

RETRIBUTION

by

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INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Christmas aftermath. Ripped pieces of wrapping paper, bows, gifts.

MOM and DAD snuggle on the couch as they watch SON, 6, chase a motorized car, a remote in his hand.

Son steps on WRAP, a piece of shiny red wrapping paper.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY - EARLIER

Mom admires the pattern of the shiny red wrapping paper.

WRAP (V.O.)  
(deep, commanding  
voice)  
First they admire me.

Mom cuts the paper with sharp, shiny scissors.

WRAP (V.O.)  
Then, they torture me.

Mom ties the bow on a picture-perfect wrapped gift.

WRAP (V.O.)  
Then they imprison me. The  
indignity.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY - LATER

Christmas morning. Son rips paper from a gift.

WRAP (V.O.)  
They rip out my heart. My heart.

Son only has eyes for the new car.

WRAP (V.O.)  
I will have my retribution.

Wrap, now a crumpled ball of paper, creeps forward, towards Son.

Wrap torpedoed into the air.

Son CRIES.

WRAP (V.O.)  
It's all good cheer until someone  
loses an eye.

Son, gauze over one eye. Mom comforts him.

WRAP (V.O.)  
(big, booming)  
Ha, ha. Ha, ha.

Dad picks up Wrap, tosses him into a garbage bag. Darkness.

WRAP (V.O.)  
Oh, oh.

FADE OUT.