

DADDY ' S BOY

Written by

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Logline: A tormented middle schooler confronts his bullies, after reconnecting with his estranged Dad.

INT. BUS - MOVING - MORNING

A cacophony of youthful conversation and laughter ripple through a school bus. A hodgepodge of mini jocks and nerd bombers play cards, and pass secret notes.

Amongst the fold, we find an aloof BILLY DUKES (12), freckled, pasty, with a red scar-like birthmark branded into his cheek.

A trio of wannabe BAD-ASS 8th graders, congregate and set their eyes on Billy. They're respectively JOHNNY, JOEY, and JEFFERY.

JOHNNY
(faintly)
1...2...3

A litany of spitballs HURL and SMACK the back of Billy's head. Laughter ensues, while Billy swats the swabs out of his hair.

The Bad-Ass trio whisper and break like a football huddle. Johnny plops on the seat beside Billy, while the other two tower behind his seat.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Hey Billy. All our parents are chaperones, but where's yours?

Billy hesitates to acknowledge him.

JOEY
Where's your dad? Oh yea! You don't have one!

A swell of cackling engulfs the bus. Beads of sweat form at Billy's brow, with his eyes still locked in on the photo.

JEFFERY
BILLY'S A BASTARD!

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP. This time in unison--

BAD-ASS TRIO
BILLY'S A BASTARD!

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP.

All the DAD chaperones run to break up the frenzy. They usher the trio back into their seats. A round middle-aged man, MR. GATES stops by Billy's seat.

MR. GATES

Are you okay?

Billy's mug is stone, while waterfalls cascade down his cheeks. He's enamored by a torn, fading polaroid photo. *A man's head is torn off, beside a woman holding a 2 year old -- is the best we can make out of it.*

EXT. CITY MUSEUM - MORNING

A police officer stands by their black and white cruiser. Between her ginger hair and blue eyes, we connect that this is Billy's mom, KAREN DUKES.

Students make their way off the bus in single file. Billy slugs off the bus with his head down.

KAREN

Chin up, Billy.

Billy's head shoots up. Karen smiles.

BILLY

Mom?! Does this mean you're coming?

Karen ruffles through Billy's hair, flashing him an endearing look.

KAREN

I'm sorry. You know I have to work.

His head bows, once more.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I don't like it either, but I need the overtime. We need the money.

Karen's eyes sweep over Billy, before she hugs him.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - MORNING

A murky, ancient space. Gargantuan, stately pillars. Immense staircases, curve and wind like a DNA strand. Rustic brown arches track from entrance to exit. Large windows, painted over that block the life of outside.

Students and chaperones pile in from the outside. Billy stands near the back, hoping not to be noticed.

A frail, and red-haired TOUR GUIDE, stands pat by the entrance. His yellowed teeth, distract you from his cheeky smile, and wrinkled uniform.

TOUR GUIDE

Welcome! We have a thrilling private tour prepared for you today. Now, before we get started, who wants to be my first helper?
(peers toward Mr. Gates)
I need someone to read the exhibit descriptions.

Mr. Gates combs over the eager, hand-waving students. He sees Billy with his head down, drifting in the back.

MR. GATES

Billy Dukes. Come on up.

The swell of students let out their disappointment. As Billy to the front, Johnny pushes Billy in the back.

TOUR GUIDE

Now, now boys. Everyone's gonna have a turn at it.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - LATER

HAMMER & SICKLE KILLER EXHIBIT

An immense glass case covers the offensive tools. The HAMMER has splotchy red stains on its long wooden grip, capped with a flat mallet face extending to a narrow point.

The SICKLE brandishes the same wooden grip, with red streaks. The scythe curves like a waxing moon crescent to a piercing point.

Billy stands lethargically by the tour guide.

TOUR GUIDE

Now, has anyone heard of the notorious "HSK"?

Everybody's faces are blank. The Tour Guide's eyes bulge and his voice crackles.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

The legend tells us, the Hammer-Sickle-Killer, wiped out 36 people in this town alone. He'd use rope or a plastic bag to stifle his victims.

(MORE)

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
 Then, he would finish them off,
 with a smash of his hammer, and a
stab of his sickle!

The tour guide catches himself.

RANDOM STUDENT
 Why did he kill them?

The tour guide moves closer to the group.

TOUR GUIDE
 (whispering)
 The first and last person he chose,
 were old classmates that picked on
 him.

For the first time, we see Billy's interest spring.

JOHNNY
 Can we touch that hammer and knife
 thing?

TOUR GUIDE
 No! Absolutely not!
 (calming down)
 Sorry. I mean. The hammer and
 sickle must remain contained. His
 last victim cut his forearm with
 stray glass. His blood went
 everywhere. Those red specks on the
 hammer and sickle... are the last
 remains of his DNA. Who knows what
 evil lies around those handles?

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
 (pointing at the exhibit)
 What does it say Billy?

As Billy begins, Johnny walks behind him.

BILLY
 The Hammer & Sickle Killer, was
 finally arrested in 2005. He was
 known as "HSK" to his victims, but
 his family knew him, as Dennis
Hutchins.

Next to the exhibit, is a large photo that Billy's eyes
 fixate on. It's a headshot of a grisly and menacing, bald
 man.

Billy stops.

TOUR GUIDE
Everything okay?

JOHNNY
Yea Billy, speak up, why don't you?

TOUR GUIDE
Billy?

JOHNNY
Speak up!

With his arms shaking, his eyes gaping, Billy rubs his scar.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
I said, speak up!

Johnny smirks, and PUSHES Billy in the back, causing him to bump into the glass cover. Glass SHATTERS and SCATTERS. The hammer and sickle spill onto the floor. Mr. Gates rushes over to Billy.

MR. GATES
Billy, are you okay? Someone get
some help over here!

Billy slowly gets up, with glass littered all over him. The hammer and sickle, inches away from him. His eyes rest on them for a beat. He looks over at Johnny, as Mr. Gates berates him.

Billy grips the grain of the hammer and sickle. A cool chill runs through his body and his eyes go from blue to black. His countenance contorts into the same grisly makeup. His mug, morphs from mild mannered to menacing.

Mr. Gates snatches Johnny by the arm.

MR. GATES (CONT'D)
You could've hurt someone!

Johnny laughs. Billy stalks toward him, with his hands behind his back.

BILLY
Hey, Johnny?

Johnny turns around...

Billy UPPERCUTS Johnny through the neck with the pointy sickle.

The scythe hooks through his mouth, like a fish dangling from a line. We hear a swell of shrieks and moans from the students. Mr. Gates, faints.

Billy pulls him close. Blood curdles and gushes out of Johnny's mouth. Billy smiles slyly. He SMASHES Johnny's temple over and over, while pulling the scythe out. Johnny's lifeless body idles on its feet, before Billy SWINGS the hammer like a baseball bat into Johnny's temple, sending his teeth and brains flying.

The rest of the students have dashed into different corners of the museum floor. The tour guide has disappeared.

Billy whistles with gothic pitch, with his newly acquired weapons in tow. Then, he eerily sings...

BILLY (CONT'D)
(monotone)
Billy's a bastard... Billy's a
bastard.

He grins and walks, until Joey and Jeffery try to make a run for it out of a corner. Billy gives chase and swings the piercing scythe into Joey's shoulder. Joey SHRILLS. Billy jerks the sickle through Joey, onto the ground. He looks into his eyes, while he serenades...

BILLY (CONT'D)
Billy's a bastard.

JOEY
(gasping)
Please. It was all Johnny's--

Billy puts his ear closer to Joey.

BILLY
Come on, let me hear you... Billy's
a bastard.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Blood trickles from his skull.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - FRONT DESK

We find the tour guide. He trembles, while he frantically searches for a phone. He looks around, looking for any sign of Billy. He spots the phone by a pillar, a few footsteps away from his hideout. He peeks his head over the desk slightly. Danger looks nowhere in sight.

He crawls away from the desk. He inches closer and closer to the desk. He sees a teenager, bawling in a corner.

The tour guide puts his finger up to his lips, and shakes his head. A few more precious inches, and the phone will be secure. He looks around and LUNGES for the phone. Got it! He dials 9-1...

SMACK! Billy's hammer POUNDS into the pillar, just missing our tour guide. He makes a run for it! Billy SWINGS and SWIPES, but can't catch the tour guide.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - RESTROOM - LATER

Barely lit. The tour guide is holed up in a locked stall, on the phone with 911.

TOUR GUIDE

Yes, yes. The killer is still out there! We've been through this--

Just then, the bathroom door closes. He hangs up. We hear footsteps gradually shuffle across the floor. KNOCKS on the other two stall doors. From inside the tour guide's stall, the door receives a knock. Then, the door begins to shake and jolt violently, like evil is trying to bust the door down. Then, it... stops.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - LATER

HAMMER & SICKLE EXHIBIT

Mr. Gates recovers from his reverie. Maybe it was all a bad dream. Then, he sees Johnny's lifeless heap. That fading polaroid of Billy's, is scattered next to Johnny's body.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE CRUISER - MOVING

Karen taxis down a nameless street. Over the police radio, we hear...

Calling all officers! We have a 1091 in progress down at City Museum. The killer is said to be armed and very dangerous!

Karen puts her walkie up to her mouth...

KAREN

Copy that!

Karen WHIPS the cruiser around and foots the gas!

INT. CITY MUSEUM - LATER

The museum is still. Hushed weeping swept into small corners. The tour guide and Jeffery creep out of the bathroom. Jeffrey notices a trail of blood stamped footprints. Jeffery freezes by a closet.

JEFFERY

He's close.

TOUR GUIDE

Shh! Keep your voice down. We have to keep moving.

JEFFERY

He might even be watching us.

Jeffrey gawks around the empty museum floor.

The closet door creeps open slightly, but quietly. The tour guide notices the glitch.

TOUR GUIDE

(nodding)

Hey kid, move this direction.

JEFFERY

I always knew Billy was a freak!

The door peels back just a little more.

TOUR GUIDE

Kid. Let's just--

WHOOSH! Billy YANKS a plastic bag over Jeffery's head and PULLS him into the closet. Just as the tour guide leaps for the door, it slams shut. Jeffrey's fight only amounts to a few thumps of the door. All we can hear from the outside is, "Billy's a Bastard." Then, a pool of blood leaks underneath the door.

The tour guide backs up slowly. The door opens. All we see is a thicket of black, until Billy slowly emerges.

INT. CITY MUSEUM

Karen files through the museum's entrance. Her eyes sweep the blood and the bodies. Her gun is drawn.

INT. CITY MUSEUM - LATER

Mr. Gates appears out of nowhere and BEARHUGS Billy from behind. They struggle.

MR. GATES
Billy! Stop this!

Billy swings and swings, until his arms give out.

MR. GATES (CONT'D)
Billy, it's okay. We're gonna get you through this.

Everything comes to a calm for a beat...

Then we see Mr. Gates' eyes nearly pop out of his socket. Billy KNEES him in the gut and SLICES the sickle into Mr. Gates' back. His body plops to its knees, while Billy croons...

BILLY
Billy is a bastard.

Billy SMACKS Mr. Gates' skull, left to right like a tennis racket.

The tour guide surveys and takes his chance. Full steam going and he TACKLES Billy! The hammer and sickle flail out of Billy's hands. The contorted face dissipates. The Billy we knew *before*, has returned, but this time with the tour guide's hands around his neck.

TOUR GUIDE
You devilish bastard!

Billy screams, which leads Karen directly to him. Karen wields her gun, while she sees the tour guide with his hands around Billy's neck.

KAREN
Let him go!

The tour guide is confused, yet elated.

TOUR GUIDE
(panting)
Officer. Officer. Thank god. You won't believe this--

KAREN
Take your hands off, my son!

The tour guide freezes.

TOUR GUIDE

Your son? No. There must be some
type of mis-- I DIDN'T DO THIS!

We can hear the safety release in Karen's pistol.

BILLY

Mom?

KAREN

(moving forward)

I'm here Billy. No one's going to
hurt you.

BILLY

What happened?

KAREN

Remain calm, Billy. It's all gonna
be over soon.

TOUR GUIDE

Let's just calm down, okay? If you
check the prints on those weapons,
you'll see--

KAREN

I'll keep that in mind. Get the
fuck away from my son!

TOUR GUIDE

He went psycho after he saw that
picture. It's cursed!

KAREN

I'll give you to 3.

TOUR GUIDE

You gotta believe me!

KAREN

1...

The tour guide flings Billy to the side in protest.

BOOM BOOM! Karen lets off two shots. The tour guide's body
snaps back and wastes to the ground.

Karen rushes up to Billy and embraces him.

BILLY

Did I do something wrong?

KAREN

Honey, no. You did nothing wrong,
okay? Just stay right here.

Karen looks around the fragments of broken glass and sees Billy's stained polaroid photo. She picks it up. She looks at the exhibit photograph and freezes. A familiar red scar-like birthmark craters HSK's cheek.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Billy?

Silence.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Billy? We need to talk.

As Karen turns around, Billy's eyes are blackened, his face is gnarled, while he wields the hammer and sickle.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Billy!!

He eerily sings...

BILLY

Billy's a bastard.

FADE TO BLACK.