

HEAT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NOON

Blazing hot summer day, a Chevy pulls into an isolated parking spot far from the entrance.

The car door closes, we hear the beep of a remote. RICKY puts the remote back in his pocket. We see his face as he takes one last puff from a cigarette - he could easily be in a "Jerry Springer" show. He looks around furtively and walks towards the store.

As he passes by a Corolla, he hears a dog yelping, turns around, realizes it's coming from the car. Curious, he walks up to the driver's side and leans over to take a look. From inside the car, we hear heavy panting and barking as Ricky peers in through the window.

The dog is jumping up and down, tongue hanging out, very disoriented and in distress. Ricky decides to have some fun and starts taunting it.

RICKY

You really wanna get out, don't ya you little fucker?... Oh, is it gettin' too hot in there?... Your owner don't love ya much I guess... Don't worry, I'll stay around and watch you bake, you stupid mutt!

The phone rings, Ricky takes out an old feature phone.

RICKY

Sup Brandi?

BRANDI (V.O)

Where you disappear off to?

RICKY

Got some business to take care of.

BRANDI (V.O)

Well, heard that bitch been holed up at Earl's place. Looks like you busted her up pretty bad Ricky, broke her jaw...

RICKY

That fuckin' hoe deserved what she got, shoulda fuckin' killed her. Teaches her not to go sleepin' around behind my back... next time she ain't gonna be this lucky!

BRANDI (V.O)

Okay, but what about the baby?

RICKY

What about the baby?

BRANDI (V.O)

Already been three days, I don't think she's gonna come for it! I'm telling ya, I ain't taking care of this whiny little piece of shit...

RICKY

I've told ya before, it ain't none of your problem.

BRANDI (V.O)

For all I know, it may not even be your kid, no reason for you to be spendin' all that money on diapers, formulas and shit...

RICKY

You listen to me, and you listen good. I told ya I'm taking care of this little situation here! You just chill and roll up, I'll be grabbin' some beer and be on my way.

BRANDI (V.O)

Okay, I don't hear it crying no more.

RICKY

Now you go ahead and enjoy this little quiet time, and don't you fuckin' call me again, I'm busy.

BRANDI (V.O)

Ricky, where is...

Ricky cuts the phone, and goes back to watching the dog. It has got more miserable and is lying down whimpering in the back seat. He goes around and keeps staring at it with morbid curiosity, he really wants to see how it dies!

He doesn't notice SCOTT who's walking towards the car behind him.

SCOTT

Sir is there a problem?

RICKY

(startled)

Jeez you scared me man! You the owner?

SCOTT

No, thought I saw a dog inside, just checking.

RICKY

Yes, it's locked in, been wailing nonstop. Hear it gets real hot in there, 130 degrees...

SCOTT

This looks bad, we should do something!

RICKY

(knowledgeable)

Just takes 30 minutes for dogs to die from heat stroke and shit. No way for these suckers to cool down, you might as well stick them in an oven.

SCOTT

Let's call the police...

RICKY

Maybe we inform the manager first, get them to page the owner ya know... You got something to note down the plate?

Scott takes out his phone and snaps a picture of the car and the licence plate.

SCOTT

I'm pissed how inconsiderate some people are. They should not be allowed to have pets, or kids for that matter.

RICKY

True that sir, there's some batshit crazy people out there, I'm tellin' ya...

As they walk towards the store, Ricky takes out the remote and presses the lock button.

The blinkers on Ricky's Chevy turn on briefly. We hear the beep followed by a faint cry. Inside, we see a baby strapped to a car seat, crying loudly...

FADE OUT

THE END