TRIGGER

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## EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- NIGHT

Rain falls with a roar, crashing against the world outside. RIDGE WILSON makes his way down a hallway, stopping mere feet from an apartment door. He takes a deep breath, pulling a pistol out of its holster with one hand and gripping the old door knob and twisting with the other. He pushes the door, it creeks open.

## INT. APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Ridge enters the apartment cautiously. It's eerily quiet, as if vacant. The walls gritty and untouched. Ridge moves forward, each step slow and silent until he reaches the end of the hall, opening up into a dimly lit living area that looks tossed and unkept.

Before him sits a FIGURE, unrecognizable in the dark.

The figure faces a giant board covered in red thread and photos of men and women exed out in black, files pinned next to each one. Ridge moves closer to him, slowly as to not give away his arrival, until the barrel of his gun meets the back of the figure's skull.

FIGURE

You found me.

RIDGE WILSON

Don't move.

A flash of lighting reveals the face of WREN DEMSON, he sighs in annoyance.

WREN DEMSON

Six years and this is how you great me?

Ridge presses the gun harder into his head.

RIDGE WILSON

Don't try me.

WREN DEMSON

You know I was beginning to think you wouldn't show.

Ridge motions against Wren's neck in an upward movement.

RIDGE WILSON

Stand up.

Wren slowly obeys, his hands raising above his head.

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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. 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. 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. Wren picks up the gun that had been tossed to the side and crouches to face the bloody man before him, himself dripping red. A moment passes. Both men trying to catch their breath before: WREN DEMSON Mom use to tell me I was gifted, you know? Wren fiddles with gun. Succumbing to the predicament he is in. WREN DEMSON (CONT'D) She said I had a sense about me. Empathy? I think is what you call it. The look on his face is unreadable. Glassy vision as if miles away. WREN DEMSON (CONT'D) Do you think she knew-(beat) That someday we'd end up here? Ridge meets his gaze, exhaustion dripped from his eyes, a man at the end of his rope. RIDGE WILSON Wren. WREN DEMSON I wonder what she'd think of me now.

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

empty.

45 46	WREN DEMSON (CONT'D) Her boy blood-covered and crazy. I bet she'd think she had nothing to do with it.Like I just cracked on
47 48	my own.  (Beat)  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 53	WREN DEMSON  Don't act so sad, Wilson. You take  me in, get a promotion, go home.  No skin off your back.
54	Guilt creeped through Ridge's body. A specific shade of blood he could never wash off his hands.
55 56	WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  Did you really think one day we would sit and drink a cup of coffee? Be a family?
57	Ridge drips with regret-
58 59	WREN DEMSON (CONT'D)  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 61	(Beat) And than I would walk home alone.
62	Ridge's eyes are bloodshot and tear filled.
63 64	RIDGE WILSON I was a kid, Wren.

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 76	WREN DEMSON 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 81	WREN DEMSON (CONT'D) 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 87	RIDGE WILSON You gonna kill me too?
88	Wren's eyes go soft. Clear. He's made his choice. He backs away mere inches.
89 90	WREN DEMSON 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

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FADE TO BLACK