

Half-Cocked

written by

Aaron S. Barrocas

Aaron S. Barrocas  
21900 Marylee Street, Unit 276  
Woodland Hills, CA 91367  
818.522.6623  
AaronSBarrocas@gmail.com

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A full moon.

A recently dug gravesite. A female voice grunts offscreen as a large clump of dirt flies out of the hole.

DR. GRANT KIRBY, 50s yet youthful, joins DR. GABRIELLA FLORES, 30s, in uncovering a closed casket. Dr. Kirby is giddy with anticipation.

DR. KIRBY  
Dr. Flores, please open the casket.

DR. FLORES  
For real? I dug, Dr. Kirby. You can open the casket.

DR. KIRBY  
Gabriella...

DR. FLORES  
Grant...

They stare each other down for a moment. Sighing, Dr. Kirby swings the casket open. They both react to the smell.

DR. FLORES (CONT'D)  
Oh, god.

Dr. Flores holds her hand to her face to keep herself from vomiting. Dr. Kirby points sharply in her direction - silently reminding her not to leave any physical evidence. Dr. Flores nods. Dr. Kirby gags.

DR. KIRBY  
It's so bad.

In the tomb lies RUDY COLLINS, mid-30s, only recently deceased, wearing his burial suit.

DR. KIRBY (CONT'D)  
Meet Rudy Collins.

Dr. Flores cocks an eyebrow.

DR. FLORES  
I'm not gonna shake his hand.

DR. KIRBY  
It was just an expression.

DR. FLORES  
Well, good thing you said it, 'cause it was super entertaining and added a whole lot to my life.

Dr. Kirby sighs. Dr. Kirby and Dr. Flores stand at either end of the body.

DR. KIRBY

...And lift.

They both loudly strain as they attempt to lift Rudy, with no success. His body drops. Dr. Flores nods, and Dr. Kirby preps to lift. He inhales deeply through his nose, forgetting his circumstances. Big mistake. He struggles with the smell as Dr. Flores reacts to his mistake with frustrated annoyance. Dr. Kirby nods, and they each lift one more time - just as noisily.

Rudy's corpse falls back into the casket.

DR. FLORES

Wow.

DR. KIRBY

Holy shit.

DR. FLORES

Jesus.

DR. KIRBY

Fuck.

DR. FLORES

We tried.

DR. KIRBY

I think I have something in the car.

DR. FLORES

Is it two stronger people?

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby and Dr. Flores wheel Rudy Collins, strapped to a hand truck dolly, towards Dr. Kirby's compact.

DR. KIRBY

My back seats fold down.

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby's back seats are folded down, and Rudy is laid out from the front of the car to the end of the trunk. The trunk is partially closed against Rudy's head and the top of the furniture dolly. Rope is tied around the trunk, keeping it from opening all the way.

DR. FLORES

Yeah. So if I'm on the road behind this car, I'm calling 911.

They both look at Rudy's dead face, jutting out from the half closed trunk.

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DR. KIRBY  
Push and slide.

Dr. Kirby and Dr. Flores open both back doors, and they lean the furniture dolly into the car. Rudy's head faces upwards as the metal dolly slides across the seat. The two doctors lift the wheel portion of the dolly, and push Rudy as far as he will go.

Dr. Kirby attempts to close the car door, and it bounces open against Rudy's head.

Dr. Kirby slowly pushes the door against Rudy's head, but it isn't closing.

Dr. Kirby frowns.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby drives, with Dr. Flores in the passenger seat. She looks at him questioningly. He nervously looks back at her. They both return their eyes to the road.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby's car moves at a reasonable speed with the top of a furniture dolly and Rudy's head hanging out the rear window, with the entire dolly turned vertical to face forward, like a dog enjoying the ride.

EXT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby's car pulls up as people walk in and out of the building.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Dr. Flores evaluates the situation.

DR. FLORES  
We didn't really think this moment through.

DR. KIRBY  
I can get some blankets from upstairs.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby and Dr. Flores ride in an elevator with Rudy Collins strapped to the furniture dolly, and wrapped in enough blankets that he could feasibly be a piece of furniture.

An ELDERLY WOMAN rides with them, and makes a face at the odor. Dr. Flores notices this, and subtly points at Dr. Kirby, suggesting that he is the source of the smell.

The Elderly Woman stares at Dr. Kirby in disbelief. Unaware of the prior exchange, Dr. Kirby returns the Elderly Woman's gaze with a bright smile. She looks away.

Dr. Flores smirks.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A mostly undressed Rudy Collins falls into the empty bathtub with a THUD.

Dr. Flores and Dr. Kirby, who have just released him, react to his loud landing. Dr. Kirby, now wearing an embroidered lab coat, turns to head out of the room, when Dr. Flores notices a joke book on top of the toilet.

DR. FLORES

You keep a joke book in the bathroom?

DR. KIRBY

Why? Is that weird?

DR. FLORES

No. I think 1987 is a great year for us to be living in right now.

Dr. Kirby leaves as Dr. Flores begins running the water.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby opens his cabinet, which is filled with medical vials rather than dishes. Concerned, he ruffles through the vials, furiously looking for something. He finds it, and excitedly turns his back to the cabinets, ready to leave the room.

DR. KIRBY

Ah!

He briefly pauses, reading the label.

DR. KIRBY (CONT'D)

Nope, that's wrong.

He turns back around, and returns to searching through the cabinet, before pausing and yelling toward the bathroom.

DR. KIRBY (CONT'D)

*You can't make the water too hot! He will be very sensitive to...*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Flores turns toward the noise coming from the other room.

DR. KIRBY

*Break break ghairl....*

DR. FLORES

*I can't hear you over the water!*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby yells again. Louder.

DR. KIRBY

*The water can't be too hot! He'll be extremely sensitive to...*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

DR. KIRBY

*Break break ghairl....*

Dr. Flores sighs.

DR. FLORES

*Just come in here! I don't know what you're saying!*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby tries again - even louder.

DR. KIRBY

*The water! It can't be too hot because when he wakes up...*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

DR. KIRBY

*Break break ghairl ghal rolf...*

DR. FLORES

*I don't think you understand how sound works!*

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby is relentless.

DR. KIRBY

*You need to be careful not to make the water too hot...*

A loud knocking on his wall interrupts him. A NEIGHBOR with a thick New York accent yells through the wall.

NEIGHBOR

*Hey! Shut the fuck up about the goddamn water!*

DR. KIRBY

*Sorry to bother you!*

NEIGHBOR

*Yeah, fuck your mother on a Tuesday!*

Dr. Kirby furrows his brow, taken aback by the comment. Hurt, he glances at a nearby photo of his mother.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Flores and Dr. Kirby sit near the tub. Dr. Kirby taps a few drops from the top of a syringe.

DR. FLORES  
What were you trying to tell me?

DR. KIRBY  
That in his state, he could react to any discomfort with violence. So I didn't want the water too hot.

Dr. Flores tests the water with her hand.

DR. FLORES  
I think it's ok.

DR. KIRBY  
We are looking at the first organism in the history of the world to be granted eternal life!

DR. FLORES  
Like he never died.

DR. KIRBY  
As you know, some things won't be perfect. But he'll live. Forever.

Dr. Flores nods. Dr. Kirby injects Rudy's arm with the syringe.

Both doctors stare at Rudy in anticipation.

Rudy opens his eyes. They're grey.

Dr. Kirby gasps.

DR. KIRBY (CONT'D)  
Oh.

DR. FLORES  
That's unnerving.

DR. KIRBY  
It's upsetting to look at.

Rudy looks at his surroundings.

RUDY  
Water's hot.

Rudy punches Dr. Kirby in the nose. Dr. Kirby flies backwards.

DR. KIRBY

Wow.

Rudy looks at his surroundings.

RUDY

Holy shit.

Dr. Kirby holds his nose.

DR. KIRBY

Jesus.

Rudy sits up, panicked. Dr. Flores rises as well.

RUDY

Fuck.

DR. FLORES

Do you know your name?

RUDY

Rudy Collins.

Dr. Kirby is in awe.

RUDY (CONT'D)

My breath as bad as it tastes?

DR. FLORES

Yes it is, Rudy.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rudy, now alone in the bathroom, guzzles an entire bottle of mouthwash in one chug. He catches his breath.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby removes his lab coat and sits down.

Dr. Flores places a cup of coffee in front of Rudy, who now sits in another embroidered "Dr. Kirby" lab coat.

Rudy takes a sip of the coffee, swallows it, and immediately punches Dr. Kirby in the face.

RUDY

It's hot.

DR. KIRBY

We gathered.

(To Dr. Flores)

You do that on purpose?

DR. FLORES

Maybe.

Rudy considers the cup.



RUDY  
 Feel like I haven't had coffee in  
 forever.

Rudy takes another sip. Dr. Kirby preemptively ducks as Rudy swings a fist.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
 I hate coffee.

Dr. Kirby leans into Rudy.

DR. KIRBY  
 What is the last thing you remember,  
 Rudy?

RUDY  
 I remember thinking, "I'm finally  
 about to be dead. This is great. I  
 hope nobody messes it up for me".

DR. KIRBY  
 Well, have we got some news for -  
 I'm sorry, come again?

RUDY  
 Did you... I was dead, and now I'm  
 alive?

DR. FLORES  
 That's right.

Silence.

RUDY  
 That is a serious bummer.

DR. FLORES  
 Once more, now?

RUDY  
 Did you even research me?

DR. KIRBY  
 Yes. You expired five days ago,  
 making your organs perfect for our  
 test.

RUDY  
 Open up my Facebook.

Dr. Flores does.

DR. FLORES  
 Oh...

Rudy's most recent status updates read:

**Going to be dead soon. This will be awesome.**

**Man, can't wait to be dead.**

**Being dead's gonna be frigging SWEET!**

Dr. Flores sighs.

RUDY  
Scroll through the gallery. You can  
see my yearbook photos.

Dr. Flores immediately begins scrolling.

DR. KIRBY  
I hardly think your high school  
pictures are relevant.

Dr. Flores winces at the image she has found.

RUDY  
Just look.

Dr. Flores turns the phone to Dr. Kirby, revealing a grinning photo of Rudy from high school, with the text: **Most Likely to Stay Dead Once Dead.**

DR. KIRBY  
That is just very specific.

DR. FLORES  
We may have been hasty.

RUDY  
So how long does this thing last?  
How long before I can get back to...  
you know...

He performs a throat slitting gesture with a slight noise.

The two doctors look at each other uncomfortably.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
A day? A week?

Dr. Kirby clears his throat and slides a manilla folder labelled **ETERNAL LIFE PROJECT** under his placemat.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
It's not more than a week, is it?

Dr. Flores gives a deep inhale through clenched teeth.

RUDY (CONT'D)  
I don't think I can get my apartment  
or my job back, because my social  
security number shows that I'm dead.  
Which is usually, you know, an  
irreversible thing.

DR. FLORES  
Uh, you're welcome.

RUDY

For making me unemployable and  
homeless?

DR. FLORES

Hey! Not dead! Yaaaay...

DR. KIRBY

It's like the Rolling Stones said,  
Rudy, "You can't always get..."

RUDY

(interrupting)

Will I ever not smell like death?

DR. FLORES

That's fair. You don't smell good.

DR. KIRBY

It's unpleasant.

DR. FLORES

Oppressive even.

Nodding, Rudy takes another sip of coffee, and swallows. Once again shocked by the heat, he punches Dr. Kirby.

DR. KIRBY

Come on!

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rudy showers, occasionally kicking and punching air as a result of the hot water.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rudy opens a closet door, and sees multiple versions of the same exact outfit Dr. Kirby has been wearing. He sighs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The three walk. Rudy is now wearing clothing that is almost identical to Dr. Kirby's.

DR. FLORES

Big strides. Air that funk out,  
Rudy.

RUDY

What am I gonna do with the rest of  
ever?

DR. KIRBY

You like movies? You can watch every  
movie ever made.

RUDY

I only like movies with Stallone.

DR. KIRBY

See? That's at least two weeks.

They each look at the ground.

RUDY

I hate apples.

He drops the apple on the ground.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Yeah. So... Bye.

Rudy turns to leave the two Doctors behind.

DR. KIRBY

Any plans to take advantage of your new gift?

RUDY

I'm just gonna go get laid till the world ends.

Dr. Flores shoots Dr. Kirby a concerned look. He understands.

DR. KIRBY

Oh... no.

Rudy stops walking, and turns back to the doctors.

RUDY

What?

DR. FLORES

Not everything is going to be back to normal.

RUDY

You mean I can't...

DR. FLORES

You probably will not be able to achieve an...

RUDY

(interrupting)

*I'm here until the end of time and I can't...*

Dr. Flores and Dr. Kirby begin to realize how rough a sentence they have imposed, and scramble to cheer Rudy up.

DR. KIRBY

(singing)

You can't always get what...

DR. FLORES

There's still Stallone movies!

Dr. Kirby does his best Rocky impersonation, which isn't great.

DR. KIRBY

Adrian!

Dr. Flores does the same - but dead-on perfect.

DR. FLORES

Adrian!

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rudy, still wearing Dr. Kirby's clothing, holds a handgun to his head.

DR. FLORES

You sure about this?

Rudy gives a thumbs up, and fires. The tub becomes covered in blood. Rudy has an enormous hole in his head. He sighs.

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INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Rudy, sitting in the tub, slits his wrists. As blood goes everywhere, Dr. Flores, who is standing behind him in a lab coat and a poncho, places a bag over his head.

Rudy lifts his arms up, annoyed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dr. Kirby drives his car, and as he turns a corner, Dr. Flores shoves Rudy into the street. He rolls forever, and then stands up, wiping dirt off. He is covered in gravel, has a hole in his head, his wrists have open gashes, and his skin is blue from being suffocated.

A YOUNG WOMAN drives by. She starts to pull over.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh my god!

Rudy holds a "one second" finger in her direction. He holds one nostril closed and blows a tooth out of the other. He returns his attention to the young woman.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

RUDY

I'm fine. Keep moving, sister!

He crooks his arm in a "hit the road" gesture, but his arm never locks. It just follows through and bends backwards unnaturally. He looks at it in disappointment.

The Young Woman speeds off.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The three eat a home cooked meal.

DR. FLORES  
Rudy, it might be time to resolve  
yourself to the inevitable.

Rudy slowly turns his busted, bleeding face in her direction.

DR. KIRBY  
I am sorry to tell you that your  
days aren't numbered.

Sighing, he leans his head on his hand, and a small chunk of brain falls out of his gunshot entry wound, landing on the table. Dr. Kirby and Dr. Flores casually pretend they don't notice it.

Rudy takes a bite. Dr. Flores ducks a punch.

RUDY  
How could you not make an antidote?

DR. FLORES  
Yeah. Our bad. Super relatable point  
of view you have there.

Rudy picks up a piece of mail.

RUDY  
Elections coming, huh? If I'm here,  
it may as well be a world I wanna  
live in, right?

DR. KIRBY  
I don't think dead people can vote.

RUDY  
Hey, lots of dead people voted in  
the 2012 election.

Both doctors frown.

DR. FLORES  
That was proven false. Several times  
over.

DR. KIRBY  
That news was generally spread as  
propaganda, Rudy.

DR. FLORES  
I have Snopes bookmarked. Hang on.

DR. KIRBY  
Who would you vote for, anyway?

Rudy looks over the ballot.

RUDY

From the names here, I'm thinking I  
would vote for...

EXT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The three are well illuminated in the apartment window as Rudy declares his choice. The city noise drowns out any voices that might be heard from the apartment.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The three sit in silence for a moment. Dr. Flores blinks.

Dr. Kirby reaches into his pocket.

DR. KIRBY

Will you look at that?

He pulls out a syringe. Dr. Flores throws her hands up, pretending she is just now remembering this thing.

DR. KIRBY (CONT'D)

Completely forgot that I made this  
antidote. I swear. If my head wasn't  
attached to my body.

Dr. Flores plays along, making a tiny explosion gesture, as if to say, "how could we be so forgetful"? Dr. Kirby tosses the syringe to Dr. Flores, who catches it expertly.

DR. FLORES

Kills me to do this.

DR. KIRBY

That's because you're holding it  
backwards.

DR. FLORES

(vocal rimshot)

Ba dum bum!

She pantomimes the drums, using the syringe one of the drumsticks. She preps the syringe.

RUDY

(to Dr. Kirby)

You knew you had that.

DR. KIRBY

Maybe.

DR. FLORES

See ya' later, Alligator!

Dr. Flores injects him.

Rudy winces, and his eyes once again become grey. He looks down at the injection, and then at Dr. Flores. Dr. Kirby looks at Rudy. Rudy looks at Kirby.

15.

Dr. Kirby inhales uncomfortably, and clears his throat. Rudy stares at the two doctors, annoyed and confused. Dr. Flores makes a few uncomfortable POP noises with her mouth.

RUDY  
This is kind of an uncomfortable  
moment we're having, huh?

Both doctors struggle to respond. Rudy ceases all motion. Dr. Flores waves a hand in front of his dead open eyes.

DR. FLORES  
Wow.

INT. DR. KIRBY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The two doctors stand with Rudy, wrapped in blankets, on the furniture dolly. An ELEVATOR PASSENGER reacts to the smell.

ELEVATOR PASSENGER  
Holy shit.

EXT. DR. KIRBY'S CAR - NIGHT

Rudy's blanket-wrapped head, and the top of the furniture dolly, hang out the car window.

Dr. Kirby drives, with Dr. Flores in the passenger seat.

DR. FLORES  
Jesus.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dr. Flores tilts Rudy's body so that it falls off the furniture dolly, into the huge hole that the two dug earlier.

DR. KIRBY  
Fuck.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Dr. Flores slams the final piece of dirt over the grave.

DR. FLORES  
Ready?

Dr. Kirby is preoccupied with a nearby grave.

DR. KIRBY  
Look at this. Five days ago. Female.

DR. FLORES  
I'd like to think we've learned...

DR. KIRBY  
What are the chances of repeating...

DR. FLORES  
Which part?



Dr. Flores pulls out her phone.

DR. FLORES (CONT'D)  
Let me at least look her up on my  
phone. What's her name?

Dr. Kirby looks at the documentation as Dr. Flores feels in her pockets for her phone.

DR. KIRBY  
Abigail...

Dr. Flores, realizing she doesn't have her phone, looks at the shovel in her hand, and the grave she has just filled. Dr. Kirby understands that Dr. Flores' phone is 6 feet under.

DR. FLORES  
I'm over it.

DR. KIRBY  
After only five days - the world  
won't be so much different with her  
back.

DR. FLORES  
And we still have the antidote.

DR. KIRBY  
We can make it again.

DR. FLORES  
We still have the items we need to  
make it, though.

DR. KIRBY  
I can get them.

DR. FLORES  
You can get them.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Both doctors lift their shovels high and break the dirt.

End