

BLOOD, WHITE, AND BLUE

By

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INT. THE RED ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. Concrete, 20-by-20-foot flooring. Once white, now blood-stained walls on each side. Scarcely cleaned in order to maintain the symbolism.

INT. THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

Adjacent to the Red Room and separated by a thick-paned window. The lights are low.

Under the window, a table carries a selection of deadly melee weaponry. A serrated hunting knife, a pair of wooden tonfas, spiked brass knuckles and a double-sided fireman's ax are on display.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Her name was Patricia Gentry.

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE - HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE

PATRICIA (8) opens birthday gifts.

PATRICIA (16) grabs keys to her new BMW.

MISTER GENTRY (V.O.)
She was sunshine to anyone's darkest days.

PATRICIA (22) twirls in her college graduation gown.

MISSES GENTRY (V.O.)
(lightly sobs)
Just a great kid. The best daughter a mother could ask for. More than this world deserved. She had the biggest heart and even bigger dreams.

END FLASHBACK

ON SCREEN:

MUGSHOT of a bearded man.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Dreams shattered and twisted into a hellish nightmare by this man -- Vincent James Miles.

INT. THE RED ROOM - NIGHT

The convict, VINCENT JAMES MILES (30s), decked out in an orange prison jumpsuit, is tossed in. He struggles to his feet, hands cuffed behind him.

INT. THE BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

Vincent steps to the glass. A sly grin crosses his face as he acknowledges his audience of ten seated SPECTATORS, some wearing T-shirts bearing Patricia's 1000-watt smile.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

An insurmountable tragedy now
rectifiable due to the country's
newest and most controversial...Lex
Talionis Law.

A gray-haired man with a Santa Claus belly, MISTER GENTRY (50s), walks up to the table and admires the weapon selection. He touches each gently as if searching for some subliminal message.

MISTER GENTRY (V.O.)

I've never been a vengeful man. But
for this time we've been gifted...I
will surely make an exception.

Vincent watches him. They make eye contact. The convict hits him with a provoking eyebrow shuffle. Mister Gentry looks away.

A woman, MISSES GENTRY (40s), joins him. Small, fragile, hesitant. Fear and uncertainty in her eyes says whatever this is, wasn't an effortless decision on her part.

She reaches for the ax, yet pulls back. She makes eye contact with the con. He goads her.

VINCENT

Go ahead, mama. Don't be shy. Wrap
your fingers around it and squeeze.
Looks like you got those soft,
delicate hands...just like her.

He licks his lips. Tears well in her eyes as she grabs the ax handle and squeezes it white-knuckle tight.

VINCENT (cont'd)

That's it. Just like that.

She sniffles and swipes away a sliding tear with her opposite hand, clears her throat. She's ready now, motherfucker.

INT. THE RED ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and in steps Mister and Misses Gentry, both in SWAT team riot gear. He carries the knife, her the ax. A digital timer is displayed on the wall, set to **3:00**.

An intercom speaker in the corner comes alive.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
 Vincent James Miles, tried and convicted for the murder of Patricia Gentry, your victim's family and proprietor of your Death Rights have exorcised their right at a chance of retributive justice.

VINCENT
 You bastards take these cuffs off and we'll see who's fucking ---

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
 Removal is prohibited as they've chosen to keep you in restraints for the time duration.

(beat)
 Mister and Misses Gentry, for the kidnap, rape and murder of your beloved Patricia, your retribution begins...now.

Buzzer TOLLS.

2:59...2:58 as the timer counts down.

The couple circles the con. Mister Gentry taps her with his elbow, signaling her to spread out. She follows suit. The con turns a 360-degree circle in the center of the room, tense but ready for the first move.

Mister Gentry lunges clumsily with the knife, his big belly weighing him down.

Vincent ducks, digs a shoulder into his gut and drives him into the wall with a THUD. The knife falls to the floor as does the old man.

Misses Gentry comes on. Though struggling with the heavy ax, she's ready to strike.

The con kicks her in the stomach and sends her down. She folds like a lawn chair and writhes in pain. He stands over her and smiles.

VINCENT

You gotta be faster than that, bitch.

He spits on her and kicks her repeatedly. Mister Gentry comes to his feet and charges the con, implanting the knife between his shoulder blades. The con falls forward.

Mister Gentry helps his wife to her feet.

TIMER DISPLAY: 1:30

The con pulls himself up and lunges at them, but falls again. The couple pulls back, just out of reach.

The con is clearly losing his battle with consciousness as each shoulder lunge comes lighter than the last. He pulls himself to his knees and coughs up blood.

He looks to the spectators, then to the couple, then to the timer and chuckles.

TIMER DISPLAY: 00:45

VINCENT (cont'd)

(gurgles blood)

Times about up. Looks like you lose.
And I'll spend the rest of my years
jerkin' it slow to her memory.

Mister Gentry picks up the ax. Misses Gentry snatches it from him and flips it around to the spiked-end. She wants this.

They both look down on the chuckling con with disdain. She takes a deep breath and looks at her husband for final confirmation. He nods with approval. Her eyes shoot back to Vincent.

MISSES GENTRY

I ask God to forgive me for all of my
sins...including this one.

She pulls the ax back, its weight still a challenge. Mister Gentry spots her with a hand on her arm.

MISSES GENTRY (cont'd)

But I do pray for you, young man. I
pray that Satan and his many minions
toil you as their fuck doll for the
rest of eternity.

She shrugs Mister Gentry away. And with the strength of a seasoned woodsman, she comes down with the ax, digging the spiked end into the top of Vincent's skull.

She holds on, arms trembling as the con's eyes roll into his head. Blood streams down his forehead.

Mister Gentry puts a hand on her shoulder. She lets go of the ax.

TIMER DISPLAY: 00:00 The BUZZER TOLLS.

Vincent's body falls forward, the ax handle hits the floor, posting him up at a 45-degree angle. The couple embraces. The spectators APPLAUD as the tune of THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER flows through the room.

INTERCOM VOICE (V.O.)
To the Gentrys, may this justified
requital garner you solace for the
rest of your days.

Mister Gentry eyes the con's dead body over Misses Gentry's shoulder.

MISTER GENTRY
And may God bless America!

FADE OUT.