

RIOT TIME KNOCK OFF

By  
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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY

Swings, monkey bars -- the usual playground fare. KIDS, MOMS and DADS. Much laughter and merriment, but none for...

ANDY (27), his bright red shirt soaked through with sweat. He stands under a tree, eyes filled with tears.

The children's cackling morphs into raised adult voices, echoing and unintelligible. The sounds of a fight.

INT. HOUSE - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Andy shouts, waves his arms wildly.

KATRINA (25) stands her ground, her appealing features contorting as she returns fire.

She SLAPS Andy hard across the face, then angrily points to the door.

Andy's stunned. He tries to touch her shoulder.

She throws his hand off, shakes her head, and again points to the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Andy tears his gaze from the park and heads to a CONCESSION STAND, where he eyes some cold drinks in the cooler.

But the security shutter begins to roll down.

Andy waves his arms in protest.

Behind the counter, a HEFTY WOMAN wearing crazy eye shadow motions to a sign outside:

WE CLOSE AT 3

The afternoon sun beats down mercilessly.

Hefty woman curls her lip and sneers.

The shutter slams.

Andy lowers his head and slogs off.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A cute little ranch that wouldn't break anyone's bank.

Andy's car rolls into view. He gets out, heads up the walk and half-heartedly waves to a NEIGHBOR mowing his lawn.

The neighbor doesn't wave back.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Andy sits in a KIDDIE POOL as a garden hose empties into it. He holds a PICTURE FRAME close to his chest. He pulls it away to reveal--

INSERT: PICTURE

His beloved Katrina. A tear falls on her nose.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy splay-legged on the couch in his boxers -- eyes desperate and glassy, body slick with sweat. The picture of Katrina at his side.

Phone at his ear. It rings and rings, but no answer.

The windows are open, the curtains flutter. A table fan oscillates, and next to that--

A GUN. Cold, black steel.

He swipes it and presses the barrel to his forehead. A small groan escapes his lips.

Finger on the trigger. A tense beat.

Blinking furiously, he sits up and removes the gun. He looks to the picture of Katrina.

Andy puts the gun in his mouth. He bites down on the barrel, hands trembling.

His eyes roll back, then shut. He yanks the gun away, aims it at his face and squeezes the trigger.

Jets of cool water splash his sweaty, tear-stained face.

FADE OUT.