

1 OLD WOUNDS 1

FADE IN:

2 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 2

A lone mobile home sits off a rural two lane road.

An old but well cared for car pulls up to the trailer.

The door opens and STUART PERCY (28) steps out. He's short, skinny, wears thick glasses and has a strong limp due to deformed legs.

He walks up to the mailbox next to his trailer, pulls some mail out, studies it. One letter catches his attention. He opens the envelope, starts to read.

He climbs the stairs to the trailer while he reads.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TRAILER - DAY 3

The trailer is far from fancy, but very neat and tidy.

A tuxedo cat sits waiting at the door.

The front door opens, Stuart walks in still reading the letter. He shuts the door, pets the cat without taking his eyes from the letter and heads into the kitchen area.

He finishes the letter, ponders for a moment then grabs a red marker from the counter, circles one of the dates on a calendar on the wall.

CUT TO:

4 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT 4

Stuart sits on a couch in front of a television with a geeky tech show on. A few beer bottles adorn the table.

His gaze is fixed ahead on nothing. Without moving his eyes, he drains another bottle.

His lower lip quivers slightly, a tear forms in the corner of his eye. He wipes it with the back of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

The cat jumps up into his lap, a slight smile on his face as he pets it then wipes another tear from his eye.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TRAILER - DAY

5

Footsteps climbing the steps up to the door are heard.

The door opens, Stuart steps in. He carries a large cardboard box, kicks the door shut with his foot, continues into the kitchen.

He places the box on the kitchen table, pulls some papers out from his back pocket, spreads them out on the table.

Stuart has a determined look on his face.

He feeds the cat, gets a pot of coffee brewing.

CUT TO:

6 INT. TRAILER - DAY - LATER

6

With a coffee cup in hand Stuart sits down at the kitchen table, peers at the sheets of paper, arranges them in a certain order.

He pulls the cardboard box closer to himself, checks inside, picks up one of the pages on the table and studies it, then reaches into the box and pulls out a brown paper bag filled with something heavy.

He gets up, strides over to the kitchen counter, grabs a roll of paper towels, a box of Ziplock sandwich bags and heads back to the table.

He checks the sheet of paper again, cracks and stretches his fingers then picks up one of the sandwich bags, fills it with sharp nails from the paper bag and zips it shut.

He grabs another Ziplock bag, repeats the procedure.

A hint of meanness appears on his face as he grumbles.

STUART

Danny Carlson... Broken anyone's jaw lately?... Every time I eat soup, I still think of you.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

He zips another bag shut.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TRAILER - DAY - LATER

7

Twenty sandwich bags stuffed with nails are neatly stacked on the table.

Stuart studies a second sheet of paper, reaches into the box, pulls out a five inch long metal pipe and places it on the table then takes out a big plastic container and two metal caps.

With the pipe in one hand he grabs one of the metal caps with the other and screws the cap onto one end.

Next he pulls off a sheet of paper towel, tears it in half and stuffs it into the pipe, pushing it down with a plastic stick.

There's great sadness on his face.

STUART

Stephanie Starr...I loved you. I would have done anything for you.

He pauses for a moment, stares straight ahead then stabs the stick hard repeatedly into the pipe as sadness is replaced by anger and hurt.

STUART (CONT'D)

You betrayed me. You set me up!

He opens the plastic container, pours the pipe full with black powder.

STUART (CONT'D)

Why did you do it?...Why?

He grabs the second cap with a hole in it, picks up an electrical wire and runs it through the cap.

Beads of sweat forms on his forehead, his tongue sticks out of the corner of his mouth as he concentrates.

He smears some Vaseline on the threads of the pipe, screws on the cap with the wire then tapes a bag of nails around the outside of the pipe.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

He leans back, solemnly admires his work.

CUT TO:

8 INT. TRAILER - NIGHT - LATER

8

Stuart works at the kitchen table under a desk lamp.

Nineteen pipes just like the first one are lined up on the table like soldiers in attention waiting for inspection.

Stuart pours black powder into the last pipe, runs his fingers almost lovingly alongside it then suddenly grabs it tight with his hand until his knuckles whiten.

STUART

Kenny Brinkman... Not a day goes by that I don't think of you.

He smears Vaseline on the threads of the pipe, screws on the last cap with a wire attached.

STUART (CONT'D)

Do you still enjoy taking a piss on other people?

With a grimace on his face he slams it down on the table.

STUART (CONT'D)

You probably do...

CUT TO:

9 INT. TRAILER BEDROOM - DAY

9

The sun is low in the sky, it shines a golden ray of light through the small window.

A very somber Stuart stands in front of a large mirror wearing big boxers, an undershirt and black socks.

He takes down a crisp white shirt hanging on a hanger on the door, puts it on then does the same with his suit pants that hang in a dry-cleaning bag.

He studies himself in the mirror from all angles, puts on a pair of shoes then turns to his bed.

The cat sits on the bed next to a black vest with the twenty pipes attached to it.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

He pets the cat, picks up the heavy vest, carefully puts it on.

He checks the wires that lead to a small **detonator** with a push button on it.

He slips the detonator into his pant pocket, grabs the **suit jacket** from a hanger, carefully puts it on, buttons it and checks himself in the mirror again.

The vest is virtually invisible on his skinny frame.

He puts his hand in his pant pocket and feels the detonator. It too is invisible.

Stuart steps closer to the mirror, looks himself in the eyes for a moment, nods slightly and leaves the bedroom.

CUT TO:

10 INT. TRAILER KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Only the sun's last rays of the day provide visibility.

Stuart enters from the bedroom with the cat in tow.

The cat stops at his dish on the floor, eyes Stuart and meows.

With loving strokes he pets the cat then takes out a **large bowl**, fills it up with cat food.

Stuart marches to the **calendar** on the wall, grabs the **red marker** from the counter, stares at the calendar for a moment then makes an X across the circled date.

He looks around the trailer one last time, feels the vest underneath the jacket, checks the pant pocket.

A determined look comes over his face, he takes a deep breath then walks out.

Close on calendar: Inside the circle reads "High School reunion".

(O.S) The sound of the **front door** opening and closing.

FADE OUT: