

Mock Sides: Original Scripts for Workshop Actors

CLEARED

Written by

David Dalton & Chad Schnackel

Pages: 3

Characters:

Darrell, male, 35+, African-American, retired ganster,  
Andrew, male, 30's, Caucasian, father of murder victim.

Synopsis:

Andrew uncharacteristically assaults Darrel and confronts him about allegations of the murder of his daughter.

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INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

DARREL lays on the floor unconscious from a blow to the head. His head is bloody. ANDREW sits in a chair holding a gun pointed at Darrel. His hands are shaking. Darrel slowly comes to and sees Andrew.

DARRELL  
What the hell. Who are you?

ANDREW  
Andrew Dern.

Darrel begins to rise, But Andrew pushes him back on the ground with his foot.

ANDREW  
Stay down.

Darrel swipes at his foot, but misses. Andrew points the gun at him.

ANDREW  
Stay ...down.

DARRELL  
What's this about?

ANDREW  
You don't recognize me? Maybe your vision is blurred. Let's hope it clears up soon. I want you to see me real clearly.

DARRELL  
Dern?  
(beat)  
Are you kidding me? You ain't letting this go? You know I was cleared of all charges.

ANDREW  
Cleared? You think you were cleared? You got off on a technicality. You're not cleared of anything.

DARRELL  
So, what are you going to do? Shoot me? Are you crazy?

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ANDREW

Nadine was only 9 years old. She was my whole life. I really don't care what happens to me or to you.

DARRELL

So, what do you want from me? I didn't do anything to her.

Andrew explodes.

ANDREW

Do not even try to deny it.

(pause)

The prosecutor wants another trial, file different charges. I'm not going to put my wife through any of this again. You are done. It ends here. **You** end here.

DARRELL

(laughing)

Tough little man. If you didn't have a gun in your hand, this would go down a lot differently.

(beat)

You want to kill me? Go ahead. Pull the trigger. Go on!

ANDREW

You're going to tell me exactly what you did.

DARRELL

You think so?

Darrel scoots away from him, then stands up.

DARRELL

Let me tell you what's happening to you right now. You got all this anger inside of you. Your adrenaline is pumping, but it's not from bravery, it's from fear. You are scared out of your mind.

Andrew stands with the gun pointed, ready to fire.

ANDREW

Get on the ground.

Darrel takes a step closer.

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DARRELL

I don't lay down for no one. You still want to kill me, then pull the trigger. I didn't kill your little girl.

ANDREW

I will kill you, nigger!

DARRELL

(laughing)

You just call me nigga? Oh my god, you are the farthest thing from gansta ...and I don't think you're even a racist.

ANDREW

You are not taking control of this situation. The fact remains, I'm the one with the gun.

DARRELL

You probably thought you'd come here with your gun, and get me to lay down and cry like a baby, plead for my life. Well I tell you, if I did all that, you still wouldn't kill me, anyway. You just want me to feel your pain. But I won't, cause I didn't do anything, and I don't respond to threats.

ANDREW

I *will* kill you.

DARRELL

No you won't. I am sorry you lost your kid, but I'm going to walk out that door. Then you're going to go home and have another cry. You'll hold your wife, you'll fill your heart with more hate. But you ain't going to shoot me.

Darrel walks toward the door. Andrew pulls back the slide of his gun. Darrel hesitates, but does not turn around, he continues to walk away.

Andrew falls to his knees and cries.

FADE OUT.