

FUCK HATE

by

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**INT. NEWS DESK, BBC WORLD NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT**

A NEWS ANCHOR speaks with as much gravitas as she can muster.  
This is Merritt Wexler, a mid twenties blonde with soft eyes.

MERRITT

The eyes of the nation turn west  
today as they look for inspiration.  
For explanation. For answers from  
the voices that have haphazardly  
guided them this far through their  
counter culture revolution.

**EXT. CONCERT STADIUM - DAY**

Fear had taken what once was a crowd of a hundred thousand.  
Pocketbooks and half-eaten burgers abandoned in empty seats.  
Vending machines overturned with their contenters scattered.

MERRITT (V.O.)

But today, after so much violence,  
and the terrifying prospect of even  
more yet to come... Those voices  
are eerily silent.

A MOM and her YOUNG SON sit huddled behind a cement pillar.  
She shivers as she holds him, her back to the wall.  
A DEAD MAN lies beside them. Blood pools around his body.

MERRITT (V.O.)

And I fear the only answers we  
deserve, the only ones waiting for  
us, are those that we'll be able to  
provide ourselves.

A TEENAGE GIRL hiding behind a nearby pillar whistles and  
gets her attention. She points towards the bathroom entrance.

MERRITT (V.O.)

Collectively, all we can do as a  
nation, as a human race, is to hold  
our breaths and say our prayers.  
I'm Merritt Wexler, and from the  
BBC World News Studios in London,  
I'm right there with you. And I'm  
not going to leave you. Not today.

Mom shakes her head... but Girl goes for it anyway! She runs!

**EXT. THE MAIN STAGE, CONCERT STADIUM**

The unassuming DRUMMER of a crazy famous British Pop Band peers out from behind his drum kit as he watches:

The Girl race out from a distant pillar...

She FALLS to the ground...

BANG! The echo of a distant GUNSHOT reverberates hauntingly.

The charismatic GUITARIST of the band shifts uncomfortably behind an overturned speaker as he shouts over to:

The LEAD SINGER and their BASS PLAYER, who are chain smoking and sharing a whiskey bottle safely behind the piano setup.

GUITARIST

Toss me a fag man! Come on!

A PHONE RINGS!

They all turn to find their suit-and-tie MANAGER crawling toward them across the open stage on his hands and knees.

A ringing CELL PHONE is clenched between his teeth.

Manager stops beside Bass and drops the phone to the floor.

MANAGER

Woof.

Bass takes the phone, answers it, and holds it to his ear.

DRUMMER

What the fuck are you on about? Why are you barking like a dog man?

Manager's fearful eyes entreat on Drummer as he shakes his butt like a dog, still on his hands and knees.

BASS

(into the phone)  
You will? Ok. You won't? Ok.

GUITARIST

Don't keep us in suspense man. Who is it? Who's talking to you?

BASS

(into the phone)  
Yeah. Fine. Whatever. I'll do it.

Bass stands and walks across the open stage.

DRUMMER

No! Don't! Get back here!

Drummer makes a move to stop him, when a nearby standing microphone EXPLODES from a bullet. Drummer dives back down.

**CUT TO:**

**BACKSTAGE**

Dozens of people, CREW and AUDIENCE alike, have taken refuge in every nook and cranny available for them to hide behind.

Dead bodies scatter the open floor between them.

Phone to his ear, Bass finds a piece of poster board and a magic marker... and starts writing.

**BACK TO:**

**THE MAIN STAGE**

Bass walks back out and offers the phone down to Singer.

BASS

He wants to talk to you now.

Manager looks up at Bass like a sad dog looking for orders.

BASS (CONT'D)

(to Manager)

He said you can go. You've been a good boy. Who's a good boy? You are. Yes you are.

MANAGER

Woof!

Manager shrugs his shoulders, turns away, and starts his long walk out of the stadium on his hands and knees.

Singer picks up the phone and holds to up to his ear.

SINGER

Hello?

Bass walks out to center stage... turns to face the STILL ROLLING TELEVISION CAMERAS with blinking red lights...

and holds up the sign that he's made.

Drummer and Guitarist strain to make out what it says.

DRUMMER

Hey! Can't you turn it this way! I  
wanna see what it says!

But Bass doesn't turn.

GUITARIST

Oh, fuck. Dude. Look.

Guitarist points to a TV monitor showing a live video feed of  
Bass and his sign... for all the world to see.

It reads:

***If I move,  
I will be shot.  
If you turn off the cameras,  
I will be shot.  
Do not approach the tower.  
Do not approach the stage.***

Singer lights another cigarette and turns to his bandmates.

SINGER

He wants me to put him on  
speaker... Ok. Ok, you're on.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

Hello? Can you all hear me?

The voice is male. It sounds old... but strong.

No discernible accent. Almost news-like. Monotonous.

GUITARIST

Uhh, yeah. Yeah. We can hear you.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

I'm sure you all have questions.

DRUMMER

Yeah, like what the fuck is wrong  
with you, you fucking tosser! Why  
are you doing this? What do you  
want?

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

The only thing that's certain is  
one day night shall end, and one  
day morning will fall. One day  
you'll die and so will I. One day  
the world will end in fire or ice.  
Now tell me.

(MORE)

THE SHOOTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who gives a fuck if one or two  
extra people die between now and  
then.

GUITARIST

That's some real nihilist shit. You  
can't be that dispassionate.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

The shadows of our lives are  
nothing but flashes in that  
proverbial pan. What does it  
matter? You die today, you die ten  
years from now. Only your music  
will last, and one day too even all  
those precious words will go  
unspoken for the rest of time.

Their eyes shift from each other to the phone.

Each one of them feeling a cacophony of emotions.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

All those brilliant lies you peddle  
to the masses will go unheeded. You  
and your art will finally be  
unloved. Unremembered. And maybe by  
then we'll all have enough  
consciousness to finally enjoy the  
peace and quiet.

SINGER

Are you done with your pathetic,  
infantile little attempt at a  
philosophic diatribe?

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

Go ahead. Speak. I'm not angry.

SINGER

You know what your problem is  
asshole? You think I chose this  
life. You think I woke up one day  
and said to myself, I think I'll  
change the world. Well let me tell  
you something! Genius isn't just a  
cracker jack that comes with a  
comic book. It's a fucking gift,  
and I wasn't going to squander it  
by living a life without sharing it  
with the world.

(MORE)

SINGER (CONT'D)

You can kill people and blame our art for it, but at least after all's said and done WE changed the world for the better. All you're doing is shitting on it.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

Oh, I'm so sorry the the weight of your genius gives you the burden of having to choose between your ego and a life unnoticed.

SINGER

If I die, it'll be on the wings of your death too, killed by the righteous hand of justice. I'll be trumpeted in people's hearts centuries after the papers that told of your end have rotted to fucking dust, in a library named after me where people learn, and grow and better themselves.

The voice laughs... but it also loses its monotone composure.

Guitarist and drummer egg Singer on with enthusiasm.

Singer takes a swig of whiskey and a puff of his cigarette.

SINGER (CONT'D)

And what you did here today, you worthless fucking piece of shit. What you did, will only be remembered as a lesson for people to better themselves so they don't end up as scum like you.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

Face it. The ideals of your precious society are going to die. And in the end all that'll be left are your songs. Songs nobody gives a shit about. I don't even think anyone gives a shit about them now. Not really. All anyone ever sees are the headlines. All they care about is worshipping the story that's peddled to them.

Shooter's voice picks up in intensity. Frustrated. Urgent. Distant sirens echo behind the static of the speaker phone.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

What does it matter if I'm dead, or you're dead, or if the ink's in black or red. Either way one day the royalties stop, and you'll end up in the ground peddling stones to demons.

SINGER

Fuck you. Just say it. What do you want? What do you really want out of this? What will it take to get you to just stop. Just GIVE UP! STOP IT! There's no fucking point!

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)

You want an explanation? You want answers? Well here it is. I -

Singer turns off the phone.

GUITARIST

WHAT THE FUCK!

DRUMMER

Dude! You hung up on him! Holy shit! What's wrong with you?

The phone starts RINGING again.

SINGER

This is bull shit. I'm done talking about philosophy with a maniac. All he's got over us is his fear. And you know what, fuck that.

The phone keeps ringing.

Singer stands up.

DRUMMER

Dude! What are you doing?

GUITARIST

Yeah man! Sit down! It sounded like the cops were closing in on him! We can just sit it out!

SINGER

The longer we try to reason with hate and fear, the longer we feed into its insanity. Well fuck that. Not me. I'm taking a stand. I'm done.

Singer picks up the ringing phone, WALKS OUT TO CENTER STAGE, and stops beside Bass, who's sweating. Frozen in fear.

He places his hand on his shoulder...

SINGER (CONT'D)  
It's ok man. You can go.

BASS  
Uhh...

Singer turns to the camera... holds up the ringing phone...

And answers it.

THE SHOOTER (V.O.)  
How dare you hang up on me!

SINGER  
I just have one thing to say.

He drops the phone and STOMPS it to pieces.

Then grabs the sign from Bass, and RIPS IT IN HALF!

Singer turns to the camera and GIVES THE MIDDLE FINGER.

SINGER (CONT'D)  
Fuck hate.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

BANG!

**THE END**