

DENNIS

1/4

96.

DENNIS

(explosively)

Get off the truck!

The sound echoes through the night. It's the loudest Dennis has ever been. Woodside climbs off the truck, fearfully.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Get round the front.

91 EXT. SECLUDED BEACH - NIGHT

91

Woodside walks to the front of the truck. Dennis turns on the brights and revs the engine a few times, disorienting him.

Woodside tries to cover his eyes, jumping each time Dennis revs the engine. Dennis notices Marvin trying to look away.

DENNIS

Look, Marvin. Look at it.

Marvin, head to the side, tries his hardest not to break.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Marvin.

Dennis grabs Marvin's head, forcing it around to face Woodside, who is outside, crying hysterically now.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Look. At. It.

Marvin starts to cry, afraid of what he's done.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What you cryin' for, bey?

Dennis slaps Marvin a few times in his head.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Get out. Get out.

START

Marvin rushes up out of the car.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Get round the front and stand across from him.

Marvin creeps around to Woodside, who is practically clawing at himself. He's looking away. He just wants to leave.

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DENNIS (CONT'D)
Look at Marvin. Now.

Woodside and Marvin reluctantly look at each other, both with tears streaming down their faces. Eventually, they finally settle into a sad gaze.

Dennis turns off the truck, but the brights stay on. The only sounds: CHIRPING CRICKETS and the WASH OF WAVES nearby.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
So all summer you was with man?
Getting grind like a lil bitch?

Woodside shakes his head, his body trembling.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
You sure you wasn't doing that?

Woodside shakes his head again.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Talk like a man.

WOODSIDE
No, sir.

DENNIS
Marvin, you like that? You like man?

Marvin is nervous and afraid.

MARVIN
No, sir.

DENNIS
Then why you was tryna cover up for this sissy boy?

Marvin doesn't answer.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Stop encouraging that shit. You hear me?

MARVIN
Yes, sir.

DENNIS
(screaming)
You hear me?

Dennis is fuming. Woodside's terrified, shaking.

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For a moment, the two boys stare at each other, both apologizing with their eyes. Marvin's face is full of tears.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Marvin, tell him you like him.

Marvin shifts, uncomfortable.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Do it!

Marvin is startled by Dennis's rage.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Do it!

MARVIN
No, sir.

Beat.

DENNIS
Then punch him.

Woodside's eyes are wide, looking at Dennis, pleading.

He doesn't even notice the first punch coming. It hits him in the stomach, forcing him to double over the truck's hood.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Again.

Marvin hesitates. Dennis quickly gets out the car, sickly thrilled.

Marvin, confused and afraid, hits Woodside again. Woodside falls over just as Dennis walks up to him.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Get ya fuckin' faggot ass up. Now.

Woodside whimpers, trying his best to get up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Get up.

Woodside is down, gasping for air.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Hit him again.

Marvin hesitates. He doesn't want to. He's afraid now.

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99.

Dennis smiles just a little, the white of his teeth showing faintly in the purple-black night.

WOODSIDE
(gasping for air)
Please. Stop.

DENNIS
(laughing)
I ne do nothing yet.

END

Dennis goes over to an old, abandoned wooden pallet that's in the clearing.

He puts a foot on one part to hold it down, then rips a strip of wood from the pallet.

Woodside, on the floor now, watches as Dennis walks over, then turns to finally face Marvin.

Marvin is confused. Tears run down his face.

Dennis hands Marvin the wood. Marvin's fingers grip and re-grip the wood, as he considers his next decision.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(growling; goading)
Marvin.

Dennis gives Marvin that look. Marvin gives a pleading look.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
You want me to do it?

Dennis feints taking the wood, but Marvin holds on to it, hands shaking. Woodside looks on, filled with shame.

Marvin raises the wood, and just as it falls...

CUT TO BLACK.

92

EXT. DENNIS'S TRUCK - NIGHT

92

The truck is driving through pitch black. Woodside's propped up in the bed of the truck. His breathing is slightly audible. His lip is split and a small welt is on his forehead.

He cradles his side, with his free arm--maybe a broken rib. The truck leaves the pitch black, getting back onto a dimly lit street.