

"RAGE" Screenwriting Example
Excerpt #1: "The Bad Men"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Smoke rises throughout the room as HINGLE, a large man of fifty, sits behind the desk, puffing a massive cigar. He says nothing but he has the eyes of a wolf, and they are aimed directly at Michael.

Michael sits motionless across the table, countering the old man's penetrating stare.

Hingle lights a cigar, all the time maliciously smiling.

He holds up a sheet of paper. He turns and opens the window blinds. A flood of light illuminates the room, backlighting the man behind the desk and putting Michael on display. He hasn't shaved in days. Big black circles encompass his eyes.

Hingle's desk lies half in light, the other bathed in shadow, but a mound of artillery lies heaped upon the desktop.

Michael stares at the window, where a bee repeatedly thumps against the glass from the outside. It's buzzing gets louder with each thump. Michael massages his temples.

HINGLE

Don't burden yourself with these secrets of
scary men Mr. Deschain. These bad men.

He takes a pull from a cigar, cocks his head, and exhales.

MICHAEL

Could you please close the blinds?

After a moment of mock decisiveness, he closes the blinds. Michael relaxes.

HINGLE

Are you a bad man?

MICHAEL

No. I'm not a bad man.

HINGLE

We don't tell our kids about the bad men, do we? It'd give 'em little kiddie nightmares.

Hingle leans forward.

HINGLE

At night... When it's late, and all the lights are out, when mommy and daddy've gone to bed. That's a time when every shadow they see, every noise they hear, it's always the bad men.

MICHAEL

I had a daughter once. But I never told her about the bad men.

HINGLE

Why not?

MICHAEL

She hadn't been born yet. But she learned about them anyway. In the end.

HINGLE

Did she?

MICHAEL

Yes. (He leans forward) And now I have someone I have to kill.

HINGLE

You're not being frank with me Mr. Deschain. From looking at this lil' list of yours, you don't have one man to kill. It seems you have a whole bunch of people to kill.

He cackles at his own wit.

HINGLE

Well I got a little secret for you.

He motions for him to come closer.

HINGLE

Come on... Closer. These walls have ears.

With mock fear he cocks his head in all directions.

Michael slowly inches forward.

Hingle opens up his mouth, exposing a set of teeth plagued by a lifetime of coffee drinking and smoking.

HINGLE

Everybody does.

He pushes himself back from the table and erupts in laughter.

Michael remains nonplussed, but the camera tilts down to his hanging hand.

It is shaking.