

DEER HEAVEN

Written by

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INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

CARL, a distressed redneck drives his pickup truck along a dirt road with his rowdy youngsters, **GUNTHER** and **HEATHER** in the back seat wearing bright orange hunting gear.

They fight over a rifle.

GUNTHER (O.S.)
I wanna hold it!

HEATHER (O.S.)
Dad said I can hold it!

GUNTHER
But it's my turn!

HEATHER
No it's not.

GUNTHER/HEATHER
Dad!

Carl slams on the brakes. Everybody jolts forward.

He sticks his head in the back to address the children.

CARL
Give me that!

Carl grabs the rifle.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hey listen up! Now, I don't wanna hear another peep out of you kids for the rest of the day. You hear me! Remember this is supposed to be your daddy's big day now. So don't ruin it by scaring away all the deer.

Carl starts driving again.

HEATHER
Dad, how much longer till we get to deer heaven?

CARL
We'll get there, when we get there! Also, don't tell your mother I'm taking you kids to *deer heaven* on Father's Day.

GUNTHER

Why not?

CARL

Because your mother probably wouldn't approve. Plus, you know how she hates fun.

GUNTHER

Yea, she can be a real pain in the ass sometimes. Right dad?

Carl backhands Gunther.

CARL

Hey you better watch it, that's your mother you hear! Where in the hell did you learn how to talk like that?

Gunther opens his mouth to respond.

CARL (CONT'D)

Don't answer that.

HEATHER

Oooh Dad, can we keep the deer we find in deer heaven?

Carl looks at the kids through the rear-view mirror.

CARL

Sure honey, you can do anything you want with them.

HEATHER

Yay!

Carl laughs mischievously.

CARL (V.O.)

This is gonna be better than any macaroni beer cozy you kids have ever made me.

Carl cocks the rifle.

Gunther and Heather look petrified.

INT. FOREST - DAY

The family walks through the forest.

HEATHER

Dad, you didn't say we'd be hurting
the deers in deer heaven.

CARL

Oh, don't worry honey we won't.
We're gonna kill'em, they won't
feel a thing.

The kids get a gloomy look in their eyes.

GUNTHER

Dad, but my teacher Ms. Smith said
that the American wildlife
population is in a state of
depression. We should be helping
them, not harming them.

CARL

(chuckle)

Son, Ms. Smith's love life is in a
state of depression. Did you see
the way she was scarfing down those
turkey legs at the county fair last
week. Fucking hypocrite. Son, I
told you to stop listening to that
air headed liberal. You wanna eat
tonight right?

HEATHER

We're gonna eat them!

Heather cries.

GUNTHER

Ugh, can we just get McDonald's
instead?

CARL

Heather, would you stop crying.
You're scaring away 3 months of
groceries.

Heather cries even more hysterically. Carl comes in to
comfort her.

CARL (CONT'D)

Hey sweetie calm down. This is a
good life lesson for you. How do
you think that chicken ends up on
your plate every night?

HEATHER

(sniffles)

Mommy buys it from the market which came from some factory farm in China.

GUNTHER

Straight up capitalism.

CARL

No!... Well maybe. I don't know! Point is, someone had to send those chickens to chicken heaven so you can have a full belly every night. It's the circle of life, pumpkin. Come on, let's get set up over here.

Gunther sings *The Lion Sleeps Tonight* as the family continues walking. Heather's annoyed.

SUPER: 45 MINUTES LATER

INT. FOREST - EVENING

The family's crouch behind a fallen tree enjoying the beautiful outdoors. Carl clanks two plastic deer antlers together with his rifle mounted ready for a kill.

The children start to fall asleep.

GUNTHER

Dad I'm bored, we've been out here for hours and we haven't seen anything yet.

CARL

Quit your whining son, it's only been 30 minutes. Plus, we just saw that family of ducks awhile back.

HEATHER

Yea, that you wanted to brutally murder for no reason.

CARL

No reason?! Now, those were some healthy-looking ducklings. They would've been nice in my deer stew tonight.

HEATHER

Dad, if you wanted to shoot something so bad. We could've just went to the gun range for Father's Day.

CARL

Ugh no, this is a real man's playground. If I wanted blue balls, I would've just went to the day shift at the mall strip club.

GUNTHER

You mean Lucky Tassels! Next time dad... next time.

Carl looks concern as Gunter pats him on the back.

CARL

(gasps)
Kids look!

A young buck eats a bush of forb.

CARL (CONT'D)

Look at that majestic beauty.
(beat)
Alright kids say your prayers before we take it down.

Carl cocks the rifle and looks at the deer through the scope. He takes a deep breath ready to pull the trigger.

CARL (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Gunter runs into frame, scaring away the buck.

GUNTHER

Run, Mr. Deer run. Be free!

The deer scurries away. Carl runs up to Gunther.

CARL

God dang it Gunther! What the hell you do that for!

GUNTHER

Dad, he has a family who love him. We can't kill it. What if that deer and his family tried to kill me? How would you feel?

CARL

I'd be grateful! I mean, come on son! Don't tell me you're getting mushy on me too. At least your sister.--

Carl gets startled by the sound of a cocked rifle behind him.

He slowly turns around.

It's Heather with the rifle pointed at him.

CARL (CONT'D)

I always knew it would end like this. My own children.
(holds back tears)
On Father's Day. I wouldn't want it any other way.

HEATHER

Dad no. I don't wanna kill you. I just want you to stop senselessly killing these animals. Promise me you'll stop and we can all change to a healthier plant-based lifestyle.

CARL

Ugh no! Let just get this over with.

The buck comes back and kicks Carl in the back of the head.

BUCK

Thanks kids!

The kids scream. Heather accidentally shoots the deer. The deer falls on the ground next to Carl.

HEATHER

Hey look dad, we did it!

The kids cheer.

A half unconscious Carl gives his kids a thumbs up while still in excruciating pain.