

"Blood In The Rain"

by
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Based on The short story Incident On A Rain-
Soaked Street by Heath Lowrance

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A torrential rainfall batters the faded pot-holed street. Brownstone homes are mingled between storefronts, some having been closed and boarded over many years ago. One corner bar, however, is still open for business, its red and blue neon OPEN SIGN beckoning any adventurous wanderer to its doors.

A black sedan pulls to the curb and parks. Exiting the vehicle is BRIDGES, wearing a black raincoat and fedora. He walks briskly to the bar and enters.

INT. BAR - DAY

The place is a dive. Two of the four ceiling fans spin slowly, barely keeping the thick air circulating. The lighting is poor, the tables pockmarked by years of abuse.

TOM, the bartender, is wiping down the old counter top as one of the two CUSTOMERS at the counter motions for another bottle of brew.

PAM, 30, a prostitute, is dressed in tight jeans, black lace-up knee boots, white blouse tied at her midriff, and a fashionable black leather jacket. She saunters over to the ancient jukebox and peruses the selections.

Bridges sits in a back booth. He is in his 40s but looks older due to the thick laugh lines around his eyes and the graying at his temples. He is staring out of the window, watching the wind drive the rain. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING paints him in its glorious blue-white light. A CRASH OF THUNDER rattles the window pane.

Not seeing anything she would like to play on the juke box, Pam turns her attention to Bridges. She goes to his table, but he is lost in thought and does not notice her.

PAM

Hey there.

He looks from the window to her, but he still has the gleam of thought in his brown eyes.

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PAM (CONT'D)
Would you like some company?

BRIDGES
I'm afraid I may not be good
company today.

PAM
You do seem to have something on
your mind.

BRIDGES
You could say that.

THUNDER RUMBLES.

PAM
I tell you what, I'll buy the
next round. Sound good?

BRIDGES
You don't have to, it's really
not necessary.

PAM
Okay, you buy the next round.

Bridges gives her a grin.

BRIDGES
Sure.

She sits and extends her hand across the booth.

PAM
Pam.

He takes it.

BRIDGES
Bridges.

Pam waves at Tom, and he acknowledges her with a wave of
his own.

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PAM

So, would you allow someone you've just met to ask you some personal questions?

BRIDGES

Depends on how personal the questions are.

Tom puts a bottle of beer down in front of them. He does not ask if they want anything else and returns to the bar.

PAM

Well, you were obviously lost in thought. What were you thinking about? A woman, maybe? A long lost love.

BRIDGES

No, nothing like that. I was just fantasizing.

PAM

(cooing playfully)
Oh really? What about?

She takes a drink and watches as he contemplates on whether he should answer her or not.

PAM (CONT'D)

Okay, to put you at ease, I'll go first. I fantasize all the time. You think I want to do what I do forever? I'd love to be a respected member of society. Go to college, get a degree, find a good job. Man, I would give anything to make that happen.

BRIDGES

Those are all good goals. I'm sure you'll be sitting at the head of the class soon.

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She smiles, flattered by his compliment.

PAM

Now Mr. Bridges, it's your turn.

He gazes out of the window and SIGHS.

BRIDGES

Well, if I tell you, you might think I'm crazy.

PAM

Believe me, I know crazy, but right now I don't know what to think, 'cause you haven't told me anything.

BRIDGES

Alright then, here goes nothing.

Bridges nervously twists his beer bottle in circles on the booth top.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Have you ever had someone cross you?

PAM

More times than I care to count.

BRIDGES

Have you ever wanted to do something about it?

PAM

You mean like beat the son of a bitch half to death? Of course.

BRIDGES

Sometimes my mind takes it a bit too far.

PAM

I get it. You see yourself killing him.

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BRIDGES

Exactly.

He raises the beer to his lips, but then sets it back onto the booth.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

I'd never do it. Not in a million years. But just the thought of being capable of doing it frightens me.

PAM

We're all capable of doing it, but you and me, well, we chose not to. It's our conscious that separates you and me from the rest of the dregs out there in this messed up world.

He takes a drink now and both of them peer out of the window as LIGHTNING illuminates the booth.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bridges exits the bar. He adjusts the collar of his rain coat and dips his head into the rain, letting his fedora deflect as much of it as possible as he goes to his sedan.

As he nears his vehicle, a THUNDERCLAP stops him in his tracks. A look of confusion comes upon him, and he lifts his face to the rain. He unbuttons the midsection of his coat and slides his hand inside. He withdraws it, and to his horror, it is covered in blood.

He collapses to the sidewalk. Blood pools beneath him and the deluge pounding him mingles with his blood and takes it to the curb in diluted rivulets.

BRIDGES

Jesus...

He makes an attempt to rise, but he cannot.

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BRIDGES (CONT'D)
Someone...please help.

His voice is nothing more than a whisper.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)
Help...

Another feeble attempt at moving is thwarted by weakness from bloodloss. Then comes the SOUND OF SHOES ON WET PAVEMENT and the WHISTLING of a jaunty tune.

BRIDGES'S P.O.V.

He sees a pair of expensive patent leather shoes, and the STRANGER wearing them purposefully stops so that he can see them. The stranger wears a similar rain coat and it pulls up as he kneels, revealing black dress slacks. Bridges does not see the strangers face.

BRIDGES
He...

The stranger ceases WHISTLING as Bridges attempts to speak.

STRANGER (V.O.)
What's that?

BRIDGES
He...he...

STRANGER (V.O.)
Help. Is that what you're trying to say?

BRIDGES
Shot. I've been...

STRANGER (V.O.)
You're telling me you need help because you've been shot?
(beat)
That's a tough break.

Then the stranger lets out a hearty LAUGH.

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STRANGER (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Sorry. That really wasn't funny
was it?

BRIDGES
Please, call an ambulance.

STRANGER (V.O.)
What did you do to get yourself
shot? You must've pissed
someone off. It obviously wasn't
the most intelligent thing
you've ever done, was it?

BRIDGES
I need an...ambulance. Please.

STRANGER (V.O.)
Just play along and answer my
questions.

Bridges again tries to crawl away but all he can manage
is to claw the wet sidewalk.

BRIDGES
Did you shoot...me?

STRANGER (V.O.)
You have to answer my questions
first, then I'll answer yours.
Those are the rules of the game.

BRIDGES
I don't know who did it. Shot me
from behind.

STRANGER (V.O.)
I see it now. The hole in the
back of your coat. Shooting
someone in the back's a cowardly
thing to do isn't it? Now, to
answer your question, no, I
didn't shoot you. I suppose If I
were going to shoot someone, I
would want them to see my face.
I would want them to know it was
me.

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BRIDGES

Ambulance. Please, for god's...

STRANGER (V.O.)

Are you in pain?

BRIDGES

I'm going to die if I...

STRANGER (V.O.)

Well, it's a fact you'll die without medical attention, but are you hurting?

BRIDGES

No, but I'm getting weaker. Now, will you...call an ambulance? You have to...help me.

STRANGER (V.O.)

Do I? Where's it written that I have to help you?

BRIDGES

I thought...

STRANGER (V.O.)

You thought that by me being a human being and seeing a fellow human being in distress, that I would automatically lend assistance, that I'd have pity on you. Well, you're greatly mistaken. I don't have to help you at all.

BRIDGES

What's wrong with you? How can you...be so cruel? I haven't done anything to...

STRANGER (V.O.)

I know you haven't done anything to me.

(beat)

I'm going to end the game now.

(MORE)

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STRANGER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Its grown quite boring. I don't think I'm going to help you. I won't call you an ambulance. In fact, I've helped you by keeping you company. That really is all the assistance you'll get from me.

A low growl of THUNDER travels through the dark clouds above.

BRIDGES

You're insane. You know that? Completely insane.

STRANGER (V.O.)

Oh, I've been accused of being many things, but insane was never one of them. But I suppose, now that I think about it, we're all insane to a certain degree.

BRIDGES

Why won't you call...

STRANGER (V.O.)

It's simple, really. I don't know if this is divine justice, or if it's just one of those moments in life where something wonderful happens, oh, not to you, especially today, but for me. Some fortuitous piece of puzzle has finally fallen into place in my life, and it feels fucking fantastic!

LIGHTNING reflects off of his polished shoes.

STRANGER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

I don't know if you've ever had someone step all over you, someone that could do it simply because he was in a position to
(MORE)

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STRANGER (CONT'D) (V.O.) (cont'd)
do it, and because of who he was
and what station in life he
held, could do it and get away
with it. Have you ever had that
happen?

Bridges hesitates.

STRANGER (CONT'D) (V.O.)
(sternly)
Answer the question.

BRIDGES
Yes.

STRANGER (V.O.)
Excellent. Then you'll
appreciate this when I tell you
that when I came across you
lying here on the street, I
couldn't help but think what it
would be like to finally get
even. I'll never allow myself to
be mistreated again.

(beat)
Never. We don't know each other,
but just the same, in the
instant that I saw you, you
became that person that pushed
me to the side, ignored me,
bullied me, and cheated me out
of what was rightfully mine.
You're my chance at retribution.
By substituting you for him,
I've achieved my goal.

BRIDGES
Bastard. Psycho bastard.

STRANGER (V.O.)
Use the last few minutes you
have and think about it. I've
just accomplished what you could
only dream about doing.

The stranger stands and Bridges sees the bottom of his

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coat fall back into place.

STRANGER

Oh, here's another thought to add to the ones that are running through your fading brain; today I'm a hero, and you're dying a less than noble death. When I said that you being shot in the back was a cowardly act, it's actually quite appropriate for you, don't you think?

There is a staccato rhythm of LIGHTNING STRIKES as the stranger steps out of his view, and the image he is left with is of his own blood running to the curb.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the stranger walks away and leaves Bridges to die, he begins WHISTLING that unfamiliar, but happy tune. But the tune FADES AWAY as the sound of Bridges's weakening HEART RISES UP and drowns it out.

As the WHUMP-WHUMP of his heart ceases completely, the only sound heard now is that of the steadily POURING RAIN POUNDING the sidewalk.

As the stranger EXITS FRAME...

FADE OUT:

THE END