

TRIGGER

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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