

THE REVENGE OF BILLY THE KID

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CHERYL KOWLES, 30's, toned body, casually but stylishly coiffured, plunging sweater, capri slacks, snuggles into an easy chair, cell phone wedged between shoulder and chin.

CHERYL

I'm telling you. One minute he's
right behind me, the next, gone!

The front door slams. Cheryl grabs the phone, changes ears and sits up, pencil straight.

CHERYL

Hold on Bren. Sounds like Steve.

She covers the mouthpiece and calls out.

CHERYL

Steve? That you?

STEVE (O.S.)

Yeah, honey. Where're you?

CHERYL

(to Steve)

Living room.

(into handset)

Yeah, it's Steve. Gotta go babe.
Call you later. Bye.

Detective STEVE KOWLES, early 40's, tousled dirty-blond hair, straggling moustache, Sundance Kid lookalike, enters the warm glow of the living room as Cheryl hangs up.

She rises and greets Steve with a peck on the cheek.

CHERYL

Look a bit tired sweetie. Rough
day?

STEVE

Could say that.

CHERYL

Drink?

Steve lowers himself onto the couch, savoring it's caress.

STEVE

Sounds good...Who was that?

Cheryl moves swiftly to the drinks cabinet, deftly pouring two very large tumblers of scotch. She hands Steve his drink.

CHERYL

Oh, Bren....Cheers.

They clink glasses.

STEVE

You girls. Got no clue what you find to talk about.

Cheryl drops back into her chair.

CHERYL

Usual stuff. Girlie crap. Anyway, what about you? Your day...Wanna talk about it?

Steve takes a slug, swirling the alcohol round his mouth, considering his answer. Swallows.

STEVE

Got time?

CHERYL

Sure. Nothing on tonite.

Steve raises his eyebrows in surprise.

STEVE

Okay, but get ready for this'un. Its a real honey. Got me foxed.

Cheryl comfies herself. Ready and waiting.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLIER THAT DAY

BILLY PROCTOR (23), angelic face, framed with wispy blond hair. Redneck, hulk-sized, checkered shirt, baggy jeans and new Nike sneakers, nervously shuffles up to the sergeant's desk.

STEVE (V.O.)

A kid turns up this morning. Don Minsk's on duty.

DON MINSK, late 40's, stoic, crisp uniform, seen it all before through his piercing blue eyes, peers over the top of his glasses.

DON

Yes son, can I help you?

Billy hesitates, scratches his head, nervous.

BILLY

Er...yessir. I believe you can.
Y'see, I've done something
bad...real bad.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve leans further back into the couch. Glancing down, he notices pizza, burgers, beer and genetics have launched an offensive on his waist band, almost imperceptible but there, advancing, patient.

He sneaks a look at Cheryl and adjusts his position, sucking it up.

CHERYL

So what was so "bad".

Steve raises his glass, indicating a refill. Cheryl downs her drink, responds, grabs his glass and heads for the alcohol oasis.

STEVE

Well, when Don went outside he
found the Kid's truck...complete
with a body in back.

Cheryl spins.

CHERYL

Oh my God!

She makes her way back to the chair, passes Steve his glass.

CHERYL

Here hon. Um...how?

She sits, wide-eyed.

STEVE

Thanks.

He Swigs.

STEVE

Tells Don he's strangled the guy. I mean this kid could snap your neck
(snaps fingers)
just like that. Friggin' huge! Don calls me to interview him.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Billy sits across a desk from Steve. Calm, hands palm down on top, a soda can placed precisely between. Anal-retentive.

STEVE (V.O.)

When I met Billy, that's his name, Billy Proctor, I knew from the get-go this kid wasn't dealing with a full deck. Had to be gentle.

Steve leans forward, interested not threatening.

STEVE

Okay Billy. The man in your truck---

Billy chimes in.

BILLY

Yeah. Killed him last night. Stopped him breathin'.

STEVE

Do you know him?

BILLY

Nope! Don't. Don't know the others neither.

Steve, shocked, draws his chair across to sit alongside Billy.

STEVE

Others?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cheryl leans forward, eyes fixed on Steve, jaw dropped. she repeats Steve's question.

CHERYL

Others?

STEVE

Oh yeah. Lotsa others. Man, I thought I'd heard it all.

Cheryl, impatiently.

CHERYL

Go on...How many?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Steve is now hunched with Billy. Whispering, encouraging, mentoring.

STEVE (V.O.)

Billy said he couldn't remember....

BILLY

Can't say how many. But I know my Mommy learned me a song.

Billy leans back, struggling to recall the words. He sings tunelessly.

BILLY

Ain't it great. Ain't it great...My little Billy's just done eight.

Billy smiles, proud at his total recall. Grabs the soda. Chugs. Replaces it, slide-rule exact.

STEVE

Eight? So you killed eight?

BILLY

Dunno. Never could count. Just know that song. Pretty.

Steve recoils. Then regroups. Changes tack.

STEVE

You say your Mommy taught you this song?

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cheryl takes a huge slug. She rubs her forehead, perplexed, shocked.

CHERYL

What sort of Mother would---

Steve holds up a hand, cutting Cheryl off.

STEVE

Wait. It gets better...Billy goes and tells me that his Mommy not only taught him the song, but told him to kill all these guys.

Cheryl gasps, her hand goes to her mouth.

STEVE (CONT'D)

But here's the real kicker.

(swig)

When we checked him out, found out he was an orphan. Never had a mother. In and out of foster homes all his life...A social screw-up!

CHERYL

Then who....?

STEVE

Ah...now that's interesting. Y'see, Billy actually knows he never had a real mother.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Steve paces, intolerant, barely hiding his frustration. He leans against the wall, fingers intertwined behind his head, listens, absorbs.

BILLY

Never had no Mom. No Pa neither for that matter. No one paid big ol'

BILLY
Billy any mind. Got passed
round...Not cute enough to love I
s'pose...Ugly, stupid.

Billy pauses. Drops his head. Thinks. Looks up quickly,
smiling, mis-aligned, discolored teeth unashamedly
displayed.

BILLY
Then along comes Mommy.

Steve pushes himself from the wall.

STEVE
What's mommy like?

BILLY
Real pretty. Smells good. Proper
ladylike.

STEVE
Anything else?

Billy shakes his head slowly.

BILLY
Nope. 'Part from makin' me feel
good.

STEVE
And how's she do that?

Billy swiftly launches his huge feet onto the table.

BILLY
Sneakers. She buys me sneakers.
Never had any new stuff. Waddya
think? Cool?

STEVE
Way cool, Billy. Way cool.

Steve gently removes Billy's feet from the table.

STEVE
When does she buy you new sneakers?

Billy fidgets.

BILLY
When I stop those men.

STEVE
The men you killed?

Billy nods, face contorted, remembering.

STEVE
Stop 'em? Stop 'em doing what?

Billy clenches his fists, exhibiting barely controlled rage.

Steve retreats, slowly, uneasily. Billy slams his fists down on the table. Soda spews from the can.

BILLY
Stop them hurtin' Mommy!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cheryl finishes her drink. Rises quickly.

CHERYL
Sorry hon. Need a refill. Getting a bit lost.

STEVE
S'okay You and me both.
Why donchya just bring the bottle.
Save you gettin' up and down.

Cheryl complies. Pours them both another super-sized scotch, drops lightly onto her chair. She gathers her legs, knees under her chin.

CHERYL
Who was hurting who?

Steve scratches his head.

STEVE
Okay, Billy told me that his Mommy would meet men. Singles bars, sleaze joints. Get the picture? They'd then drive to a motel... Billy'd follow in the truck.

CHERYL
And these men would hurt her?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Steve has paper towels, mopping up the soda flood.

BILLY

Sorry mister. Get like that
sometimes. 'Specially when it comes
to...

Billy's voice trails off.

STEVE

Mommy?...Don't worry son...Get any
on yer sneakers?

Billy quickly examines his shoes, concerned.

BILLY

(relieved)

Nope. Phew! Lucky there, huh?

Steve throws the sodden towels into a garbage can. Sits next
to Billy. Good cop.

STEVE

How'd the men hurt Mommy?

BILLY

She told me she wanted to be
friends with them. I had to wait
outside the room...but I could
hear. I got good hearin' and eyes
too!

STEVE

Hear what?

Billy clutches himself.

BILLY

I'd hear those men hurt her. She
would be screamin' and groanin'...
S'all I could do to stop myself
runnin' in....

STEVE

So why didn't you.

BILLY

I had to wait for Mommy's signal.
When she opened the curtain, that's
when I run in.

STEVE
And strangled them?

Billy nods, face contorted again.

STEVE
Then what?

BILLY
I'd wrap 'em up in a rug. Then
follow Mommy to the woods,
sometimes the hills. Dump 'em.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cheryl is engrossed.

CHERYL
No problem then. Billy takes you
where they dumped the bodies and
you go from there, right?

STEVE
Yeah, I wish. Billy has a real
problem remembering certain things.
Actually, most things. He doesn't
know how many, where they
are....nothing. Every way I turn, I
hit a brick wall.

Cheryl leans forward, placing a well manicured hand on
Steve's knee.

STEVE
Think he's doing this on purpose?
Y'know, playing dumb.

Steve pats her hand.

STEVE
No. He's the real deal. A one-off.

Cheryl removes her hand, leans back, eyebrows knitted, brow
furrowed.

CHERYL
O.K. Why'd he bring the body in
this morning? He should've dumped
it right?

STEVE
Asked him the self-same question.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

Steve runs his fingers through his hair, tugs on his moustache, seeks inspiration, divine intervention.

Billy is folded over the table, chin rests on gargantuan hands, eyes stare straight ahead.

BILLY
Last night, I broke the rules.

STEVE
How?

BILLY
Not meant to see. Just stand outside, listen. Wait. Watch for the curtain sign.

STEVE
But?

BILLY
But the curtain was a bit open an' I looked in. Just a peek.

STEVE
You saw something, right?

Billy nods slowly.

BILLY
Saw Mommy, kissing that man. Laughing, havin' fun. S'pose the same with the others...She lied. She lied to Billy.

Billy starts to cry. Steve places a comforting arm around his huge shoulders.

STEVE
Is that why you brought the latest one in to us?

Billy nods, cuffing snot.

STEVE
But, you still went ahead and
killed the man.

BILLY
Uh huh.

STEVE
Why?

BILLY
Sneakers. Already seen 'em. Wanted
'em. Wanted 'em real bad.

STEVE
But, why stop now? You could get
some more, next time.

BILLY
Got enough now. Don't want no
more... 'Sides, got God awful
dreams. Can't sleep. Gotta stop.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Steve looks drained, pale, older. Cheryl, now clutching a
cushion looks sympathetic.

CHERYL
Poor kid. He needs help.

STEVE
Got the psycho's in already.
They're gonna need a few days.

CHERYL
Could he have just killed the one?
Y'know made up the rest? Kinda
delusional? Wants attention?

Steve shrugs.

STEVE
Dunno. Not my job to say...Just
need one measly break. A crumb.
Godsakes, something!

Steve downs his drink and pours himself another. He offers a
refill to Cheryl who waves it away.

CHERYL

Well, my concern right now is my man. Why don't you take your drink, run yourself a hot bath and have a nice long soak? Just relax. I'll come and soap your back when I've cleaned up here. O.K?

STEVE

Yeah. You're right. Billy'll still be there tomorrow.

Steve rises wearily and turns to leave.

CHERYL

Don't forget your drink darling.

She hands Steve his glass.

CHERYL

I'll bring the bottle.

Steve, wobbling slightly, waves a hand in acknowledgement as he leaves. Cheryl watches, waits, then snatches up her cell phone. Furtive. Punches in a number.

CHERYL

(whispering)

Hey Bren. It's me. Remember I told you how Billy went rogue on me last night?....Shit girl, you won't believe this. Steve's got him in custody....No I'm not friggin' kidding....Yeah, this morning. Saw me and this guy through the window. Totally freaked.....No, they've got nothing. Billy's so dumb. Barely remembers his name. Steve's pulling his hair out, poor baby....Hold on Bren.

Cheryl lowers the handset as a cell phone rings in the near distance. She resumes.

CHERYL

S'okay. Steve's phone. Anyway, shame really. Billy was coming on well....Now I gotta get a new one. And fast! You know I can't go without, well you know....

She pauses, takes a breath.

Look, you and Vikki share one. Julio right?...Oh yeah, Juan.

CHERYL
 Sorry. I was wondering if I could
 hook up with him until I recruit?
 You're the only one I can ask. All
 the other girls in the club are so
 friggin' possessive it's not
 funny...Oh Bren, you're a
 life-saver. Thanks so much. Knew I
 could rely on you...See you at yoga
 tomorrow? We'll chat then, okay?
 Love you babe. Bye.

As Cheryl hangs up Steve re-enters, shirtless, drink raised
 in celebration.

STEVE
 Got it!

CHERYL
 Got what hon?

STEVE
 Our break. We got our break!

Cheryl shifts nervously.

CHERYL
 Wow. Congratulations. So, what
 happened?

STEVE
 Just got a call. The guys checked
 out Billy's trailer, and there they
 were. All lined up, neat as you
 like.

CHERYL
 What were.

STEVE
 The sneakers. Pairs of the friggin'
 things.

CHERYL
 Okay, but how's that a break?

STEVE
 Billy kept 'em all in their boxes.
 Bar codes an' all. Tomorrow we'll
 find out who bought what, where.
 Man, I am so friggin' pumped.

Steve downs his scotch, turns and leaves. Cheryl calls after
 him, concerned.

CHERYL
What if she paid cash?

STEVE (O.S.)
The miracles of C.C.T.V. darlin'.
Juat match up the dates and times
and, bingo! In the tub now. Don't
forget the bottle.

Cheryl hastily hits redial.

CHERYL
Bren. Yeah, sorry girl. Don't think
I'll be at yoga tomorrow.

FADE OUT:

THE END