Denied

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#### FADE IN:

### INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - DAY

DAVID, 12 years old, healthy and bright, dressed in white t-shirt, whitey-tighties and tube socks looks out his window to watch the summer afternoon go by.

Adults in cars and kids on bikes roll by beneath birds and clouds.

As a car pulls into the driveway David's face flashes with concern before he turns and crashes to his bed.

Beneath covers he listens to the garage door open then close, the car door open then close, the kitchen door open then close.

Footsteps approach, his bedroom doorknob turns then...

MOM, 40s, professionally attired, steps in. She speaks with a soft voice.

MOM

Hi.

David answers still hidden beneath bed covers.

DAVID

Hi.

MOM What happened today, David? With Sam?

#### DAVID

Mmm...

MOM Okay, then... How about you tell me what you did this morning?

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAVID & SAM GEAR UP - DAY

A) Four white tube socks jam out four grey urban camo pants cuffs!

B) Pair of double D-ring web belts get cinched over tucked white t-shits!

C) Paired kid wrists jam out two grey urban camo BDU dress shirts!

D) Black ball caps go on, one bill-forward down low, the other backwards!

E) Pair of black combat boots hit the carpet!

F) Big orange Nerf pistol is grabbed off desk top!

- G) Sucker tipped Nerf "bullets" pour into backpack!
- H) Bigger Nerf pistol is grabbed off bunk bed!

I) More Nerf "bullets" pour into backpack!

J) A big Nerf assault rifle is pulled from behind dresser!

K) More Nerf "bullets" pour into backpack!

- L) The biggest ever Nerf rifle is heaved out of the closet!
- M) More Nerf "bullets" pour into backpack!

N) Combat boots storm across the foyer linoleum past ABBY, 6 years old, still in jammies...

0) ...and out into the blinding whiteness beyond the front door. SLAM!

EXT. SUBURBAN RESIDENCE FRONT DOORSTEP - DAY

David and SAM, 11 years old, equally commando-cool as his partner, both slide on their yellow tint shooting glasses then scope the street scene.

DAVID AND SAM Let's do it!

They pump their big orange weapons then race across the yard, David in the lead.

MOM (V.O.) So this morning everything started fine, right?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A volley of orange/yellow Nerf bullets assault the minivan.

Assault the garage door

Assault the mailbox.

The trees are shot.

Parked cars are shot.

A kid on a bike in the street is "shot", screams and crashes.

DAVID (V.O.)

Yeah.

The neighbor's dog barks then is shot and is shot some more as it runs behind the house.

The house is shot.

The neighbor's mailbox and car are shot.

Boots pick up pace as they run down the concrete sidewalk.

Around the corner they run, bullets fanning out from their positions.

Several bullets make contact with the car driving by.

As the boys continue on their furious crusade the car is heard screeching to a stop, angry shouts follow.

The boys round a fence corner, halt dead in their tracks, turn and launch a vicious spray of orange and yellow Nerf destruction high into the air over the fence.

They turn to each and laugh.

DAVID AND SAM Multiple launch! Single strike! Happy day...

They jump high-five.

DAVID AND SAM De-nied!

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the seated man shuts his car door a dozen bullets rain down on his position at the same time.

EXT. FENCEPOST - DAY

The boys eyes bulge as they laugh at the sight before ducking back along the fence line to run away as fast as they can behind houses, David several paces ahead of Sam. INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - DAY

Mom calmly stares at the curled lump beneath the covers.

MOM So, you shot the neighbor's house--

DAVID

And dog.

MOM And dog. The boy on the bicycle and the man in the car. Then what happened?

EXT. FENCEPOST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The boys run into a backyard and help themselves to a neighbor's water spigot of cold water through a garden hose.

Between heavy pants for air David finishes first, gives the hose to Sam.

DAVID (V.O.) We got something to drink and caught our breaths.

David plops in the grass and looks up at the magic sunlight through tree leaves above.

Sweat rolls from below his black cap.

He starts reloading from the backpack. He looks as elated as he does breathless.

DAVID That was pretty sweet back there.

Sam still guzzles water as he passes his big orange rifle to David who begins to reload it.

Sam gasps for air.

SAM

Yep.

David pulls off his spotting glasses and cap before he uses his shoulder to wipe sweat from his temples, first one then the other. David slides back on his glasses and cap, smiles.

## DAVID

# Afraid I'll leave you behind?

Sam nods his head while he drinks.

DAVID

Never.

Then the dog they shot previously rounds the house corner, yelps then runs away as Sam thumbs the hose to jet the water spray after it.

David laughs but remains at rest in the dappled shade.

Around the corner Sam laughs and runs with the spraying hose after the dog.

He screams! Other kid voices scream!

KID ONE VOICE (O.S.) Oh it's on!

KID TWO VOICE (O.S.) It's on like Donkey Kong!

Sam rushes back around the corner, little yellow darts zip over his head, snatches up his rifle as David rolls up off the lawn behind him.

They run back across the lawn to the fence line.

Behind them three other neighborhood boys pursue.

A little younger, 8 to 10, and in normal kid summer attire, all are front blasted wet.

The mini-mob brandish inferior, off-brand Nerf-like weapons.

Five boys go yelling, screaming, laughing and running along the fence.

Nerf bullets volley back and forth along the way.

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - DAY

Mom takes a seat at David's desk chair.

MOM Did you know them?

David peeks out beneath his covers.

DAVID

No.

KID ONE VOICE (V.O.) Stop! Stop, David Crider! Or I'll shoot you!

EXT. FENCEPOST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

David then Sam get to the end of the fence, split left-right then pinwheel to level their rifles at the exit.

DAVID (V.O.)

Yes.

An orange and yellow blizzard rains upon the three younger boys as they emerge.

All fall backwards, arms pinwheel, off-brand Nerf pistols crash to the ground.

DAVID AND SAM

De-nied!

David and Sam move in like wolves, snatch up the little kids' weapons and fire them into their akimbo bodies and heads where they lay on the ground.

The little kids squeal and giggle in delight.

Without a moment's hesitation David and Sam drop the pistols, turn and run down the sidewalk, laughing.

Behind them men's angry voices shout unseen.

Police sirens begin closing in as they turn the corner back to their own street.

The boys run flat out fast as they can, David again stretching out the lead.

Orange and yellow Nerf bullets land in the grass at their feet as they race across David's lawn.

Spent rifles are ditched into the soft safety of green grass.

From his chest holster Sam pulls a big orange pistol as more Nerf bullets zip over his shoulders.

> SAM Wait up, David! Waaait!

From his chest holster David pulls a large stainless steel pistol as Nerf bullets zip through the house entry door and siding in front of him.

Red and blue police lights alternate flashes across the door as Sam opens it.

MAN'S VOICE (0.S.) Stop, David Grider! Stop! Or I'll--

SAM David! Noooo!

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

"Mom" shifts her weight beneath her white lab coat in the light plastic chair across from a hospital bed in an otherwise sterile and empty room.

MOM Did the officer shoot first?

INT. SUBURBAN HOME FOYER - DAY

A grown man slams the front door shut in the face of another man as a pair uniformed police officers on the lawn aim their pistols at them both.

A little girl, Abby still in her jammies, watches.

Frustrated and angry, the grown man fires several shots through the wooden front door.

A return volley of lead bullets splinter the door inward as they rip holes into the walls

The lifeless thud of the man he just shut the door on echoes in the dark foyer.

ADULT DAVID, smoking pistol at the ready, looks away only to see Abby lay still in a sunlit pool of her own blood.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

Back beneath covers David screams like a mortally pained animal.

ADULT DAVID Yessss! He shot first! He did! He shoot first! Aggggh!

Clinical "Mom" looks down at the floor.

MOM Did you ever fire your pistol, David?

ADULT DAVID Nooooo! I didn't shoot! I didn't! I didn't! I swear on my daughter's life I didn't shoot!

Mom chews her lip before she looks out the room's narrow window. She exhales deep.

ADULT DAVID I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

EXT. MEDICAL FACILTY - DAY

Beyond the concertina crowned chain link fence adults in cars and kids on bikes roll by beneath birds and clouds.

ADULT DAVID (V.O.) It's not my fault! It's not my fault! I'm not responsible! I'm not.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END