

DADDY'S GIRL

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. LARGE WOODEN SHED. DAY

FLIGHT OF THE VALKYRIES plays on a cassette. Piles of deer antlers strewn everywhere. Guns, rifles and boxes of ammunition stacked on shelves.

JED (50s) big - rough, wears full combat gear, stuffs ammo in his jacket pockets, then systematically grabs all weapons.

EXT. BOONEVILLE COUNTY. WOODS. A BACK YARD. DAY

A dirty mattress, scummy oil drums. A pit-bull chained to a fence barks incessantly.

Jed, loaded up with guns and ammo, marches towards a trailer.

INT. TRAILER. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Dilapidated, a US confederate flag hangs on the wall.

JAYCEE (30s) rocks her crying baby on an armchair, frantic as she watches the President's announcement on TV.

Jed bursts in, puts the guns and ammo on the sofa.

JAYCEE

She says it's the end of the world!

JED

I told ya. She's a lying bitch.

Jed storms back outside. Jaycee gets more frantic, the baby cries louder. He comes back with planks of wood and a tool box.

JED (CONT'D)

Shut that God Damn baby up!

JAYCEE

We're scared Jed!

He snatches the remote, turns the TV off, then starts to barricade the windows.

JED

That's what they want. There's no fucking asteroid!

(turns to her)

What?

(MORE)

JED (CONT'D)
 Suddley all these school
 shooting's, diseases, epidemic
 things....and now an asteroid!
 The government's been lying to us
 for years...

He smacks his fingers hard against his head.

JED (CONT'D)
 And you're too stupid to see it.

Jaycee gets more distraught. She takes the baby down the hallway.

JED (CONT'D)
 Your Mom ain't gonna save ya.

Jed continues to nail wood across the windows and doors.
 Jaycee howls in the background.

Jed hammers the last nail in. He grabs an AR-15, shoves a clip in it and throws it over his shoulder. He takes a loaded 9mm, stuffs it in the back of his pants. He loads another AR-15, then another.

Jaycee and the baby's cries pierce through the walls.

JED (CONT'D)
 SHUT THE FUCK UP!

He peeks out the window between the planks. His callous eyes scan the empty woods. Jaycee and the baby continue to cry.

THEN...Jed suddenly looks resigned, calm. He puts the AR-15 rifle down.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Jaycee's on the phone, the screaming baby's on the bed, Jed enters.

JAYCEE
 (into phone)
 I love you Momma, I gotta go.

He takes the receiver, puts it down and holds her. She wraps her arms around him and sobs uncontrollably.

JED
 It's gonna be OK.

THEN...he throws her on the bed, puts a pillow over her face, grabs his pistol and shoots. He turns to the crying baby...