

TRIGGER

written by Easton Howell

Eastongeorgeworks@gmail.com  
941-993-2476

June 25th, 2020  
Seventh Draft



23 Ridge kicks the chair to the side, stepping closer to place the  
gun to Wren's neck once more, this time grabbing the back of  
his shirt and moving him backwards towards the door.

24 In an instant Wren is turned around, fist meeting Ridge square  
in the jaw, causing the detective to sway backwards. Wren snaps  
the gun out of his hands in one fluid motion, Ridge's hand  
folds with a pop and a cry of pain fills the air. Quickly Wren  
lunges forward, Ridge narrowly escapes the blow planting his  
unbroken hand against Wren's cheek with fury, followed by a  
knee to the chest.

25 The two figures go at one another with skill and precision. One  
blow after the other until Ridge falls to his knees with a  
grunt of exhaustion.

26 Wren picks up the gun that had been tossed to the side and  
crouches to face the bloody man before him, himself dripping  
red.

27 A moment passes.

28 Both men trying to catch their breath before:

29 WREN DEMSON  
30 Mom use to tell me I was gifted,  
you know?

31 Wren fiddles with gun. Succumbing to the predicament he is in.

32 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
33 She said I had a sense about me.  
Empathy? I think is what you call  
it.

34 The look on his face is unreadable. Glassy vision as if miles  
away.

35 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
36 Do you think she knew-  
37 (beat)  
38 That someday we'd end up here?

39 Ridge meets his gaze, exhaustion dripped from his eyes, a man  
at the end of his rope.

40 RIDGE WILSON  
41 Wren.

42 WREN DEMSON  
43 I wonder what she'd think of me  
now.

44 Wren cocks his head, gun still in hand. His voice distant,  
empty.

45 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
46 Her boy blood-covered and crazy. I  
bet she'd think she had nothing to  
do with it. Like I just cracked on  
my own.

47 (Beat)  
48 Do you think she thought I was  
gifted when I pulled her apart?  
Piece by piece.

49 The question hits Ridge square in the chest. His brother a boy  
left to fend off the wolves.

50 Ridge ponders the man before him with sincerity. He knows the  
time on the bomb is running out.

51 Wren then chuckles as if amused with the sad, broken man in  
front of him, amused at the scenario before him. Insanity a  
skin he slipped in and out of in ragged rhythm.

52 WREN DEMSON  
53 Don't act so sad, Wilson. You take  
me in, get a promotion, go home.  
No skin off your back.

54 Guilt crept through Ridge's body. A specific shade of blood  
he could never wash off his hands.

55 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
56 Did you really think one day we  
would sit and drink a cup of  
coffee? Be a family?

57 Ridge drips with regret-

58 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
59 I use to sit on the steps of my  
school and watch cars drive by. I  
thought maybe someday you would  
pull up and we'd drive off in your  
cruiser, away from mom and that  
shitty town-

60 (Beat)  
61 And than I would walk home alone.

62 Ridge's eyes are bloodshot and tear filled.

63 RIDGE WILSON  
64 I was a kid, Wren.

65 Wren smiles a sad smile.

66 WREN DEMSON  
67 And I was your brother.

68 A pause. Both brothers regarding one another before:

69 WREN DEMSON  
70 All those years getting the shit  
kicked out of me taught me  
something really valuable:  
71 We are the monsters we make.

72 RIDGE WILSON  
73 I didn't make you.

74 Another sad smile.

75 WREN DEMSON  
76 No. You didn't.

77 Wren cocks the gun with a click, ponders it.

78 He moves closer to Ridge, pushes the barrel of the gun into his  
shoulder.

79 Ridge winces, fear radiating off him.

80 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
81 You just didn't stop who did.

82 Wren is inches from Ridge, his breath hitting his face in  
puffs.

83 WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  
84 I think that no hand is heavier  
than a hand that does nothing.

85 Ridge's breathing steadies. He knows he's backed into corner.  
He has accepted it.

86 RIDGE WILSON  
87 You gonna kill me too?

88 Wren's eyes go soft. Clear. He's made his choice. He backs away  
mere inches.

89 WREN DEMSON  
90 No.

91 The realization clicks a second too late. Ridge lunges forward  
to no avail. The sound of a gunshot rings through the  
apartment.

92 Wren falls forward, his body heavy. Both brothers tumbling  
farther down onto the ground. One on top of the other.

93 The room is somehow darker than before, Ridge staring up into  
the ceiling, his brother heavy and bleeding atop him.

94 He cradles Wren like a child.

95 Sobs spilling out of him. Decades of sadness dripping onto the  
dingy floor beneath him.

96 Thunder is still cracking like a whip in the sky.

97 In the distance sirens can be heard.

98 SUPER: TRIGGER

99 FADE TO BLACK