

IN NEED OF REFUGE

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

THE MAN stands at the foot of the bed. Opens a shoebox that sits in front of him. Removes two handguns.

Puts both handguns in his Bruce Willis style chest holster.

Walks to the closet. Takes out a shotgun. Sets it on the bed.

Picks up a duffel bag and the shotgun from the bed. Walks out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Man sits on the couch. Stares at a plethora of drugs that sit on the coffee table in front of him.

He leans forward. Snorts a line of white powder.

A loud CRASH comes from another room.

The Man looks in the direction of the noise.

THE MAN

Jesus Christ.

(yells)

What the fuck was that?

Listens for a moment.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Hey kid what the fuck was that?

THE KID pops his head around the corner.

THE KID

Nothin'. Just knocked over a box.

THE MAN

You break any of those liquor bottles? Liquor is gold now.

The Kid shakes his head no. Notices the goodies on the table. Walks into the room. Sits next to The Man on the couch.

THE KID

I don't understand why we don't just go in and POP! POP! two shots.

The Man snorts another line.

THE MAN

What happens when we go in guns  
blazing and then can't find the  
keys? What happens then? I'm not  
takin' the chance.

The Kid nervously shakes his knees.

THE KID

I suppose...It seems wrong. Their  
last moments filled with terror and  
all. Two shots. POP! POP!. Nice and  
quick.

The Man notices the genuineness of the statement.

THE MAN

The whole world is filled with  
terror now. It makes no difference.  
It's them or us, and them don't  
matter to me.

Watches for a reaction from the Kid but gets none.

MAN

We gotta go. Load the shit into the  
truck. Be careful with the liquor.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A piece of shit truck drives down a long straight country  
road. The bed filled with boxes of liquor and cigarettes.

Several huge plumes of smoke dot the horizon.

INT. TRUCK

The Man drives. The Kid in the passenger seat.

The Kid reaches to turn on the radio.

THE MAN

Don't touch that fucking stereo.

Pauses with his hand on the dial.

THE KID

I want to hear what's happening.

The Man keeps his eyes on the road.

THE MAN

There ain't nothin' to hear that  
you don't know already. Now take  
that goddamn hand away.

The Kid drops his hand.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

You can't trust the media anyhow.  
It's all lies and bullshit.

The Kid leans his head on the window. Stares up at the sky.

The Man looks over at him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Will you quit starin' at that  
goddamn thing. Nothin' ain't gonna  
change by starin' at it.

The Kid keeps his eyes to the sky.

THE KID

Pretty hard not to stare at. It's  
really beautiful actually.

The Man sneers.

THE MAN

Beautiful huh? We have very  
different ideas about beauty.

The Kid looks at him.

THE KID

And if I wanna look at the sky,  
then I'ma look at the sky. Is this  
how it's goin' to be? You trying to  
control everything?

The Man pulls the truck to a stop at the edge of small ONE  
HORSE TOWN. Abandoned cars block any further progress.

They stare at the scene in front of them.

Fires burn in shops along the street. A car sits on fire in a  
shop window. ALARMS ring out. People loot. Intoxicated people  
stagger down the street. Chaos.

THE MAN

It's ain't about control. Look  
around. There is no control. It's  
about doin' what we need to do.

Throws the truck into reverse.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

The truck pulls up in front of a trailer. The horn blares.

INT. TRUCK

THE KID

--I just don't see why we gotta  
bring her with us.

THE MAN

There's a hell of a lot you don't  
see or understand.

Honks the horn again.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

There's a little thing called  
pertpetuation of the species.

THE KID

Perpte--

THE MAN

Yeah I didn't know what it meant  
either. Heard it on the tv. Had to  
look it up on the internet.

Honks again. Agitated.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Fuck I'm going to miss the  
internet...It means having babies.  
The survival of the human race.

The Kid shoots him a disgusted look.

THE KID

You're plannin' on having sex? With  
her? She's your cousin.

Honks the horn again. More Aggressive.

THE MAN

Alright goddammit.

Throws the door open and one leg out. Looks over at The Kid.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
There are no cousins anymore.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

THE GIRL sits in between the two men.  
She leans forward. Looks toward the sky.

THE KID  
He don't like when you look at it.

She looks at The Man. He looks back. She slumps in the seat.  
She reaches for the radio knob.

THE KID (CONT'D)  
He don't like that either.

Folds her arms across her chest.

THE GIRL  
Well this is a ton of fun. Idnit.

THE MAN  
Ain't nothin' bout this supposed to  
be fun.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

The truck sits in a small wooded area at the end of a long  
gravel driveway.

The three of them stand at the back of the truck watching a  
house at the other end of the driveway.

The Man pulls out one of the handguns from the chest holster.  
Hands it to The Girl.

Talks through a cigarette pursed in his lips.

THE MAN  
Keep this out. Safety is on. Lets  
keep it on.

She holds the gun. Studies it.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Looks only. The shootin'll be done  
by me or the kid.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They crouch in the bushes about fifty yards from the house.

An OLDER WOMAN exits the house carrying a box. She walks towards a small barn.

An OLDER MAN appears from the side of the barn. They have a quick exchange as he passes on his way back to the house.

The Older Woman continues around the side of the barn and out of sight.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The room lies completely empty.

The Older Man organizes first aid supplies in a crate.

Picks up the crate. Walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

He stops cold at the sight of the Older Woman standing in the front doorway.

The Man stands behind her. Gun to her head. She looks calm.

Without taking his eyes off The Man, he gently sets down the crate.

THE MAN

Hey Jerry...You know what we want?

JERRY

I believe I do...You son of a bitch.

He stares at The Man with fire eyes.

THE MAN

Hands up.

Lifts his hands. Looks lovingly at the still calm Older Woman.

JERRY

It's okay Honey...  
Let her go and I'll get you the keys.

The Man nudges Honey into the house.

THE MAN

Nah, nah, nah.

The Girl and The Kid fill in the doorway behind them. Guns out.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you just tell me where?

Honey slightly shakes her head no.

The Man knocks the gun barrel into her temple.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Shut up bitch.

Jerry looks over at a computer that sits on a desk in the living room. A running clock in huge numbers counts down on the screen.

TEN MINUTES: FORTY-TWO, FORTY-ONE, FORTY...

The Man looks at the computer.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Clock's ticking. I'm not fucking around.

JERRY

If I give you the keys you'll shoot us. Let us go and I'll tell you where they are.

Jerry and Honey lock eyes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We walk off into the forest and die together. Hand in hand.

His anger builds.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Not at the hands of three fucking cowards.

Recomposes himself.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Time's running out for all of us you cocksucker. Let us go and I'll tell you where. What difference does it make to you how we die?

THE KID  
He's right ya know.

THE MAN  
Shut the fuck up kid.

The Man contemplates for a second. Pushes Honey towards Jerry. Points his gun at them.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Where are they?

Jerry puts his arm around her.

JERRY  
In the safe. The combination is 52--

The Man waves his gun.

THE MAN  
Whoa. Whoa.

Looks at the computer countdown clock.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
I don't have time for remembering  
fucking combinations.

Motions with the gun for them to start walking.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
You open it. Then you go.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Jerry and Honey enter. Followed by The Man, The Girl, and The Kid. Guns still out.

Jerry walks to a desk. Honey positions herself behind him.

The Man keeps his gun pointed on them. Peeks behind the desk.

A small safe sits on the floor.

THE MAN  
Open it.

Jerry sighs.

JERRY  
Why don't you put the guns down?

## THE MAN

Nobody's shootin' nobody. You're  
dead already. But guns out until I  
see what's in that safe.

Jerry leans down to put in the safe combination.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A KITTY CAT wakes up from sleeping on top of a king sized bed. It yawns and stretches. Jumps off the bed. Leaves the room.

INT. HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Kitty traipses down the hallway, then down the stairs to the first floor of the house. Walks down the hallway. Stops in front of the office door. Looks into the room.

MEOW!

POP! Instantly after the MEOW a gunshot goes off.

Kitty jets back down the hallway towards the front door.

POP! POP! POP! POP!

Sprints out the cat door.

EXT. HOUSE

Kitty bursts out the cat door. Comes to an abrupt stop upon hitting the porch.

Walks in a few small circles. MEOWS. Sits and looks up at the sky.

Turns and runs back in through the cat door.

INT. HALLWAY

Kitty walks down the hallway. Briefly stops in front of the office door. Saunters on.

INT. OFFICE

The Girl and The Kid lie on the floor in pools of blood.

The Man stands over Jerry who has taken shelter behind the now flipped over desk. He points a gun down at him.

THE MAN

It was an accident Jer...The only thing we got left now is our word. I was gonna let you go.

Jerry starts to cry as he looks down at Honey lying on the floor next to him. Drops the gun he now holds in his hand.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Give me the keys.

Jerry quickly goes from crying to a sort of sinister laughter.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you laughing at?

Jerry looks up at him. Smiles. Opens his mouth to show a key on his tongue.

Swallows the key.

POP!

Jerry slumps over dead.

The Man moves quickly. Flips over Jerry and feels around inside his mouth for the key. Nothing.

Notices a letter opener on the desk. Grabs it.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Man stands up from behind the desk, head to toe covered in blood. Key in hand. Heads for the door.

The Girl barely manages the strength to grab his pant leg as he walks by.

He looks down at her.

THE MAN

Holy shit. You're still alive.

She groans.

THE GIRL

Please help me.

Hesitates for a second before he reaches for her. Forcefully drags her up. She moans in pain. Puts her hand on her neck wound.

He throws her arm over his shoulder. They exit the room.

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The Girl moans deliriously as The Man struggles to help her down the hallway.

Looks back at the countdown clock on the way out the front door. Picks up the pace when he reads what it says.

EXT. HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

They make their way towards the barn.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE

Honey groans and writhes on the floor. Starts to cry when she looks at the mangled Jerry.

Manages to get on her knees. Starts to crawl toward the door. AGONY.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Honey loses her balance and slams against the doorframe as she exits the house. Falls to her knees.

Crawls across the porch. Crawls down the steps. Leaves a trail of blood.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The Man forcefully drags The Girl along the side of the barn. They stop when they reach the back.

Twenty yards behind the barn sits an open hatch leading into the ground.

THE GIRL

Would you look at that? We didn't even need the key. POP! POP! Nice and easy.

She loses strength. Puts all her weight on The Man.

He looks down at her. She smiles up at him with a blood stained grin.

He grabs her under the armpits. Drags her next to the barn. Sits her down and props her up. Gives her a kiss on the cheek.

She manages to lift her hand toward him.

THE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Don't leave me.

He turns and runs toward the open hatch. Stops when he reaches it. Looks back at The Girl.

Steps onto the ladder that leads down into the ground. Grabs the lid to the hatch. Starts to pull it closed on top of himself.

Stops again. Soaks in everything around him. Looks at The Girl again. She holds her hand out.

Steps down the ladder. Closes the lid on top of himself.

The Girl starts to drag herself toward the very well camouflaged hatch.

The ROAR of an old tractor starting up rings through the air.

She listens as the tractor pulls out of the barn, around the corner, then stops a few feet from her.

Barely manages the strength to look up. Honey sits behind the wheel.

The tractor starts to drive again.

Unable to get away, The Girl gives up as the tractor slowly drives over her head. CRUNCH!

Honey can barely push the gas pedal. Slowly drives towards the hatch.

On the very brink of death, Honey pulls the tractor to a gentle stop on top of the hatch door.

Slumps over dead.

FADE OUT.

THE END

