

SCORP

by  
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CY, late-20s, early-30s, white, brown hair, bearded and scruffy, jolts awake with a ragged gasp for air. He is buried, waist-deep, in the dry and cracked dirt of a dry lake in a desert valley. He is shirtless, bruised and bloodied. A few feet in front of him is a corpse, also buried in the dirt. The corpse is face down in the dirt, a pool of blood seeping around his head. Two heavy clubs lie around the two men, both out of reach of CY. Half-buried between the two men is a sheriff's badge.

CY looks around in confusion, straining to see in all directions, but failing to see anything but cracked dirt and shrubbery on the horizon. The sun beats down hot, and he hears the cawing of vultures and crows.

Starting to panic, CY tries to pull himself out, but the cracked and dried dirt is like cement around his waist. Attempting to dig himself out only results in bloodied fingers. Breathing heavily, he strains to reach one of the clubs, but it sits far out of his reach. Despite the vastness of the plain, the intensity of the sun makes CY feel trapped and claustrophobic, he thinks he may also be hallucinating. Struggling harder, he wrenches himself to the side and cuts his hip on the dirt shards entrapping him.

Cursing, CY looks down and notices that the blood seeping from him has softened a corner of the dirt shard into mud. He crumbles a bit of his tomb away between his fingers. He starts to breathe more normally as the way out of this nasty predicament comes to him.

He begins to viciously jerk his upper body around, cutting his legs and waist on the jagged dirt. He grunts in pain, but the dirt starts to soften around him. CY hears something and looks up. Atop the corpse is a gigantic black scorpion, stinging the corpse's back, again and again. Almost as if the scorpion senses CY's attention, it scurries out of sight behind the corpse. Newly motivated, CY twists faster and more violently. Concentrating on his liberation, CY doesn't notice the scorpion sneak all the way behind CY, drawn by the scents of blood and sweat. CY senses something behind him and he valiantly tries to twist around and see as the scorpion scurries closer. CY is helpless to stop the scorpion as it stings him in the lower back. CY looks up into the sky and screams.

Cut to black.

2 EXT. DESERT. LATE AFTERNOON. 2

Opens on a flat, deserted desert plain, radiating heat from its scorching surface. A hand SLAMS down into the dust in the foreground, and it is CY dragging himself forwards. He is groaning in pain, but he shakily stands upon the plain. His pant legs are completely blood-soaked, dripping pools of blood that sizzle like an egg on a skillet. Footsteps trail off across the black sand dunes toward a nearby mountain range. CY follows.

CY crosses rock beds, sand plains, and dunes on his way towards the town.

3 EXT. MOUNTAINS. LATE AFTERNOON. 3

CY is seen stumbling in the rocks, from a long shot. In the distance, he sees the town, nestled in the mountains. A teenage GIRL, hiding behind a cactus, sees CY and runs off to warn the town. His shuffle speeds up.

An OLD MAN is nailing a new sign up to a tattered and beaten wood post. The old signs read "SCORP" & "Pop. 28."

The OLD MAN is nailing up a new sign that reads "Firearms prohibited." He hears CY coming over the hill, and he hobbles back into town, frightened.

4 INT. SALOON. EVENING. 4

The GIRL rushes into the deserted saloon, calling out to the bartender, KARA.

GIRL  
(*breathless*)  
KARA, he's back.

KARA  
(*sharp, impatient*)  
Which one?!

The GIRL looks down at the floor and shakes his head. KARA looks down and turns from the bar.

KARA (CONT'D)  
(*softly*)  
God--(*chokes off*)

There is a pause. The GIRL shifts uncomfortably. KARA pours a shot and turns to the bar with the shot glass and bottle. Her face is set, betraying no emotion. Instead of the shot glass, KARA swigs from the bottle, liquor running down her neck.

KARA (CONT'D)  
(*cold, intense*)  
Go. Get your weapons.

5 EXT. SCORP. EVENING.

5

CY steps up to the beginning of Main Street, really, the only street of Scorp. There is no one out in the streets, and CY stops before the first set of buildings. He looks around suspiciously, still swaying drunkenly on his torn legs. We start to see snippets from inside houses and behind buildings: the viewpoint of weapon's sights. A slingshot being stretched. A knife being sharpened. A bow-and-arrow being drawn, and a spear being cocked.

CY reaches into his pocket, grabs a hold of something and thrusts it into the sky. It is the sheriff's badge that was half-buried in the sand between CY and the corpse. It's a stunning image: A battered and bloody man, holding a badge up in the sunset, demanding entry into a dead town. He stays still for awhile, still wary. The carriers of the weapons start to stand down. CY lowers his badge and walks into town. However, the person holding the bow and arrow is still aiming the arrow at CY. As he gets closer, the bow fires. The arrow springs out from the bow, and strikes CY in the shoulder. He screams out and falls to the ground.

KARA walks up to CY, the bow in hand. Mercilessly, she grabs CY by the arrow in his shoulder and starts to drag him up to the front of the main building of Scorp. CY is too weak to struggle. In front of the building, KARA drops CY. She breaks off the arrow in his shoulder, then cocks another arrow, pressing it into CY's cheek.

There is a pause, a long, long silence. CY looks up at KARA's face.

CY  
(*softly*)  
Why?

No answer.

CY (CONT'D)  
 Whatever you want, whatever you need,  
 I'll make it work.

Silence. KARA pushes the arrow harder into his cheek.

CY (CONT'D)  
 Please.

Everything CY says makes KARA push the arrow further in.

CY (CONT'D)  
 Come on! Stop!!

One of KARA's fingers slips, the arrow nearly coming loose.

CY (CONT'D)  
*(admitting quickly)*  
 I-I can't remember!

KARA's face comes up. She wipes her face, re-hardens.

KARA  
 After all this time, your stupidity still  
 stuns me.

CY  
 Please. Just . . . Who, who-

KARA fires the bow, the arrow firing off to the side in the bushes. CY jumps.

KARA  
*(screaming)*  
 A monster! The things you've done- You  
 weren't supposed to come back!

Townspeople, including the BOY and an OLD MAN, start to come out of their homes and gather just down the road from KARA and CY.

KARA throws her bow down to the ground, angrily grabs CY's hand, with the sheriff's badge still in it, and presses it to her stomach.

KARA (CONT'D)  
 Here! Why don't you take the next one  
 now! Right here!

CY looks at his hand, then at KARA's face. It finally clicks and he pulls his hand away quickly, as if from a hot dish. He looks horrified.

CY

*(humble, internal)*

What!? No. I-I don't know. Who he was.

He looks at the badge in his hand, then at KARA.

KARA

Its yours. Always has been.

CY opens his mouth a few time, but can't get anything out. KARA is infuriated by this, she wants him to realize that a reckoning is at hand. She starts stalking amongst the townspeople, telling him the story, showing him his victims.

KARA (CONT'D)

You've taken our hands, our legs, our men. You took our son's eye out with a belt buckle! Do you expect mercy when his body is out on the flats, being devoured by vermin?!

CY

*(remembering a word)*

The--*basura*?

KARA

Yes. The *basura*. He challenged you and for once you accepted. Do you feel like a man now? Killing a child, bashing his brains in with a club?!

CY

Why--

KARA runs up to him fast, her bow coming off the shoulder, finally furious enough to kill.

KARA

What!? WHAT did you say?!

CY

*(simple, sad)*

Why am I the monster?

KARA stops. She looks at him, *really* looks at him. In a flash, her anger is gone. She holds eye contact with CY, for however wounded and decrepit he may be, CY still holds power over KARA.

CY tosses the badge in the sand.

CY (CONT'D)  
*(whispering)*  
 I. Don't. Remember.

There is a long silence. KARA and CY staring at each other, trying to decide the difference between truths and lies. KARA makes a decision and starts moving toward CY, an almost hopeful air about her.

OLD MAN  
 It needs to be safe, Kara.

KARA stops. She is still staring at CY, confused. OLD MAN throws a small handgun to her. KARA catches it, but purposely drops it in the dirt in front of CY.

The townspeople gasp, then silence. CY's gaze never wavers from KARA.

CY  
 Guns aren't allowed here.

KARA  
 This one's an exception. Just for today.  
 Just for you.

CY  
*(sincerely)*  
 Kara. I'm sorry.

CY takes something out of his pocket. Its a penny. He holds it up to KARA. KARA leans down to pick up the gun.

CY (CONT'D)  
*(pleading)*  
 Who--who was he?

OLD MAN  
 Kara-

CY  
 Who-

KARA  
 I know.

KARA levels the gun at CY's temple.

KARA (CONT'D)  
 It needs to be safe. *(she takes his penny, holds his hand)* For Joshua. *(she touches her stomach)* For Jane.

CY looks down, mouthing their names, hearing them for the first time. He almost smiles. KARA shoots. CY falls to the ground. KARA leans down to pick up the badge, slipping the penny into her pocket.

KARA (CONT'D)

It's over. He's gone. (*whispering*) You're free.

The people begin to whisper to each other, excited.

KARA closes CY's eyes, showing real grief. She turns and stands, her face now hard confident, holding the badge up high.

KARA (CONT'D)

(*shouts*)  
You're free.

The crowd is excited, but celebrate away from KARA, aware that she is now the power in the town. We pull back on the crowd, the badge in the air, a town reborn.

THE END.