

LAST CHANCE
by
Joseph Cahill

Procone3@gmail.com
608-630-2048

1. EXT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION

Clint looks at the house.

BLACK SCREEN (PLACED THROUGHOUT FIRST SCENES)

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I know what you want to say.
You're sorry. Have regrets.
You're tired of the badgering.
The pestering.

(incredulous)

You can't just fucking wake up
one day and forget about it...
...Pretend it isn't there.
When something becomes a part
of you...
...Like your arms and legs, an
appendage you can't live
without. It's there forever.
Forever.
It was there when you were
born.

(beat)

Before you were born.
This is your last chance to
deal with it.

2. EXT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION

Clint continues to look at the house.

3. INT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION. STAIRWELL

A door SQUEAKS within the dark stairwell. FOOTSTEPS
descend. WATER dripping from somewhere below. Water
hitting water.

A PAIR of shoes descend a couple of steps.

A startling BANG! from above.

CLOSE ON

Clint as he stands on the steps. Checks behind him, up the steps towards the sound.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Don't worry about them. One generation after another. Still moved by what we did to those girls.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(reminiscing)
Those girls. So sweet. Remember? They know you'll do it again.
(beat)
So do you.

STAIRWELL.

Clint forgets about it. Continues down the dark, wet stairwell into

4. EXT. PARK. DAY.

Several TEENAGERS surround CLINT (30s), threatening.

CLINT
I didn't do anything! It wasn't me!

They close in. One throws a punch.

TEENAGERS beat him. Clint lying on the ground in a fetal position. Trickle of blood from his nose. He lets out a silent scream.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Time has a funny way of hiding things. Making them disappear.
(beat)

Gives us the false sense of
change when none exists.

5. INT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION. BEDROOM

Moving boxes here and there. The tops forced over,
bent. Taped haphazardly, like a child did it.

A plain unmade bed against one wall.

Clint stands in front of a wall mirror. Cracked and
broken. Can't tell whether it is day or night outside
the room. Windows covered by old blankets.

Putting on a button-up shirt, Clint shows off his
extensive, BURN SCARS. Scars covering most of his torso
and arm. Runs his hand across them.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
You're fucking disgusting.
Look at you. You look like
lunatic. Who would want you?
I'm the only one ever there
for you.

BEDROOM.

On the empty night stand a medicine bottle. HALOPERIDOL
across the front with instructions.

Clint does his best to tape up a moving box. Goes to
another. Stops. Takes out several newspaper clipping
and old photos. The headline on one newspaper cover
reads, "Distinguished surgeon's 16-year old disabled
son suspect in gruesome murder."

A photo of the crime scene below the headline. The OLD
NEON COKE SIGN in the background. The old mansion's
basement.

Takes the old newspaper piece lights it with a lighter,
throws it in a metal trashcan allowing it to burn.
Next, a small trophy, and a couple of first place

ribbons. Childhood memories. They too, go into the wastebasket. Several Polaroid PHOTOS are next. Shows a FATHER and MOTHER and two young sons, one older and bigger than the other, in baseball uniforms.

Clint stares at the photos. Emotionless.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You gonna cry? No one cried
for you. Nobody was there for
you. Except for me. Go ahead,
cry. Faggot.

Clint throws the pictures in the trash. It, too burns with the newspaper clipping.

6. INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

Clint turns on the lights. He looks at the table. He touches the chair.

7. EXT. STREET. DAY.

Details of Olivia, the first victim.

8. INT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION. DAY.

Clint stares at the table. Noises of rocks hitting the outside wall. Window breaks.

9. EXT. OLD DEMPSEY MANSION. DAY.

A RED OLDSMOBILE and an OLD MERCEDES sit in the drive.

"Sold" realtor's sign in the grass.

A grand old place. Forgotten about. Weeds knee high, paint coming off the once, majestic walls. Windows broken. The front door with graffiti of all kinds across it. "Killer". "Your next". "Get out". And other profanities.

TWO TEENAGERS throw stones at the house, breaking a window. They run away.

10. INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

Clint sits alone at a booth, in the corner. Still wearing his funny winter hat and coat. Digs at his shoe's sole with a stick. Knocks chunks of dirt and feces on the floor around the table. A WAITER(20'S), plain but pretentious, brings a bottle of beer.

Stops. Looks down at the pile of crap beneath Clint. Disgusted. Leaves the beer and goes without saying a word.

A WAITRESS(18)the young college type, catches Clint's eye. She smiles. She's got a pair of black tights and YELLOW LEG WARMERS on.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You got a looker. Go ahead.
What's it gonna hurt? Show me
that will power.

Clint looks away at nothing, avoiding the moment.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

We need to see if we still
have it in us.

KEVIN (O.S.)

What do you think? One
fifteen, one twenty?

KEVIN(40'S), a young version of the father in the photo, sits next to Clint. He's the All-American ex-football type.

Clint looks up to see his brother approaching. Looks away as if hiding something. Avoids Kevin's stare.

CLINT

Hey, Kev.

KEVIN

She can't weigh over a buck
twenty five.

(looks at Clint's
shoe)
That shit?
(sniffs)

Kevin eyes the dirt pile formed on the ground. Clint looks down.

CLINT
Yeah.

KEVIN
That's disgusting, little brother.

Kevin waves the cute waitress over.

KEVIN
(just out of earshot)
The things I could do to her.

She approaches, he puts on his charm.

KEVIN
Draft beer, darling.

She smiles, flirting. She looks down at the pile of shit on the ground. Unfazed by it.

WAITRESS
You know you can't bring feces
in here, unless it's on a
leash.

Clint turns to avoid talking to the waitress.

She waits for a response.

KEVIN
Well...
(looks at Clint)
I didn't see the sign.

Clint looks around for the imaginary sign.

WAITRESS
You haven't been paying
attention.

KEVIN

You have no idea.

Kevin gives her his best charming smile. She returns it. He's won.

WAITRESS

Right. Draft beer it is.

The waitress eyes Clint.

Clint continues to act like she isn't there.

WAITRESS

Another for your friend?

KEVIN

No. He's driving.

WAITRESS

As you wish.

She leaves. Kevin watches her walk away. His eyes locked on her ass.

KEVIN

You get the house ready?

Clint looking at the wall, the posters.

CLINT

Yeah. It's ready. I don't know about this, Kev.

KEVIN

You did your time like a man, Clint. Nothing else you can do. Hey...

The older brother gets close. Puts a hand on his cheek. Clint looks at Kevin.

KEVIN

(quiet)

Forget about it, little brother. The past is gone. The only thing that matters is right now. Who you are now. Who we are.

(beat)

This is our chance to start again. Like new. Tonight we finish where we left off. Listen, we'll take care of things at the house. Tomorrow start fresh. Together. A family. Like we used to be.

CLINT

I don't know.

Kevin removes his hand from Clint's face.

KEVIN

You need me, little brother. Like I need you. Laurel and Hardy. Batman and Robin. Remember?

By Clint's demeanor, he gives in to his brother's charm.

ZOE (O.S.)

(interrupting)

Uncle Clint!

A young, girl ZOE (11) rushes up to her uncle, Clint. Jumps on him. Clint allows it.

Clint's face lights up. Changes his demeanor suddenly.

CLINT

Hi, Zoe. You're big.

ZOE

You know we're coming with you tomorrow, right?

CLINT

Sure do.

(smiles)

I'm excited.

ZOE

I wanna show you my new dance!

BRENDA (O.S.)

Get over here, Zoe. Uncle
Clint doesn't need you all
over him.

Reluctantly, Zoe obeys. Gets down from Clint's lap. Her
mother, BRENDA(40'S), approaches. Her face wrinkled
from the years of being angry.

From her demeanor, she isn't pleased to see Clint.

Clint retreats mentally.

BRENDA
She's been dying to see you.

More than the table between them. The separation
obvious.

An uncomfortable moment. Brenda eyes Clint. She doesn't
budge.

BRENDA
Ready, Kevin?

The Waitress approaches with a beer. Notices Kevin's
family. Lost the bubbiness she had moments before. All
business now.

WAITRESS
Draft beer. Four fifty.

Kevin hands her a ten.

KEVIN
Keep it.

She takes it without saying anything else.

KEVIN
(to Brenda)
Gimme a minute. Zoe close your
ears.

Zoe puts her hands over her ears.

KEVIN
That cunt didn't say thank
you.

BRENDA

Kevin! Please.

Kevin downs the beer in one go. BURPS.

Zoe uncovers her ears.

Kevin gets up to go.

KEVIN

(to Clint)

You want to ride with us now?

CLINT

No. I can drive.

KEVIN

I know you can. Just worry
about my little brother's all.

(rubs Clints head)

We leave at eight. Don't stay
out too late. We still have
work to do at the house.

(beat)

You didn't leave me too much
to pack, I hope.

CLINT

Just what's in the basement.

KEVIN

Good. Be a good boy.

ZOE

Bye, Uncle Clint.

Clint smiles at the girl. Waves half-heartedly. Drinks
the last swallow of beer. Readies himself to leave.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

You're brother's a dick.

The waitress takes Kevin's empty beer mug.

WAITRESS

Guess you got the looks and
the personality.

She smiles. Waits. Her flirting has turned to Clint.

Clint finishes putting on his jacket. Can't help but look at the girl. Smiles. Leaves quickly, embarrassed.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

This is your last chance to deal with it. So fucking deal with it.

11. EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY

Clint leaves the restaurant and goes into his car, waits inside.

12. EXT. OLD MANSION. DAY

An SUV sits parked in the drive. Engine off.

The RED OLDS sits parked next to it.

13. INT. SUV. DAY

Kevin sits in the passenger seat. Looks towards the door of the house. Surveys the damage done by vandalism. The broken windows. The front door.

BRENDA

Your brother creeps me out. You see the way he looks at me? At Zoe. He isn't right. He killed that girl, Kevin.

ZOE (O.S.)

What's wrong with him, mommy? Uncle Clint couldn't hurt anybody, right Daddy?

KEVIN

Mommy's got diarrhea of the mouth, honey.

BRENDA

I'm just saying. Your brother is a convicted killer.

Wouldn't it be better if it
were just us...

ZOE (O.S.)

What's wrong with Uncle Clint,
daddy? Is he retarded like
mommy says?

KEVIN

(calm)

I hear what you are saying,
Brenda. I hear the incessant
whining. The complaining. Your
excuses for this and that.
Your pathetic reasons for
being unhappy. I'm going to
act like I didn't hear that.
I'm gonna act like you are a
real person for once.

Brenda turns away. Looks out the window, avoiding
Kevin.

Kevin gets close, whispering in her ear.

KEVIN

Though, you talk like that
again about my brother, my
family and you will be sucking
food through a straw. Believe
that.

(to Zoe, easier)

No, honey, there's nothing
wrong with your Uncle. Mommy
had a temporary lapse in
judgement.

KEVIN

She's sorry she said that.

(to Brenda)

Ain't that right, dear?

He kisses her on the cheek. He opens the door, stands
there looking in.

KEVIN

Tomorrow we start the next
chapter in our lives.
Together. As a family.

Brenda not turning towards him.

ZOE (O.S.)
Bye, daddy!

14. EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

Kevin goes into the house

15. INT. SUV. DAY

CLOSE ON her face shows tears welling up in her eyes.
She holds it in.

Kevin closes the door. Waves by.

As soon as the door closes, Brenda puts it in reverse
and gets the hell out of there.

16. INT. OLD MANSION. BASEMENT.

Kevin wanders through the basement. Kevin eyes the
table and cement floor. Where the bodies once were.

17. INT. MERCEDES. DAY

Clint sits watching the rear-view.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
We wait. We talk to her is
all. See what happens.

WE GET A LOOK

At the restaurant through the back window of the
vehicle. The winter cold begging to come in.

Clint still sitting, checking his rear-view.

THE BACKGROUND blurry.

A unidentified RED CAR crosses within the view of the
back window and parks out of frame.

Through the windows of the restaurant the waitress grabs a jacket, leaves. She exits and crosses the parking lot.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
We play it cool. Ask her what she likes to do. If she wants to go for a drink.

Clint notices her in the rear view. Checks the side mirror.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
We go now if we are going.

He waits a moment before opening the door of the car.

We watch him move to the back of the car, stop at the trunk, open it.

18. INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

Kevin takes a black case and unfolds it.

19. EXT. MANSION. DAY.

Kevin drives away.

20. INT. MERCEDES. TRUNK.

Clint rummages through the trunk looking for something.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I told you we should've prepared for this.

Clint finds what he's looking for. A half-used roll of DUCT TAPE and a TIRE IRON. Closes the trunk.

BLACK SCREEN

21. EXT. RURAL ROAD. DAY

The old Mercedes cruises through an rural, two-laned street. Mostly farmland surrounding it.

22. INT. MERCEDES. NIGHT

Clint drives. Checks the rear view every now and then. Something up ahead causes him to panic.

CLINT

Shoot. Shoot. Shoot.

Road Construction. Slowing traffic in front of him. Several WORKERS waving flags. Clint pulls right next to one of the FLAGMEN. So close the guy could stick his head in the window, if it were open.

Clint avoids eye contact.

Finally past. Clint checks his rear view again. Leaving the road annoyance behind. Turns his head to get a look into the back seat.

THE WAITRESS

Bound and gagged lying on her side. She squirms. Muffled BREATHING through the duct tape. Fear in her eyes.

The old Mercedes drives along a similar, rural, two-laned road.

23. EXT. ROAD. DAY

The Mercedes pulls around.

Clint sits in the driver's seat. Tire iron in hand.

Checks the rear view. The waitress's face.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

At least cover the back seat.

CLINT

I'm so tired of feeling like this. I hate who I am.

Clint breaks down.

CLINT

Why did you kill those people?
 I hate you. I hate you. Why?
 What did I do!?

Clint's cries for help turn to anger. He grabs the steering wheel and shakes it violently, as if trying to pull it out of its place.

CLINT

I can control you. They're wrong. Wrong. I choose to listen to you. Follow your suggestions. My will over your instinct.

(crying)

CLINT

I just wanted to do right. Be good. That's all I ever wanted from you. Let me know I'd done good.

(to girl)

I'm not going to hurt you. I would never hurt you. It wasn't me that did it. I don't want to hurt anyone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

What are we having a pity party for Christ's sake? Get a hold of yourself.

Clint grips the handle of the tire iron. Prepares himself. The woman's scared face in the mirror.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Get on with it.

CLINT

It will never end. You will never leave me alone.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, for fuck's sake! Do it!
 You poor excuse for a...

BAM! Without hesitation, Clint takes the tire iron and bangs it against his own head. Does it again. BAM! Killing the voice.

Blood runs down his temple from beneath his winter hat.

Clint sits there a moment. Gets his bearing.

A UNEXPECTED RAP on the window breaks the tension.

Startled, Clint turns to look.

Through the driver's side glass, A POLICEMAN, about the same age as Clint, waits. Taps the window with the antenna of a RADIO. Motions for Clint to roll the window. Clint does reluctantly.

The cold air rushes in.

CLINT

Hi, Oscar.

The policeman leans down, gets a good look into the car, at Clint. Notices the trickle of blood down the side.

POLICEMAN

Everything okay, here? Are you injured.

CLINT

F-fine. Everything is fine.

The Policeman holds his gaze on Clint's face for what feels like forever. He then moves line of sight throughout the front seat. Holds on the tire iron a moment.

He slowly scans towards the back seat.

POLICEMAN'S POV

Shows an empty back seat. He scans the length of the backseat. Nothing there.

BACK TO SCENE

Clint stares straight ahead. Waits for the Policeman to visually move through each corner of the Mercedes. Finally back on Clint's face.

POLICEMAN

You know this ain't a place to be hanging out. Where's your brother? You want me to call him?

CLINT

(quick)

No.

POLICEMAN

Everything okay at home? Everything okay with your brother?

CLINT

Yep.

POLICEMAN

Things can get real tough out here. Man like you. Being in prison and all. Shame what happened to you back then. Sorry if I was ever mean to you.

Nothing from Clint. He's avoiding the familiar Policeman's stare.

POLICEMAN

Good to have you back, in any case. Just take care of what ever you need to take care of. But do it back at home. Not safe out here right now. Till things cool off for you. Clear?

CLINT

Clear.

POLICEMAN

You be safe, Clint.

Clint rolls the power window.

The policeman walks towards his waiting police cruiser.

Clint watches the Policemen walk towards the rear of the Mercedes, get in his running vehicle.

24. EXT. OLD MANSION. NIGHT

Clint's Mercedes pulls to the curb.

25. INT. OLD MANSION. BASEMENT

Clint goes into the basement.

26. INT. OLD MANSION. BASEMENT

An overhead light gently swings from the middle of the room. Beneath it, a table with the naked outline of a woman's body. The shadows obscuring her torso and face. YELLOW LEG WARMERS on her legs.

On a smaller table, a pair of hands unrolls a bundled white roll. Within it, metal instruments. Saws, metal scalpels, other cutting devices within smaller pockets.

The person's identity hidden within the dark shadows.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

What took you so long?

CLINT (O.S.)

Nothing.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

I was going to start without you.

Clint's voice coming from the stairwell. His shoes visible in the light. He descends the steps slowly.

Kevin reaches over and pushes the towards the stairwell, illuminating Clint coming down the steps. He lets it go, it swings back and forth over the woman's naked figure.

CLINT'S POV

Kevin sits over the small table, inspecting his tools.

CLINT

I don't want to do this, Kev.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

Remember our first girl?
Coffee colored hair. A hint of
red in her cheeks from the
cold.

FLASH OF IMAGES

Of a woman's flowing hair, rosy cheeks.

Clint takes a moment to reminisce.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

Touch of perfume.

Clint inhales, closes his eyes taking in the imagined
smell.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

Fifteen years I've waited for
this moment. For our time
together. We're a family
again, little brother. Isn't
it great?

Clint puts his hands on his ears. Squeezes his eyes
closed.

CLINT

No.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

It's okay, little brother.
Don't be ashamed of what we
did.

CLINT

No.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

You could have stopped it
anytime you wanted. But you
didn't.

CLINT

You're wrong.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

You can't just wake up one day
and forget about it. Pretend
it isn't there.

Clint approaches the table slowly.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

This is who we are, little
brother.

Kevin pulls a sharp instrument, a curved knife. Runs a
sharpening stone across it.

CLINT

I suffered in that place...
for you.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

I suffered the fifteen years
you did for both of us, little
brother. I was alone, like
you. Believe me, I suffered
immensely.

Clint moves around the table, towards his brother who
continues sitting. Runs his hand the short end of the
table. Inspects the peaceful face of the unconscious
waitress.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN

We are together again,
finally. Like a family.

Clint calmly walks right up to Kevin. Standing within
arms reach now.

CLINT

I don't want to do this, Kev.

Clint turns to look at his brother. They are now face
to face except Clint standing over his older brother.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN
You can't change it, little
brother. You're a convicted
killer.

CLINT
It wasn't me.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN
It's in your blood. Same as
mine. Instinct versus will.
Instinct wins every time. I
love you, Clint. You are
everything to me.

They stare at each other a moment. The swaying overhead
light behind them. The outline of the girl's body
beneath it.

CLINT
I don't want to do this, Kev.

Kevin's demeanor changes in an instant. Possessed by an
unseen evil.

MALE VOICE/KEVIN
You gonna fucking cry again?

Without emotion, Clint swings the crowbar, hitting
Kevin in the side of the head, instantly splitting his
skull, spilling blood.

Kevin falls to the ground. With a contained fury, Clint
hits Kevin's body multiple times. Blood splatters his
face with each THUD.

The swinging stops as suddenly as it began. Clint just
stands there. Stares at Kevin, unmoving.

BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
You can't just forget about
it.
(beat)

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
It is there forever. It was
there when you were born.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Before you were born.

THE END.