood. John looking at doorway when first talking with detective at car - doorway is empty

John arguing with no one - "Not everyone needs to die. She doesn't know what she saw."

John strangling the detective.

John holding the gun to his own head "How about this for a fucking decision"

INT./EXT. CABIN - DAY/DUSK

Sam delivers his last quip standing over John's body after the flashbacks end.

SAM

Well, I guess you did have the balls.

Sam walks out of the cabin. He steps over the detective on the floor on his way out and stops on the front porch. The screen door slams. Sam fades away.

Cut to John's face as he let's go his last breath. Tracking shot starts from here on the floor, tracking backwards to see the detective on the floor and the money on the table, out of the door and down the drive backwards past the car to the end of drive. The final still sits on the car in the drive against the cabin backdrop.

The scene sits for several moments.

INT. CABIN - DAY/DUSK

GASP - The detective comes to with a start, gasping for air.

Cut to black.

End.