

Vindicate

By

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FADE IN

INT. DALY TRAILERHOME LIVING ROOM 1979 - NIGHT

In the soft glow of a television showing news clips of Jimmy Carter and the Iran Hostage crisis, two boys, CHARLIE DALY (10), the wilder one in DUKES OF HAZZARD pj's, and DREW DALY (9), the quiet one sporting CHIPS pj's, are apparently home alone. It must be at least 2 am, but the boys are teeming with young energy, horsing around on a pair of couches set in a V shape facing the tv.

CHARLIE

Watch this...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We follow Charlie over to the kitchen as he opens a junk drawer filled with PLAYING CARDS, BATTERIES, HAMMER, PHONE BOOK etc. Digging through he pulls out a BIC LIGHTER and walks back to the couch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DREW

What are you gonna do with  
that? You can't play with fire  
Charlie, your gonna burn yourself.

CHARLIE

Shut up you baby, wait til you see  
this.

Drew grabs a handful of PLANTERS PEANUTS out of a jar as Charlie pulls his legs up over his head, flicks on the lighter and strains to let one go.

Just as he's about to give up, a huge fart explodes in a bright flame from his bottom lighting up the room and stunning both of them cold.

After a (beat) both burst into laughter, throwing themselves on the floor, knocking over the jar of peanuts. Drew suddenly stops laughing as he finds himself choking on the peanuts.

CHARLIE

What's wrong?

Just a blank stare as Drew strains to breathe.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE  
Drew? That ain't funny...

Realizing he's not kidding, Charlie picks his brother up and trying his best to remember, starts to squeeze him in the midsection.

Drew is now blue as a serious situation is quickly turning desperate. After a 4th try, the peanuts fly out and spray the TV.

Drew breathes in deep like its his first in life.

CHARLIE  
Holy shit!

Both start laughing again in relief as Drew hugs Charlie.

DREW  
You saved my life Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Just remember that when its your  
turn to save mine... My butt  
burns!

Their laughter is soon brought to a quick halt as a pair of headlights swoop through the room and the engine of a shitty car cuts off with a chug clunk filling the whole place with a visible fear.

Without a word the boys leap for the couches, cover up and fake sleep.

HOLDING ON the boys we hear car doors close. Keys rattle the front door open with a wild swing as it crashes into the wall, both boys wince as though it hit them directly.

Two sets of Disco decorated torso's stumble into the b.g. one a woman's, MOM (26), and the other is the SAP, (43) she just met at the bowling alley bar.

MOM  
(drunk)  
who left the god damn tv  
on! little shits, lectricity ain't  
FREE!

SAP  
Kids are such a god damn waste.

The doors slams shut as the Sap fumbles the bolt, locking it with a definite snap. The kitchen light pops on revealing a filthy mess where a kitchen should be.

SAP

Turn that thing off! You need the whole damn town in on this?!

The light goes out.

MOM

Sorree Mr. Asshole... with the nice boots. I don't even know your name...

A disgusting slobbery kiss echoes off the walls as the boys make faces to each other that say, gross.

SAP

Save that spit for later sugar... just find me a lighter and lets get cookin.

As Sap drops a baggie filled with white powder on the table, we see the junk drawer open as Mom recklessly searches for the lighter that isn't there anymore.

MOM

I know there's one in here...

SAP

Forget it, I found mine.

Leaving the drawer open, Mom plops next to Sap at the table, and with another flick the two partake in free-basing cocaine out of a glass pipe.

The smell hits the boys who respond with the appropriate face, then pull the blankets up over their heads.

Mom leans back in her chair, long blonde hair drops into the FRAME.

MOM

ohhhhhh, come home to momma...

SAP

easy baby, not too hard, I need you at least half alert to get a taste of that honey pot.

MOM

You ain't tastin nothing... asshole, I'm just usin you.

SAP  
That makes two of us sugar.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sap takes a long drag from the pipe. A kitchen chair screeches backward as the Sap helps up Mom from the table and we follow them toward a bedroom.

The boys know after this, they're in the clear.

Mom steps on the spilled peanuts as they cross in front of the couches.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MOM  
What the hell?

Seeing the peanuts on the floor and sprayed on the TV. Mom crescendos into ape-shit mad.

MOM  
Hell no... Get the fuck up! Drew!  
Charlie! Get your asses up! Why  
are there god damn peanuts  
everywhere?! I SAID GET UP!

Sap grabs Charlie by the shoulder and Drew by the hair, pulling them both up.

SAP  
You heard your ma, get your asses  
up you shits!

The boys rise in a panic, sitting helpless on the couches. Mom kicks the peanut jar across the room which smashes into a million pieces against a wall. The boys are now terrified.

CHARLIE  
Mom, no, it was me, Drew was  
asleep... who is that?

MOM  
Shut up! I'm beating both of you  
asses. I don't fukin care who did  
what...

Mom reaches to grab Charlie, who slips her reach, pushes her down to the floor where she slams her head into the Sap's knee, knocking her out cold. Seeing this the Sap snaps.

(CONTINUED)

SAP

You little pukes! Ruin my god damn  
pussy for the night!

The Sap grabs Charlie with one hand and hoists him up off the couch by his arms.

As he dangles there screaming, the Sap starts to beat him with dull thuds heard under Charlie's shrieks.

SAP

Mother fucker, no god damn respect!

The beating gets worse with each swing, and just as the Sap pulls back for the knockout punch, Drew comes flying off the top of the couch SMASHING the HAMMER into the Saps temple blowing his left eye clean out in an explosion of blood and bone.

Sap falls to his knees and slumps over dead. The hammer still sticking out of his skull.

Silence. In the tv light, Drew curls up into the fetal, shaking in fear and disbelief looking up at Charlie, who is standing over the dead body like a conquering hero. Drew breaks a crazed smile.

On the tv, now splattered in peanuts and blood, a faceless announcer comes on against a static picture of a tv antenna, the number 37, and WEST, over a map of Southern California.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is W.E.S.T. TV Channel 37 in Gardena, serving the South Bay and the greater Los Angeles area. This concludes our broadcast day. For W.E.S.T. TV 37, this is David Rieli wishing you a goodnight and a good morning. Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem.

FADE TO BLACK