

A CHARGE FOR THE UNKNOWN HERO

BY

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A long, dusty looking dirt road extends as far as the eye can see. A tall corn field stretches out down one side of the road, a forest on the other.

A lone jogger, ALAN (27) in a plain white t-shirt and black shorts slowly jogs close to the edge of the road, headphones blaring music into his ears.

His jog moves into a walk and then he comes to a complete stop. He breathes heavily as he looks down the road he came.

After taking a short break he continues on his jog.

EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY

Everything, but the HORN of a truck, is silent. A 1980 Ford F-250 pickup truck remains stationary behind a stop sign.

The barrel of a black rifle hangs straight out the driver side window.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The interior of the truck is filled with crushed beer cans. One of these lies on top of the seat. Its contents spilled all over an old black and white photo of a woman in her mid twenties.

A fat man, GETTY (55), in a blood stained white muscle shirt is leaned forward onto the steering column. A stream of blood runs down his neck and back.

The window behind the driver's seat is cracked and splattered with blood.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The truck's horn is heard clearly in the forest.

Bushes shake and twigs snap loudly as something large moves quickly through the dense forest.

A dark figure moves in and out of view as it darts through small openings in the shrubs.

PANTING gets louder and louder until a man, TONY SMITH (48) breaks through into a clearer part of the forest.

He is dressed in a full body camouflaged hunting suit, a Winchester model 70 Sporter Deluxe is held in one hand.

He makes his way to the outskirts of the forest. His panting turns into more of a whimper when he spots the white truck across the road.

TONY SMITH

Oh, no!

He walks to the edge of the road before seeing the fate of the driver. He sinks to his knees in shock.

EXT. T-JUNCTION - LATER

Police cruisers accompanied with an ambulance are parked alongside the road.

Yellow police tape and pylons block off the road to public traffic. A white tarp covers up the cab part of the truck.

Two officers carefully remove the body from the driver side of the truck. A stretcher with an open body bag lying on top sits a few feet away.

Tony sits in the back of a police car, handcuffed and scared. A cop stands by the open door talking with him.

COP

Even accidents have a bad guy.

TONY SMITH

I didn't mean to kill him.

COP

I'm sure you didn't, but that is still manslaughter.

TONY SMITH

I didn't mean to kill him.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER "Twenty minutes earlier"

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tony crouches low, close to a tree listening to the sounds of the forest.

Slowly he retrieves a deer call grunt tube from his pocket and blows it twice, nothing.

INT. ALAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Two small children play with brightly colored plastic toys. Their mother, LYISSA (28) sits close by watching them with a smile.

Alan enters the room and leans over the back of the couch and plants a kiss on Lyissa.

ALAN

I'll be back shortly baby.

LYISSA

Where are you going?

ALAN

For a run.

Alan walks out of the room.

LYISSA

Well don't be too long honey
we'll be having supper soon.

ALAN (O.S)

I won't.

EXT. GETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tons of rusted junk litter the front lawn of Getty's home. The grass is overgrown and in many places replaced by mud.

The house itself rundown and looks like it's about to crumble into dust.

The ford truck sits in the driveway.

INT. GETTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A fork and nice scratch against a plate as Getty hungrily devours his meal. Remnants of food hang around his mouth.

He drops his knife and wipes his face off with the back of his hand, then takes a drink from his beer can.

He is seated at what looks to be a table cut in half with the middle nailed to the kitchen wall. Thumb nailed above that is the old photo of the woman.

Getty belches loudly then looks at the photo.

GETTY

Don't look at me like that
you mind your own plate.

He continues eating his meal, but soon stops and looks up angrily at the photo.

GETTY

I said don't look at me like
that woman! Can't a man burp
at his own table without
having to be stared at!?
(Smacks the table)
Don't you cross your arms at
me!

He stands up with such force that he knocks his chair over. He points a finger at the photo.

GETTY

I'm warning you, you better
learn to treat me with some
respect or I will...

Getty snarls at the photo before storming off into another room. He returns with a black rifle and clicks the safety off then points it at the picture with a sickening glare.

He freezes momentarily as his mouth slowly curves into a smile. Soon he breaks out into insane laughter.

GETTY

You're already dead!

Still laughing he walks over to the picture and carefully takes the thumb nails out. He holds out the photo in front of his face.

GETTY

...but you still need to
learn how to respect me.
Let's go for a drive!

EXT. GETTY'S HOUSE - DAY

With the photo in one hand and the rifle in the other Getty makes his way over to his truck and tosses both inside. He opens the door then freezes.

GETTY

Damn it! I forgot my beer.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

A long black hunting rifle sits on the seat beside him, a couple of shells bounce around freely next to it.

He approaches a stop sign and slows down to a stop.

Suddenly Alan comes jogging across the man's field of view. For a moment they catch each other's eye. Alan smiles and waves, the man only nods.

He watches Alan until he is some distance away, then puts the truck in park.

GETTY

Now you're gonna learn what happens when you disrespect me woman.

He grabs his rifle and loads it with one round.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Tony now sits down comfortably, enjoying the last bit of a granola bar.

A small rustle close by causes him to look up. A male deer walks out some distance ahead of Tony. It walks slowly and inspects every shrub it walks past for food.

Careful not to make a sound Tony reaches for his rifle and slowly brings it up to shoulder height.

He shuffles to a more stable position as he points the end of the gun directly at the deer. Inadvertently in his movement he loses his balance and falls over. The deer takes off like a bullet through the forest.

TONY

Shit!

Tony jumps up from the ground and follows the deer with his rifle.

EXT. T-JUNCTION - DAY

The man's one eye squints shut and looks through the sight of his rifle with the other one.

Satisfied with his line of view he looks over to where the ammunition sits. Calmly he picks one bullet up and loads it into the rifle.

Just as he locks it down a SHOT rings out followed by the WHIZ of a bullet. It strikes the man in the face sending a stream of blood out the back of his head. The bullet cracks the back window.

He leans forward and slams his head against the steering column causing the horn to blare out. Blood cascades down his neck and back.

THE END