

Onus

by

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INT. WAREHOUSE

RACK: INTO FOCUS

Three men lay in a warehouse, unconscious. The first man ("GLOCK") is sitting on a chair, his head laid down on a tabletop. He's wearing a dark red button-down shirt and dark jeans. He's got a holster on his belt with a Standard Glock 17. The second man ("BERETTA") is sprawled on the floor. He's wearing a leather jacket and white shirt. He's holding a Gold Beretta V92F loosely in his hand. The third man ("COLT") is laying down against a wall. He's wearing a dark tan shirt and jeans. He's holding a Colt Detective Special 2". He has some grease on his hands.

Glock suddenly wakes and looks around the room. He coughs violently. Once he settles, he looks around the room. He notices first Beretta then Colt.

He stands up, holding his head. He GRUNTS. He looks around confused.

GLOCK
(to himself)
What the hell?

Glock stretches and notices the gun on his side. He takes it out and studies it. He pulls out the magazine and inspects the bullets.

GLOCK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Seems full.

Glock holsters the gun and checks out the guns the other two have. He kicks them away from the bodies. He checks his pockets. He pulls out a tape recorder from his front right pocket. He presses play.

GLOCK (CONT'D)
(recording)
To whom it may concern.

Beretta GRUNTS and startles Glock to shut the recorder off and hide the recorder. Beretta slowly pushes himself up.

BERETTA
I'm never drinking again.

Glock rushes over to him, helping him up. Beretta stumbles back and falls. He starts coughing. Glock lets him fall. He CHUCKLES. Beretta finally stops coughing and composes himself. He stands up.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
Somethin' funny?

GLOCK
No. Not at all.

Beretta looks around. He sees the guns Glock kicked.

BERETTA
What's up with that?

GLOCK
You two had guns.

Beretta looks around more, finding Colt. He points at him:

BERETTA
He dead?

GLOCK
Dunno.

BERETTA
What did you do to me?

GLOCK
Nothing.

Glock never breaches eye contact with Beretta.

BERETTA
Quit starin'. You don't say much,
huh?

PAUSE.

GLOCK
Nope.

Beretta LAUGHS and coughs slightly. Glock starts to walk to Colt with a grimace then breaks eye contact with Beretta, glancing at his pocket. He bends down to Colt. He checks his pulse.

GLOCK (CONT'D)
Still alive.

Colt suddenly pushes Glock's hand away.

COLT
Whadda!

Colt screams gibberish and stumbles away from Glock against the wall. He looks around the room, in a half daze. He sees Beretta. He looks back at Glock.

COLT (CONT'D)

Who are you guys? What did you do to me?

GLOCK

Nothing. We're in the same situation.

BERETTA

I'm am, this dude isn't. This guy put us here.

Colt is angry at Glock.

COLT

What?

GLOCK

What the hell?
(to Colt)
He's not serious.

BERETTA

Just making things interesting.

Glock rolls his eyes.

GLOCK

So you don't remember anything?

PAUSE. Colt thinks.

COLT

Nope. You guys?

Glock looks down then at Beretta. He's picking up the guns.

BERETTA

Remember your name?

COLT

No. Then I guess we're all in the same boat.

BERETTA

And it's sinking.

Glock stands up and walks over to Beretta.

GLOCK
What are you doing?

BERETTA
Evening the score.

Beretta tosses the Colt to Colt. He catches it, confused. He looks back up.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
Hope you don't mind, I like the
color on this one.

Colt checks the bullets in his gun.

COLT
Well at least it's full.

Beretta checks the magazine in his gun. He slowly replaces it and holsters it in the back of his pants.

GLOCK
So, now that we all know who we
aren't, let's try to find out who
we are. Any ideas or clues?

Colt shakes his head.

COLT
We should probably figure out why
we're here.

BERETTA
You remember anything more than
five seconds ago?

GLOCK
He's right. Without a memory,
figuring anything out is pretty
useless.

Beretta reaches in his pockets. He pulls out cigarettes and a lighter.

BERETTA
Thank God.

He quickly lights one. As Colt holsters his gun in the front of his pants:

COLT
Can I get one?

Beretta toss the pack and lighter to Colt. He takes a quick drag. Colt lights one up. He takes a drag and lets the cigarette hang in his mouth. He pats his pockets down.

BERETTA

Red shirt, you got anything in your pockets?

Glock shrugs and checks his pockets. He pulls out the tape recorder. Colt stands up and Beretta walks toward Glock.

BERETTA (CONT'D)

When were you gonna tell us about this?

GLOCK

I didn't know.

A BEAT.

COLT

Play it.

Glock rewinds it.

GLOCK

It's not at the beginning.

Beretta shoots him a suspicious look. Glock presses play. There's a short PAUSE.

GLOCK (CONT'D)

(recording)

To whom it may concern. The three of us are here for a reason. I'm sure you can put together the pieces.

Beretta rolls his eyes.

GLOCK (CONT'D)

(recording)

We can't live with what has happened so we've decided to end it. We love you, Laura.

A BEAT of SILENCE. Glock presses stop. Colt looks around frantically and runs to the only door. Locked. He walks back, defeated. PAUSE.

Beretta claps his hands.

BERETTA

Well, it seems as if you did this
to us, Red.

GLOCK

I didn't do anything.

He swings out the Beretta from behind and points it at Glock.

BERETTA

I'm not taking any chances.

Glock raises his hands.

BERETTA (CONT'D)

Give me the tape recorder.

COLT

Easy, man.

Colt holds up his hands in defense. He inches toward Beretta.

GLOCK

It's OK. I'll give him the tape
recorder.

Colt stops and Glock moves simultaneously. He hands Beretta the recorder and he snatches it with his left hand. He pockets it in his left pocket. Glock takes a few steps away. Colt walks up next to Glock, they both stop next to each other.

COLT

Alright, now, we need to work
together. It doesn't matter who put
us here. We're in it together.

Beretta holsters his gun in the back of his pants.

COLT (CONT'D)

I've got a question we should
probably focus on.

GLOCK

What's that?

COLT

Who's Laura?

PAUSE.

BERETTA

I know who Laura is.

COLT

What?

Colt tries to take the gun out of his pants but stumbles when Glock runs off:

GLOCK

You did this!

Glock tackles Beretta. Beretta drops his gun, Glock's holster comes undone. Colt runs to them, dropping his gun. Glock rears to punch Beretta, but Colt holds him.

COLT

Fucking stop it!

Colt pulls Glock off and throws him.

COLT (CONT'D)

Cool it!

Colt turns and points at Beretta.

COLT (CONT'D)

Explain yourself.

Beretta stands up.

BERETTA

Thanks.

Glock is angry but makes himself comfortable on the ground; he rests his arms on his knees.

BERETTA (CONT'D)

Laura's my sister. I don't remember much, but she's blood. I think I can understand me being here if I were involved in her death.

GLOCK

Whoa. Her death?

COLT

Oh shit.

GLOCK

What do you mean?

COLT

Oh fuck.

BERETTA
Why else would we punish ourselves,
Red?

Glock looks down in disbelief. He's trying to remember.

COLT
Oh fucking shit.

GLOCK
What the fuck is wrong with you?

COLT
We must've been involved in her
death.

GLOCK
Why do you say that?

COLT
Why are we here?

GLOCK
You tell me. You set us up.

BERETTA
We're going in circles.

Glock springs up after grabbing the closest gun, the Colt. Beretta grabs the Glock. Colt quickly reacts and picks up the Beretta.

GLOCK
Do you remember anything?

COLT
I fucking hope not.

BERETTA
That's all I remember.

GLOCK
Why do you hope not?

PAUSE. Beretta looks at Colt. Glock looks at Beretta.

COLT
'Cause if any of us do.

A BEAT.

COLT (CONT'D)
Then maybe we'll all want to die.

PAUSE. Beretta drops his arm to their side, followed by Colt and Glock, who hesitates. Glock drops his face in his hands. Beretta swings his head back and SIGHS.

COLT (CONT'D)
Right now I don't want to die.
Yourselves?

Glock shakes his head in his hands. Beretta picks up the holster and buttons it onto his belt.

GLOCK
Fuck this. I want out.

BERETTA
Obviously, no one's going anywhere.
We made sure of it.

They all sit in SILENCE. Beretta walks slowly to the table and sits. He drops his head onto the table.

COLT
Anything else on the tape?

BERETTA
Not sure.

Beretta pulls out the recorder and rewinds it a little. He places it on the table, upright. He presses play.

GLOCK
(recording)
...end it. We love you, Laura.

PAUSE. A click, electronic silence then another click with a little bit of static.

COLT
(whispering, recording)
If you're still in the room, leave.
The gas cocktail is rigged to be
exposed every fifteen minutes.
(coughs over Glock's
dialogue)

Glock spins to Colt.

GLOCK
What?

COLT
(whispering, recording)
Death is too easy. We deserve more.

A click. Beretta stops the recorder and pockets it.

Glock and Beretta stare at Colt. Glock steps away from him.

GLOCK

What the fuck are you doin', man?

Glock aims at Colt. He's angry. Colt attempts to say something, but is interrupted by Glock pulling back the hammer. Colt swallows. Beretta watches, twisted in the chair.

BERETTA

Cool it, Red.

Glock starts to break down. He lets his aim drift down, he starts to cry.

GLOCK

I don't want to die.

Glock drops down in a crouch position and lets the gun drop. Colt eases.

PAUSE.

COLT

Alright, so we've got about five minutes until the gas comes.

BERETTA

According to you.

COLT

Right.

Beretta springs up and walks around, looking at the warehouse.

BERETTA

No windows, door is sealed.

Glock's head is resting in a hand:

GLOCK

No escape.

COLT

My ass no escape.

Colt runs to the locked door and starts kicking frantically. He looks at the base of the door, on the floor. He sees shell casings.

COLT (CONT'D)
How many bullets do you have left?

He looks up to the other two. Glock rubs his eyes.

GLOCK
Full mag in the Glock.

Beretta rubs the back of his neck.

BERETTA
Two in the Beretta.

Glock whips to look at Beretta. He picks up the Colt by his feet and stands up. Colt looks down at the Beretta in his hands. Beretta freezes.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
(jokingly)
What?

Beretta CHUCKLES.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
(serious)
What?

Colt slowly makes his way back to the other two.

COLT
What else are you fucking hiding,
man?

GLOCK
Why did you ask that?

COLT
'Cause he was hiding the bullets
thing.

GLOCK
No, why did you ask about the
bullets?

COLT
Shell casings by the door.

GLOCK
So maybe he was shooting up the
door, trying to get out.

COLT
Door is clean. No indents or
anything.

GLOCK
You think there was someone else?

COLT
Oh shit. You killed Laura, man!

Glock and Colt look to Beretta. He's got his gun aimed at
Glock. His eyes are teared up.

GLOCK
Shit, you did.

BERETTA
(quietly)
Shut the fuck up.

Beretta's hand shakes a little.

COLT
You remember.

Glock glances at Colt then back at Beretta.

BERETTA
Yea.

GLOCK
Hey, maybe you should.

Beretta cuts him off:

BERETTA
I'll fucking do what we came here
to do.

GLOCK
I don't know what you remember, but
I'm sure it's not worth dying over.

BERETTA
(getting hysterical)
You fucking don't know ANYTHING. If
only you hadn't. Oh, and you.

Beretta aims the gun at Glock.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
You should have known better. She's
your goddamned wife.

Glock checks his ring finger, empty.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
You should have.
(holds in the tears)
We're all to blame, here.

COLT
You're full of shit.

BERETTA
If you'd remember, you'd do the
same thing.

GLOCK
Laura's my?

BERETTA
Wife.

COLT
Who is she to me?

BERETTA
Your lover.

Glock looks at Colt, angry.

GLOCK
What?

COLT
Hey, he's feeding you lies!

Suddenly, a loud SCREECHING noise echoes through the building, surprising Glock and Colt.

BERETTA
Kill him! He fucked your wife!

GLOCK
Shut up!

COLT
(to Beretta)
Don't do this. What was that?

BERETTA
Time's almost up.

The sound of gas flows and sprays into the room, echoing.

COLT
What the fuck?

BERETTA
(yelling)
You rigged this. You set us up. We
were supposed to fucking die. Not
live this fucking nightmare over
and over again!

GLOCK
Shut the fuck up!

Beretta swings his gun up, aimed at Glock. Glock aims at
Colt, Colt aims at Beretta.

BERETTA
Now we've got the right idea. On
the count of three. Ready?

COLT
Don't do it, man.

BERETTA
Three.

GLOCK
You guys are fucking nuts.

Glock runs to a wall and starts slapping and kicking it.

GLOCK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Someone get us the fuck out of
here! Help us!

Glock starts coughing violently. Colt and Beretta watch.
Glock stops slumps down, using the wall to stay up. He
collapses, knocked out.

COLT
What the fuck?

BERETTA
Two left.

Colt starts to cough.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
Do it, quick.

Colt brings the hammer back of his gun and tries to aim, but can't because he's coughing. Beretta closes his eyes tight. Colt collapses, knocked out.

Beretta drops his arm to his side, disappointed. He staggers over to the table and sits. The gas is starting to affect him, making him slur his speech slightly. He looks at the Glock in hand.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
I didn't want to go out like this.

He holds the gun to his temple. He starts to cry.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Laura.

He starts to squeeze the trigger. His eyes roll into his head and he collapses before he could fire.

RACK: OUT OF
FOCUS

CREDITS

RACK: INTO FOCUS

Beretta swings his head up, coughing. He holds the gun up and inspects it. He looks around the room.

BERETTA (CONT'D)
What the hell?

CUT TO: BLACK

END.