

SHOULD I DRAW MY GUN FIRST?

By

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EXT. STREET - EVENING

Silent. No vehicles. Only one man. A few trees and two benches accompany him. He sits on one of the benches. This is BRADY WINE, 35, long hair, tall and thin with a cool face and sharp eyes. He wears a jacket with zipper opening, engrossed in reading a magazine.

The silence is broken by WALTER MAGER, 33, gentle, short and neat hair, medium built, also wearing a jacket with zipper opening. He approaches a bench across from Brady. The distance between the two benches is 6 feet. He sits down on it slowly and gently.

Brady still reads the magazine. It seems that he doesn't know Walter sits across from him.

WALTER'S VOICE

Brady Wine's a good actor. Pretends to be reading the magazine without casting a glance at me. How cool he is! A cruel killer.

Walter stretches. Brady closes the magazine and puts it down on his lap, deep in thought. He still doesn't have eye contact with Walter.

WALTER'S VOICE

I'm here to catch him.

Suddenly, Brady opens the magazine. The sound of the opening makes the silent atmosphere a loud bang. Walter's eyes widen. Brady holds up the cover that reads: A Killer Murders Four Business Men At Brown Hotel.

WALTER'S VOICE

He's such a fucking guy showcasing me his masterpiece.

Walter scowls at Brady.

WALTER'S VOICE

My gun is tucked in my belt covered by my jacket.

Brady flips through the magazine loud. The sound surprises Walter.

WALTER'S VOICE

What the fuck!

Brady closes the magazine and glances at Walter. The two glance at each other.

WALTER'S VOICE

Should I draw my gun first?

Brady clenches his right fist.

WALTER'S VOICE

When he sees me trying to draw my gun, he will do it too. Speed decides everything. I won't take the risk. Brady has the same worry.

Brady scowls at Walter.

WALTER'S VOICE

Besides, if I draw my gun and point it at him, he'll move and lower his body.

Wind blows the trees.

WALTER'S VOICE

I don't know which side he'll move and lower his body. Right or left. He can fire a shot at me. I won't take the risk. Brady has the same worry.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dark and silent. Walter and Brady still glare at each other.

WALTER'S VOICE

Feel very hot. Sweats run down my back.

Sweats start to run down Walter's face. However, no sweats on Brady's face. Walter turns his left eye to look at his watch carefully that reads: 11:55pm.

WALTER'S VOICE

He's cold-blooded. That's why he has no sweats.

Walter swallows hard.

WALTER'S VOICE

I feel thirsty and tired. I don't know how long I can stand. From his facial expression, Brady's all right.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The two still sit on the benches facing each other. An exhausted look on Walter's face.

WALTER'S VOICE

Should I draw my gun first?

Birds fly.

WALTER'S VOICE

I shouldn't or I may die. No alternative but to wait.

The sun comes out.

WALTER'S VOICE

My God, I'm burning up.

A moment later, Walter breathes slowly and quietly.

WALTER'S VOICE

I've difficulty in breathing.

A pause. A pale look on Walter's face. His lips are very dry. Suddenly, Walter draws his gun and points it at Brady

WALTER'S VOICE

Freeze, FBI

A pause. Brady collapses onto the ground. Walter is stunned to see it. He gets up slowly to handcuffs Brady's both hands. Walter staggers. He takes out his cell phone and dials.

WALTER'S VOICE

I got Brady Wine.

He falls on the ground.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A MAN walks down reading a newspaper whose headline: An FBI Agent and A Killer Were Unconscious. They Came To.

