

Bullet In The Brain

by

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Based on the story by Tobias Woolf

A BLACK SCREEN

SIRENS. SCREAMS. A HEARTBEAT. The sounds slowly grow in volume until,

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - LATE AFTERNOON

A busy bank on a busier street. ANDERS, a man in his 30s with a face in his 50s, briskly struts down the street towards the bank entrance.

He throws open bank doors and bursts in.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

A bank, attempting to mask its corporate blandness with the occasional splash of color and "quirky" art. It doesn't succeed. Anders grimaces, then turns to look at the line for the teller.

He grimaces even deeper.

He makes his way into line, and takes his place behind MARGARET.

Up at the front of the line, the TELLER (female, mid-40s) slides shut the teller booth with a SLAM. She flips around a small sign hanging from the glass: "Position Closed. Sorry!"

MARGARET

Oh, that's nice.

(turning to Anders)

Little human touches. Keep us coming back for more.

ANDERS

It's damned unfair. Tragic really.

She smiles and faces forward again.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

If they're not chopping off the wrong leg, or bombing your ancestral village, they're closing their positions.

She turns back, with the smile surprisingly nowhere to be seen.

MARGARET

I didn't say it was tragic.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I just think it's a pretty lousy way to treat your customers.

ANDERS

Unforgivable. Heaven will take note.

She looks past him, her face of disdain slowly shifting to one of fear. Anders turns around to follow her gaze and sees a GUNMAN in a ski mask and cheap blue suit, carrying a pistol and a pillowcase.

GUNMAN

This'll be easy. Just everyone stay cool. And any of you hits the alarm, you're all dead meat.

ANDERS

(under his breath)

Brava. "Dead Meat."

(to Margaret)

The stern, brass-knuckled poetry of the dangerous classes.

He turns to towards her and sees her crying silently.

He shrugs her off, turning to watch the spectacle of the robbery. The Gunman walks over to the TELLER and taps his gun against the glass.

The Teller, shaking, forces open the glass and starts shoveling money through it. The Gunman grabs the money and stuffs it in his pillowcase.

ANDERS

There you go. Justice has prevailed.

The Gunman notices him for the first time.

GUNMAN

Hey, wise guy! Did I tell you to talk.

ANDERS

No.

GUNMAN

Then shut your trap.

ANDERS

(to Margaret)

Did you hear that? "Wise guy."

(MORE)

ANDERS (CONT'D)
Someone tell Scorsese he's found
a new leading man.

MARGARET
Please be quiet.

GUNMAN
Hey, you deaf or what?

ANDERS
I just answered you, how could I
be *deaf*?

The Gunman walks over to him and sticks his pistol against the
side of his head.

GUNMAN
You think I'm playing games.

Anders stares directly into the Gunman's eyes. They are
bloodshot and terrified.

ANDERS
No.

GUNMAN
You like me wise guy?

He pushes the gun closer.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
You wanna suck my dick?

ANDERS
(smirking)
Not particularly.

GUNMAN
You think I'm comical? I'm some
kind of clown?

ANDERS
No.

GUNMAN
You think you can fuck with me?

ANDERS
No.

GUNMAN
Fuck with me again, you're
history. Capiche?

A beat. Anders face begins to contort. He knows better but by god he can't help it.

He bursts out laughing.

ANDERS
(between laughs)
Oh god- I'm- I'm- I'm sorry,
it's- Oh god- Capiche? It's just-

A GUNSHOT. The world slows down. As the sound of the gunshot rings louder and louder,

SLOW FADE TO:

A WHITE SCREEN

Everything is bright. Blinding. The ring of the gunshot becomes an overwhelming and indistinct hum.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

The sensory world blasts back, but as an old baseball field on a sunny afternoon. The sounds and sights fill every available space. You can almost smell the dust and chewing gum.

ANDERS is standing in the middle of the field, in shock. He looks around. He seems to recognize the place.

He turns and sees a horde of YOUNG BOYS, all around 13 and decked out in their dirty baseball uniforms. They're meandering around the field. Among them is COYLE and COYLE'S COUSIN.

COYLE
(turning towards him)
Hey Anders, get out here, we
gonna start!

Anders turns to walk towards them, when all of a sudden a YOUNG ANDERS (13) blasts past him and runs towards the group. Anders stops in his tracks.

YOUNG ANDERS
Sorry Coyle.

COYLE
All right, who's goin' where?

YOUNG ANDERS
Right. Same as always.

COYLE
I'll pitch.

COYLE'S COUSIN
I gotta be shortstop. Short's the
best position they is.

The world starts fading away. Anders stares at Coyle's cousin.
He blinks and the world resets, a few seconds earlier.

COYLE'S COUSIN
Shortstop. Short's the best
position they is.

He blinks. Repeat.

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| COYLE'S COUSIN | ANDERS |
| Short's the best | Short's the best |
| position they | position they |
| is. | is. |

Anders smiles. He looks towards his younger self, slowly
fading away.

ANDERS
They is. They is.

The last vestiges of this world disappear. As soon as the
image goes blank,

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BANK - IMMEDIATELY AFTER GUNSHOT

A close-up on Anders' face. His head, in slow motion, sinks
backwards towards the ground. Little drops of blood flicker
out from the bullet hole in his forehead. There's a smile on
his face.

SLOW FADE OUT:

SIRENS. SCREAMS. A HEARTBEAT. On the blackout, the HEARTBEAT
stops.

ANDERS (V.O.)
They is.

THE END