

DEFIANT

by

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EXT. OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA - DAY

A buoy floats in the calm water.

A doll is tied to it with an **X** sharpied to its forehead.

A GUNSHOT ECHOES.

Within seconds a bullet pierces the **X** and comes out the other side of the doll's head and splashes into the water.

A RIFLE BARREL

There is a CLICK as small fingers load a bullet, then--

BOOM!

A bullet spits out the barrel. We TRACK it to the--

THE DOLL HEAD

Where it rips through the doll's right painted blue eye.

RIFLE SCOPE

A tiny eye peeks through. Belongs to PAIGE, 11, cute as a button, orange highlights in her hair. She lies on her belly on the bow of a 17 foot fishing boat with her rifle aimed.

Her dad, LUKE looks through binoculars, smoking.

He's in his 30's. Has long hair pulled back in a pony tail, revealing a face blanketed with thick stubble, in dire need of a shave. He Wears surfer shorts and a muscle T-shirt.

He puts the binoculars down. Grabs a beer from a cooler where Coors and chocolate milk poke out of the ice. Takes a chug.

LUKE

That's one way to get rid of all
your dolls.

PAIGE

I'm too old for dolls.

Paige pulls the trigger. The bullet rips the doll's head from the buoy. SPLASHES into the water. He grins.

LUKE

You're just about as good as your
old man!

Paige, soaking in the praise, grabs a chocolate milk from the cooler and chugs it down like her dad. Looks at her shooting.

A dozen buoys float around their fishing boat, all populated with headless dolls and their bullet tattered bodies. Dolls of all kinds, from every era of childhood.

A sliver of Santa Monica sits in the far distanced horizon.

Two fishing poles are harnessed to the deck, fishing lines in the water.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Okay, now stand up.

PAIGE

C'mon dad, do I have to?

LUKE

Hey, practice makes--

PAIGE

...perfect, I know. Fine. But don't blame me if I hurt you.

Luke laughs. Funny girl. Paige stands up and stands in front of Luke with a sigh. She knows the drill.

Luke puts down his beer. Grabs Paige and puts her in a choke hold. Grabs one wrist and brings it behind her back.

LUKE

Okay. I'm a child molester trying to kidnap you. You only have a five second window before you're gone forever. What do you do? What do--

Before he can finish, her right elbow rams into gut, and twisting out of his grasp, kicks his feet out from under him. He tumbles backward against the boat railing and falls overboard, splashing into the ocean, spitting water.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Damn it, Paige!

She knows she shouldn't, but LAUGHS anyway. She may be enjoying this a little too much. She throws him a life ring.

PAIGE

Sorry.

LATER

All the buoys are aboard the fishing boat. All the headless corpses swim in the ocean as Paige fishes them out of the water. Luke watches as he reels in the last of the fishing lines. Paige sees him watching her. Smiles.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
That was fun.

LUKE
Yeah. It was. Just play nice next time. Jeez.

Paige wears a shit-eating grin: *Maybe I will, maybe I won't!*

LUKE (CONT'D)
Of course, it would have been nice to catch at least *one* fish.

EXT. SANTA MONICA HARBOR - SUNSET

The fishing boat floats into dock. Luke jumps out and ties it down while Paige gathers their things together.

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A fully restored blue Chevy Nova, Luke's pride and joy, RUMBLES up into the driveway next to a green minivan. Luke and Paige exit the car, tired as hell. Walk toward home.

PAIGE
Mom's gonna be mad. We were supposed to be home before dark.

LUKE
It's all good. I'll just blame you.

He nudges her arm playfully with his elbow.

PAIGE
Like she'd ever believe you.

Luke stops suddenly, dizzy, in obvious pain. Has to hold onto Paige so he doesn't topple over.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
You okay, dad?

LUKE
Yeah. I just...

He shakes it off. Finds his balance. Sees her concern and hides the pain beneath a forced smile.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm good. Promise. Now let's get in before we really get into trouble.