

RIFTS

Written by

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INT. HOTEL - ROOM 205 - NIGHT

Broken blinds. The front door hangs off the hinges. Blood stains the walls.

A DEAD MAN, 34, and a DEAD WOMAN, 36, lie face down on the ground. Bullet casings litter the floor. A gun lays by the broken front door.

A WOUNDED MAN, 37, slams against the wall. JOHN, 42, in bloody clothes, beats him down and aims a revolver at him.

The Wounded Man glares at him.

WOUNDED MAN

You goddamn idiot! Do you realize what you've done? Danny's coming for your head now. Just you wait!

John grits his teeth. He pulls the trigger. THREE GUNSHOTS. The Wounded Man dies. John lowers the gun and inspects the corpse. A tiny body cam WHIRS.

JOHN

You've got to be kidding me!

He smashes the body cam against the wall.

The Dead Man, now known as MICHAEL, sits on one of the beds. He inspects his bloody clothes and nods.

MICHAEL

Man, you shot the hell outta me. What are you? Former military? It's the only thing that makes sense.

John aims the revolver at him.

JOHN

How in the--

Michael smirks.

MICHAEL

Hey, I'd worry more about what my brother will do to you since he knows what you've done.

John drops the revolver. He falls on his hands and knees, and screams. Michael sits beside him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe that was a bit harsh, but do you want my advice or not?

John looks at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'd run. Far away. Somewhere nice
if you got the money for it.

John shakes his head.

JOHN
There's nowhere to run to!

Michael, confused, looks at him.

MICHAEL
So, you're just gonna let him kill
you? Come on, John. That's not even
your style.

John clenches his fists.

JOHN
Where the hell did you get that
from? I didn't even say that shit!

Michael raises his hands.

MICHAEL
Hey, you're not telling me anything
in terms of a plan, so what else do
you want me to do? Speculate?

John glares at him.

JOHN
Why the hell do you even care if I
have a plan or not? What's in it
for you?

Michael scratches his head.

MICHAEL
Uh, not a damn thing. If you die,
then that's on you.

John smacks his palm against his forehead.

JOHN
No shit, Sherlock. Anything else
you wanna point out or no?

Michael chuckles.

MICHAEL

Ah, good old sarcasm. Much better than going berserk and gunning people down, I'd say.

John glares at him.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, just speaking the facts, man. No need for the--

John slams him against the wall.

JOHN

Shut up! You're the one who caused all of this!

Michael raises his hands.

MICHAEL

Me? Come on, John. Why don't you take responsibility for once?

John releases him.

Michael brushes himself off.

JOHN

I know *exactly* what I've done, but what about you?

MICHAEL

What about me?

John points at him.

JOHN

How about you take responsibility for stealing my fucking wife?

He paces the room.

Michael shakes his head again.

MICHAEL

Stealing? Oh no, she came to me, John. So, remember that before you--

John punches the wall next to him.

JOHN

Bullshit! She loved me! We had a kid together, so that only leaves one explanation!

Michael glares at him.

MICHAEL

John, why would I need to lie? Come on, that's just--

John approaches a bookbag in the corner and pulls out a folder. He dumps out photos of DANNY, 38, and Michael handing money to FIVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN on the floor.

Michael looks at the photos. He nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh wow, you've been watching us. I didn't think you'd--

John slams him against the wall. He punches him. They fall, but John gets on top of Michael and chokes him. Tears pour from his eyes. He screams.

Michael claws at John's hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Please!

John squeezes Michael's throat tighter.

JOHN

You... made her betray me!

Michael's eyes roll back into his head. John lets go of him and crawls back. He cries. Michael coughs and sits up.

MICHAEL

Why didn't... you keep going?

John glances at him.

JOHN

What's the point? I'll be just like you when your brother gets here.

Michael stares at him.

MICHAEL

John?

John glances at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Make the smart choice here.

John, confused, stares at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You know *exactly* what I mean.

John stands. He grabs the bookbag. Inside, suppressed and unsuppressed handguns with magazines and loose bullets.

They lock eyes and nod at each other.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Street lamps shine on a wet van that SCREECHES to a halt.

Five ARMED MEN, dressed in black, step out. They grip assault rifles in their hands and approach the stairs. They aim their weapons at Room 205.

INT/EXT. ROOM 205 - CONTINUOUS

John grabs the bookbag and flips the beds over.

Michael slides next to him.

MICHAEL
John, are you sure this will work?
This ain't the movies, you know?

John shoots him a glare.

Michael raises his hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Alright, alright.

The Armed Men storm inside. GUNSHOTS. Clumps of feathers spew from the mattresses.

John waits, leans out, and shoots two unsuppressed handguns.

Three Armed Men fall. The last two Armed Men stumble out of the room. They shoot through the window. Glass, dust, and debris flies through the air.

John lies on his stomach. Michael laughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Come on, John, you got this shit!

John closes his eyes. The Armed Mens' guns CLICK. He leaps out and fires five shots at the window. The two Armed Men tumble over the balcony and hit the ground with a THUD.

Michael claps.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Way to go, John!

John nods at him.

JOHN
This was the smarter choice.

Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL
Hey, I'm just glad I helped.

John stands. He looks out the window. His eyes widen.

Michael joins him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh, this is gonna be bad.

John glares at him.

HOTEL PARKING LOT

Another van SCREECHES to a halt beside the first van. FIVE MORE ARMED MEN brandish assault rifles and shotguns. They march up the stairs.

ROOM 205

John dives behind the beds. GUNFIRE. Dust, plaster, and debris fly through the air.

JOHN
Fuck!

Michael ducks beside him.

MICHAEL
This is not good, man!

JOHN
You think?

GUNFIRE. John screams and holds his arm. He leans out and fires five more shots. Two Armed Men drop, while the rest fire more shots at him. More feathers fly in the air.

John scoots against the mattresses and fires shots through them. Two more Armed Men hit the floor. He leans out and fires another five shots. The last Armed Man drops dead.

Michael looks at him.

MICHAEL

Come on, you can make it!

John grits his teeth.

JOHN

Yeah, let's hope I--

GUNSHOTS. John clutches his stomach and hits the floor. He scoots back against the wall and snatches up his fallen gun.

DANNY, 37, dressed in an expensive suit, steps inside. He walks towards John, then aims his assault rifle at him.

DANNY

You're gonna pay for killing him,
you mother--

GUNSHOT. Danny staggers and shoots back. The shots rip through John's chest, but he returns fire. Danny slams against the wall and holds his stomach.

John grabs him by the throat. He shoots him twice in the stomach. Danny pulls a knife and stabs him. John screams and drops the gun. Danny stabs him again, but John punches him.

They fall to the floor. Danny crawls for his gun, but John grabs the knife and stabs him in the back. Danny screams. John grabs both guns and sits up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You--

He lays his back against the wall.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm... gonna fucking... kill you
for what you've done.

John tosses one of the guns. He racks the second gun's slide and aims the gun barrel at Danny's forehead.

JOHN

Trust me, son. I'm... already dead.

Danny grits his teeth. Tears pour from his eyes.

DANNY

What did... my brother say before
you killed him?

John lowers the gun.

Danny glares at him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What did... he say?

John looks at the floor.

JOHN

Empty... threats and--

Danny clenches his fists.

John lowers his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He begged me... not to kill him.

Danny screams at him.

John presses the gun barrel against Danny's forehead.

DANNY

I hope you suffer in hell, you--

GUNSHOT. Blood and brain matter sprays the wall. Danny slumps to the floor. More blood seeps into the carpet flooring.

John puts the gun barrel underneath his chin, but tosses the gun away. He lies down and stares at the ceiling. The Dead Woman, now known as AMANDA, looms over him and smiles.

AMANDA

You don't have to feel guilty
anymore, okay?

John smirks.

JOHN

Please, we all... fucking got what
we deserved.

He closes his eyes.

THE END.