

Game Over

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

CHARLOTTE, 26, with curly dark brown hair raggedly hanging across her tense shoulders, crouches behind a thick rosebush along the side of an old, deserted road. She takes deep, focused breaths.

Illuminated only by beams of MOONLIGHT, Charlotte's wide, piercing EYES dart back and forth, scrutinizing her surroundings, eying the tattered woods across the road in front of her.

As her eyes settle facing forward, she scrunches her face in and itches her right ear, sighing exasperatedly. She is lightly touching a spot on her ear that is red with a thick, slimy liquid.

CHARLOTTE
(shaking head)
Perfect. Just perfect.

Taking one a look behind herself, she grits her teeth and hurries across the street. She appears rushed but nevertheless moves with purpose.

She reaches the woods and ducks inside.

Pulling leaves and twigs out of her way and out of her hair, she pushes her way through the thick underbrush. Up ahead are bits of split LIGHT peeking through the branches.

Charlotte finally stumbles out of the woods and onto an open, green field. In the distance is a large, twinkling mansion, standing tall behind a fence of hedges, beckoning to her.

She takes more looks behind herself and to the side, this time more restless, but there is nothing there except the light rustling of harmless leaves. Sighing, she eyes the large house and races across the open field without pause.

A coy grin appears on Charlotte's face as her hands reach out for the glass DOOR at the center of the house's ground floor. However, she instead BASHES against the door.

It is locked.

A thick-toothed frown appears on Charlotte's face as she slaps her hand against the glass several times. Exhausted, she rests her head against the locked door, eyes listing.

(CONTINUED)

But then her eyes open wide.

To the side of the house is a darkened shed, its wood peeling off its exterior walls. Its door, open, hangs off creakily to the side.

Charlotte's hand slinks slowly into her right pants pocket as she creeps toward the dark shed.

CHARLOTTE
(approaching the shed
cautiously)
Marcus?
(beat)
If you're in there, now's the time
I could use some help.

When she reaches the shed, Charlotte plops against its front wall, hugging it as she eases toward the open door.

Her head raises as she gulps down whatever air is left around her. Her hand raises to reveal a small, black GUN. She swings it around and aims it into the open shed, but the room is completely empty.

Head shaking, Charlotte lowers her guard, the gun hanging limply in her hand.

CHARLOTTE
(softly)
No one there.
(beat)
Really cute.

She extends her arm and pulls the door closed.

CHARLOTTE
Really cute.

She turns away from the light coming from the house to stick the gun back into her pocket, fumbling with it for a few seconds.

The soft, almost indiscernible sounds of shoes begin to devour the those of Charlotte's breathing.

Charlotte spins around like a deer in the headlights.

CHARLOTTE
(stunned)
You?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hi Charlotte.

Charlotte's thin, gulping breath echoes through the air as the screen goes black. They are then replaced by three piercing POPS.

FADE TO

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

MARCUS, 27, sits on his bed in a darkened room, lit only by bits of SUNLIGHT breathing through the window. Fully clothed, he sits in an upright position, his wavy black hair gripping his tan skin.

Marcus types away at a computer lying in front of him, his tired eyes blinking repeatedly.

On his SCREEN is his open e-mail account, along with a series of chat boxes. One of the boxes, Charlotte's box, hangs open without any response. The box reads:

"CHARLOTTE"
(1:29 AM)
Marcus? You there?

"ME"
(1:35 AM)
I'm here

"CHARLOTTE"
(1:36 AM)
Can you meet me at Jack's house?

"ME"
(1:36 AM)
Is it safe?

"CHARLOTTE"
(1:37 AM)
I don't know. But they almost got me outside my building.

"ME"
(1:39 AM)
2:00. I promise.

"CHARLOTTE"
(1:39 AM)
Thank you

(CONTINUED)

"ME"
(2:25 AM)
I've been here for a half hour.
Where are you?

"ME"
(3:41 AM)
Are you there?

As Marcus's eyes scroll through these messages, he brings his hand up to his lips and wipes his fluttering eyes.

The adjacent chat box pops open, named JACK EMERALD. His picture shows a brown-haired, well-kept, business-like man. He has a very serious face.

"JACK"
(3:53 PM)
Marcus.

"ME"
(3:54 PM)
Jack? What happened?

"JACK"
(3:54 PM)
Charlotte's dead.

Marcus's eyes close as his face pinches in.

"JACK"
(3:55 PM)
Someone locked the doors, got her outside the house. Just before 2 last night.

"ME"
(3:56 PM)
Was it Ray?

"JACK"
(3:57 PM)
You know I can't tell you, Marcus.

"ME"
(3:58 PM)
Am I next?

"JACK"
(4:00 PM)
Look after yourself, kiddo.

And Jack signs off, leaving Marcus alone and sitting in his room. His head listing to one side, Marcus cups his hands together against his face.

Marcus's eyes pop open, wide, focused, and piercing - just like Charlotte's.

He lowers himself from his bed onto the floor and slowly paces across the room toward a desk on the other side. Above the desk is a giant, pictured diagram on the wall.

The diagram is made up of numerous pictures of people's faces, with arrows pointing from one person to another. It strangely resembles a giant flow chart. Almost all of the pictures have red slash marks across the faces.

To the far right of the diagram is a piece of paper labeled JACK'S RULES, with three bullet-points: "(1) Only who Jack wants you to; (2) Never in Jack's house; (3) Report only to Jack."

In the middle of the diagram is a picture of Marcus himself, with an arrow connecting it to the top of the diagram, where there is a picture of the man "Ray". This man has short, close-cropped hair, a thick-cheekboned face, and an athletic, muscular physique.

Connected by double arrows to Ray's picture is a picture of another man, "Lee". This man's hair is long and tattered, his body thin and lanky. He is not threatening at all.

Situated to below the pictures of Ray and Lee, to the right of Marcus's own picture, is Charlotte's. In her picture, she appears the same, but less ragged, as she did earlier.

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

In flashback, Marcus opens the door to his apartment to see Charlotte, standing in the hallway, fiddling with her fingers.

MARCUS
 (pleasantly surprised)
 Charlotte?
 (beat)
 What are you - doing here?

CHARLOTTE
 (interrupting)
 I need your help, Marcus.

(CONTINUED)

Charlotte strides past Marcus into his apartment. Marcus turns around, his eyes following her.

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Charlotte is lying gently on Marcus's couch, with Marcus sitting across from her on a chair. Charlotte's eyes are directed past Marcus to his giant diagram.

MARCUS
(hard tone)
Charlotte, you have to tell me
who's following you.

CHARLOTTE
(exhausted)
I don't know, Marcus.
(fidgety)
I mean - it's probably Ray, I don't
know, I mean... does it matter?

MARCUS
(taking her hand)
I'll protect you.

Their eyes meet and they both smile.

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Marcus is now lying in his bed, laptop on his stomach, with Charlotte standing over him.

CHARLOTTE
(softly)
I have an idea, Marcus.

MARCUS
Hmm?

CHARLOTTE
(beat)
About how we can get rid of Ray.

MARCUS
Mmm-hmm

(CONTINUED)

CHARLOTTE

(slowly)

Ray's good because people fear him.
What if we put a stop to that, hmm?

Marcus looks away from his laptop and back at Charlotte, a soft, relaxed smile appearing on his face.

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Back in the present, Marcus continues to stare forward into Charlotte's picture.

MARCUS (V.O.)

(teasing)

Go on.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)

If you show me how to - well - be
like you, we might be able to pull
this off together.

Marcus is fully standing. His right arm glides across the desk, picking up a red sharpie. His arm moves to Charlotte's picture and gently lines red across her face. His eyebrows lower a bit, his face still tightened.

He lets his arm dangle, placing the sharpie back onto the desk. He lightly brushes a handful of folders slumping on the desk, all labeled with different names of people from the diagram - one of them is labeled RAY.

His hand travels from the folders to the top drawer in the desk, where, tucked in between a handful of books, is a black GUN - just like Charlotte's.

Marcus brings the gun up to eye level, but continues looking past it toward the diagram, determined and resolute.

His movements quick and purposeful, Marcus pulls a black BAG from underneath his bed.

He unzips it the bag and stuffs the gun inside.

He stands and grabs a gray jacket draped over his bedpost.

He zips the bag, pulls the jacket over his shoulders, and strides out of his apartment in one motion, the door slamming beside him.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The mansion - Jack's house - stands tall in the wind as the day progresses.

INT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Inside Jack's house, the place is bubbling with people milling about. In the center of the room are tables spread out so people can mingle between each other and eat if they choose to.

Sitting at a table at the corner of the room is the friendly-looking man from the picture, LEE, 25.

He is leaning back against his seat, relaxed and at peace. His eyes are closed, listening to the background music.

A deep voice interrupts Lee's zen. The man, RAY, speaks softly but in a way that puts emphasis on every word. In his mind, everything he says is of utmost importance.

RAY (O.S.)

(confidently, sure of himself)

You know

(beat)

When all of this is done with, I wonder if people will appreciate any of it.

(beat)

Jack won't, for sure. Even though he's now the guy in charge, he's not going to look at me with respect or admiration. All impossible.

(beat)

But fear - that's what none of them have, Lee. Lee?

Lee, relaxed and smiling, has seemingly zoned out.

RAY (O.S.)

Lee? Are you listening, this is important.

Lee only nods as he re-positions himself to a slightly upright position, eyes still closed.

RAY (O.S.)

Fear, as I was saying. For people like us, a powerful thing. It's what separates us from them, you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAY (O.S.) (cont'd)
know. If they fear you, you can
make them do anything, anything at
all. Whatever it is you want.

(beat)

They stand there, their eyes wide
once they realize their time is up.
That's when you can make them
dance.

(beat)

You listening, Lee?

Lee crinkles his lip in a lightly-sarcastic nod as he
reaches into his pocket for a cigarette.

Ray's arm reaches across Lee and takes the cigarette from
his hand. Lee's eyes finally open as he stops short in his
motion.

RAY (O.S.)

No smoking, friend. Lightens your
senses. Whenever Marcus *does* show
up, you're going to have to be
ready.

(beat)

Wipe that pathetic frown off your
face, Lee.

(authoritatively)

You're only here because of me, you
know that, right? I could've ended
you that day, when you were on your
knees like a little bitch, I
could've ended you.

Lee is still staring at Ray, completely motionless and
rigid.

RAY (O.S.)

What kind of person lets himself
get taken like that? Seriously?

(beat)

But *I* let you go on, Lee. I let you
continue. Having a buffer between
myself and the enemy has been very
helpful.

(beat)

But then why is Marcus still alive?
He's very easy, Lee, because he
looks at me with such rigor. Very
easy to track. You could've used
that. Why haven't you?

Lee is still staring forward, rolling his fingers across the
table, his lip still curling.

(CONTINUED)

RAY (O.S.)

Whatever. Maybe I should've ended you before. Maybe you're the same impotent man I had at my mercy.

(beat)

Is that what you want to be, Lee? Hmm? Someone who can't perform? Or do you want to be, well, me?

Pull back to reveal RAY, sitting across Lee, smoking a cigarette himself. He wears tight, muscle-exhibiting clothing.

RAY

(chuckling at his own joke)

Actually, just kidding. I shouldn't get your hopes up. I understand the nature of the universe, and you're still learning. You're still the student.

(sternly)

Just, for once, don't disappoint your teacher.

Ray is interrupted when, in the background, Marcus enters through a side door to a bar adjacent to the dining area.

Both Lee and Ray pause as Marcus strides to the bar, his bag hugging his shoulder. Ray stands up from his table.

RAY

(to Lee)

One more drink, friend. Then I'll leave you to it.

Patting Lee on the shoulder, Ray steps past him and moseys up to the bar, situating himself so he is standing between the door and Marcus, who is now speaking to the BARTENDER.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Yeah, I've been busy. You seen Jack?

BARTENDER

I think he's down at the shop taking care of some business. Why?

MARCUS

Don't worry about it, man. I'll find him.

Marcus quickly downs his drink in one swift gulp and then turns for the door. Ray is standing in the way.

(CONTINUED)

Marcus immediately tightens up, his eyes dilating.

MARCUS
(brushing it off)
Excuse me.

RAY
(interrupting)
Don't worry about it, he says.
Never was able to make a move
without Jack making it first.

MARCUS
(to the point)
You got a problem, Ray?

RAY
(innocently)
Of course not. Just making
conversation.

MARCUS
(trying to get by)
Well... in that case.

Marcus tries to push past Ray, but the man moves to block Marcus.

RAY
(mockingly)
How long before you get out of the
game like Jack did? You are getting
a bit old for it.

MARCUS
(beat)
No, Ray, I don't walk away because
when I do, I want to know I did
everything I could.

A condescending smile appears on Ray's face.

RAY
Well said, old chap. Well said.

Without responding, Marcus finally pushes past Ray and exits the building through the same side door he came in.

Ray turns away from Marcus to face Lee, still sitting at the table, and gives him a knowing, stern look.

Ray pushes past a group of bystanders towards the bathrooms, leaving Lee sitting alone at the table.

(CONTINUED)

Lee, smacking his lips, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cigarette. He lights it defiantly yet calmly.

Taking a big puff and with glaring eyes, he meanders out of the front door.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

People are buzzing about down the streets of the small town. Shoes CLICK along the ground as the indistinct voices of the disparate people fuse together.

Marcus, walking amidst the crowd, has his eyes front and center as he strides briskly.

After taking jerking glances behind him several times, Marcus stops at the outside of a local "small town" shop, his outreached hand gripping the doorknob.

Marcus cranes his neck high above the crowd, eying those behind him in the distance.

Nodding to himself reassuringly, Marcus pushes into the shop.

INT. SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

The door DINGS open as Marcus steps forward onto the landing, his right arm stretched across his body, clutching his black bag.

The shop is mostly empty, with one or two people sporadically placed at tables by themselves.

At a far table in the back, another man is bent over, palming the table with a washcloth, his eyes fixed.

The door DINGS closed. The man's head pivots upward and his eyes lock with Marcus. This is JACK EMERALD, and he is frowning.

Marcus delicately steps further into the shop as Jack continues to wash tables, deliberately moving away from Marcus.

Marcus eases up to Jack, who averts his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Jack.

JACK

(interrupting)

I told you to look after yourself.

(beat)

That doesn't mean come to my place
of business.

MARCUS

Jack, it's Charlotte.

Jack briefly glances at Marcus before returning to the
tables, now with more force.

JACK

I thought I made myself very clear,
earlier. There's nothing I can do.

MARCUS

(interrupting)

She was going to help me get rid of
Ray.

One of the remaining people in the shop gets up to leave as
Jack lightly pounds his washcloth on the table.

MARCUS

I can't do it on my own, Jack.

JACK

(interrupting, softly)

No.

MARCUS

(continuing)

That's why I need you by my side.

JACK

(interrupting, getting
irritated)

Marcus...

MARCUS

(continuing)

Look at you, you want Ray out just
as much as I do.

JACK

(interrupting, loudly)

Marcus!

(CONTINUED)

The last remaining customer begins to meander out of the shop.

JACK
Enough, please.
(leaning in)
I was with you before because
you're my friend and because Ray's
an arrogant douche, okay?
(composing himself)
I'm not letting that stuff get to
me anymore.

The last customer exits the shop with a soft DING.

MARCUS
Jack, Charlotte and I had a plan.
Because Ray is just going to keep
killing and killing unless I - no
we - put a stop to it.

Interrupting, Jack reaches across Marcus and into his jacket pocket.

Marcus jerks away, grabbing at Jack's arm, but Jack widens his eyes at his old friend and Marcus releases his grip.

Jack slides Marcus's gun out of his pocket and holds it up between the two of them.

JACK
Standard-issue?

MARCUS
(puzzled)
Yes?

Jack rolls the gun around his hand, massaging it slowly.

And he takes aim right at Marcus's chest and fires.

With a loud POP, a cloud of red dust eases into the air in the wake of the shot.

A large, red blotch appears on Marcus's chest.

It is paint.

Jack lowers the "gun" and sets it on the table in between him and Marcus, his fingers lightly running over it.

JACK
Tell me, what is it we're doing
here?

MARCUS
(defeated)
Playing Assassins.

JACK
And what is my job?

MARCUS
(defeated)
You're the administrator.

JACK
Mmm-hmm. Is the administrator
allowed to choose sides?

MARCUS
(defeated)
No.

Jack's hand moves from the gun to the washcloth and raises it, preparing to finish his work.

JACK
(to the point)
Ray's beaten you at this game
twice. So what? He beats everybody.
(beat)
You really do take things too
seriously.

MARCUS
It's more than the game, Jack. You
once believed that too.

JACK
(turning away)
Mmm... maybe.
(holding washcloth up)
But I have work to do now.

Jack walks away from Marcus and exits into the back of the shop, leaving Marcus standing alone in the flickering darkness.

Marcus's wandering eyes meander from his gun to the shop door. They widen.

Lee is standing across the street, smoking a cigarette, leaning against a wall. He followed Marcus.

(CONTINUED)

Marcus grits his teeth and places his black bag onto the table, unzipping it swiftly.

Inside is a multitude of clothing - pants, shirts, jacket - distinctly different from that which Marcus is currently wearing.

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Lee stands, leaning against the wall, eying Jack's shop across the street.

His eyes are centered and focused, yet his head is swaying, as if he's listening to zen music that isn't there.

Lee brings the cigarette up to his lips and scrunches his face, taking a deep, solemn breath.

A BUZZ jerks Lee from his state of peace.

Grumbling, Lee rummages into his pants pocket and pulls his PHONE out.

RAY (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
You got him?

Taking a breath, Lee finally speaks. His words are chosen softly and carefully, but not in an "in your face" way.

LEE
(into phone)
I'm outside Jack's shop, boss. I
assumed that's where he'd go.

RAY (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
You assumed?

LEE
(into phone)
I mean... he had a pretty big head
start on me after he left the base.
I doubted he'd go back home, so...

INT. BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A shadow rolls across the all-too-familiar diagram that Marcus has on the wall of his bedroom.

Ray steps over some of Marcus's things as he paces around Marcus's room.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
(into phone)
No. He's not in his room.

INTERCUT with the town, outside Jack's shop.

LEE
(into phone, exasperated)
Ray, what are you doing?

RAY
(into phone)
I'm getting... information.

Ray slides his fingers across the folder in Marcus's room labeled "RAY."

RAY
(into phone)
You disappoint me, Lee. This is very disappointing.

LEE
(into phone)
Boss, he might *be* in the shop right now. You said yourself he depends on Jack.

As Lee speaks, an odd-yet-normal figure exits Jack's shop, wearing sunglasses, a thick-brimmed hat, and a heavy jacket.

RAY
(interrupting, into phone)
Speaking back to me, Lee. Brave words, indeed.

Ray unseals and opens the folder with his name on it.

RAY
(to himself, softly)
What are you hiding, Marcus?

LEE
(into phone)
Sorry? I didn't catch that.

RAY
(into phone)
Of course you didn't.

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Lee is now walking in place by the side of the road, swaying in a circle, his eyes glaring.

RAY (V.O.)
 (into phone, filtered)
 Wait ten minutes. Then meet me
 outside base. We have work to do.

LEE
 (deliberately feigned
 civility, into phone)
 Yes boss.

Swaying, Lee turns around.

His eyes widen and a soft, respectful smile appears on his face.

Marcus is standing right in front of him, his "gun" held close to his chest, aimed at Lee.

RAY (V.O.)
 (into phone, filtered)
 You hear me this time, Lee?

LEE
 (into phone, distracted)
 I'll see you later.

Lee hangs up, letting his phone dangle to his side as he admires Marcus's new facade.

Marcus continues to glare at Lee.

LEE
 (respectfully)
 Good job with the outfit swap,
 Marcus. Didn't see that coming.

MARCUS
 (interrupting)
 Walk... now.

Marcus grabs Lee's hands, turning him around.

Marcus takes Lee's own "gun" from his pocket, stuffing it into his jacket, all the while keeping his "gun" trained on Lee's back.

Lee begins to walk up the road, Marcus behind him.

(CONTINUED)

LEE
(upbeat)
Where are we going?

MARCUS
The house.

LEE
Ah... can't kill me there though.

MARCUS
Outside... where she died.
(beat)
It was you.
(beat)
You killed Charlotte.

Lee pauses, turning around to face Marcus.

LEE
Because?

MARCUS
Because Ray isn't smart enough to
lock the doors of the house.

He then deliberately sways and moves into an alleyway adjacent to them. The alleyway is thin, barely enough room for each of them to fit.

Lee walks inside, Marcus blocking out the sea of people behind them.

LEE
(facing Marcus)
She was gonna kill you, bro.

MARCUS
Eventually, sure, after Ray was...

LEE
No no, Marcus. Had you gone to the
base last night, you'd be dead.

MARCUS
Not possible, Lee.

LEE
Listen... Ray is your target, I can
see it in your eyes. Charlotte was
my target. I'm Ray's, even though
he keeps me alive. That makes you
her's.

MARCUS
(brushing it off)
She wasn't...

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Marcus sits on his bed, wearing pajamas, watching Charlotte as she leans over his desk, perusing through his folders and papers, her hair trickling against them.

FLASH TO

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Marcus stands in front of Lee, eyes still blinking in bewilderment.

MARCUS
She wasn't concerned about winning
the game.

LEE
Of course she was, Marcus.
(beat)
In this game, it's every Assassin
for himself.

FLASH TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marcus paces around his room. Charlotte is busy taking notes, scribbling away on a piece of paper, standing in front of the diagram again.

FLASH TO

EXT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Charlotte steps out from a building, texting Marcus "Can you meet me at Jack's house?" Brow lowered, eyes focused, she begins to grin ear to ear.

As she continues to walk forward, her hand gripping her "gun" inside her pocket, Lee steps out from behind a bush behind her.

(CONTINUED)

Lee, gaze centered, matter-of-factly raises his own "gun" and aims at Charlotte.

With a loud POP, a red splotch clips Charlotte's right ear.

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
(stunned)
You?

FLASH TO

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Marcus and Lee are now staring at each other in silence, Marcus's "gun" still trained on Lee.

MARCUS
Why save me?

LEE
(grinning ear-to-ear)
Now we're getting somewhere.

MARCUS
What is it you want, Lee?

LEE
You really want to tear him down?

Marcus gulps twice and slowly lets his "gun" begin to list. He finally lowers his "gun" completely and scrunches his face in agreement with Lee.

LEE
That's what I thought.
(beat)
Follow me.

Lee pushes past Marcus, out of the alleyway, to the sidewalk. Marcus, still flummoxed, stands still.

He then stuffs his "gun" into his jacket and follows Lee into the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

The mansion - Jack's house - stands tall in the wind as the late afternoon progresses towards night.

By the side of the road, a red car pulls up next to the house, headlights flickering.

Ray sits inside the car, the folder with his name on it still open and spread out on the dashboard.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Across the grassy field in front of the house, Marcus steps out of from inside the shed, crouching and ducking underneath a pair of bushes.

Marcus closes the door to the shed and bolt-locks it, keeping one hand gripping his "gun" through his jacket pocket.

Marcus's eyes are trained on Ray's car across the field.

As Marcus nods, he chews the air, wiggling around his tongue towards the back of his mouth.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Ray, inside his car, finally closes the folder and reaches into the glove compartment, taking his own "gun" and stuffing it into the back of his pants.

Ray palms the steering wheel as his PHONE, sitting on the dashboard, BUZZES. It's a text message from Lee:

"LEE"

(6:58 PM)

Marcus is in sight, boss.

Ray gives a soft, breathy "hmm".

"ME"

(6:58 PM)

Where?

"LEE"

(6:59 PM)

Meet me by the side door. I'll lead you to him.

Ray hesitates with his fingers and brings his hand up to his mouth. His eyebrows raise.

(CONTINUED)

"LEE"

(6:59 PM)

I thought you wanted to be there,
boss. Although it is dangerous.

Ray's eyes lower and his face contorts.

"ME"

(7:00 PM)

You're right. I do this.

Ray tosses the phone to the top of the dashboard, grabs a *second* gun sitting on the passenger's seat, and swiftly exits the car, moving purposefully towards the side door.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Marcus, watching Ray from behind some nearby bushes, lightly rubs/scratches the right side of his stomach.

He then stands up, shoes PLOPPING against the grass.

EXT. HOUSE - SUNSET

Ray bounds toward the side door of the house, "gun" in hand.

RAY

(vocally, to be heard)

You better not be putting me
behind, Lee.

Ray BASHES against the edge of side door. In disbelief, he begins jiggling the door with an echoing RUMBLE, but to no avail.

The door is locked.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Drop it, and behind you.

With a loud POP, the wall behind Ray is shattered with red paint. Ray crouches to the ground as the cloud of red dust trickles into the air above him.

Marcus stands across the landing, holding up Lee's cell phone with one hand, the "gun" trained on Ray with the other.

Ray shakes his head, feigning defeat, and tosses the one "gun" in his hand to the side.

He turns to face Marcus.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
Marcus Root.

MARCUS
(stepping toward Ray)
Ray Jameson.

RAY
(beat)
What'd you do with him?

MARCUS
Lee? The little guy's locked up in
the shed. I wouldn't worry about
him.

RAY
(feigning smile)
Never did, Ray.
(beat)
Always was useless. Even before I
had him on his knees.

MARCUS
(feigning agreement)
That's true... that *is* true. I
mean, how many people did he
actually kill for you?

RAY
(feigning smile)
Not many, old chap, not many.
(beat)
I don't even know why he's in the
game.

MARCUS
(feigning agreement)
Can't be a killer and an idiot at
the same time.

RAY
(feigning smile)
Exactly. Did you know he dropped
his gun when he tried to defend
himself? Jesus!

Marcus interrupts Ray with exaggerated, chortling laughter.

MARCUS
(laughing)
Dropped his gun, really?

Ray joins in with his own exaggerated chortles.

(CONTINUED)

RAY
(laughing)
Fredo Corleone was better than this
guy, man.

MARCUS
(laughing)
Pretty dumb, huh?

The laughter fuses together as Marcus's eyes dart back across the field to the shed.

The shed door has now mysteriously swung open.

As the laughter begins to die down, Ray's fingers begin to wiggle toward his second "gun" in the back of his pants.

RAY
(composing himself)
Yeah... for a moment there, I
thought you took him out for me...
considering those *detailed* files
you have on us...

MARCUS
Really?

Ray's fingers reach the tip of his "gun", stretching themselves out.

RAY
But then I thought about it and...
(beat)
Even after all this time...

His fingers begin to wrap around the "gun".

RAY
(serious)
You still don't have it in you to
take --

With a loud POP, Ray is blasted back into the wall next to the side door, a large red paint splotch appearing on his chest.

Ray grunts as his arm, contorted behind his body, is scrunched against the wall as well.

Ray stares at Marcus, flabbergasted.

MARCUS
(matter-of-factly)
You were about to tell me I
couldn't take the kill shot, right?
(beat)
Even though you...

Marcus shoots Ray again, this time up by his neck.

Ray's lip begins to curl, his eyes brimming with fire.

MARCUS
You had to hide behind Lee all this
time...
(beat)
Game over, gutless.

Marcus matter-of-factly turns around and moves to walk away, finished.

Ray, fuming, reaches into his pocket and swings his "gun" around.

RAY
(growling)
Gutless?

Ray aims at Marcus, but then there is another POP.

Ray freezes in place as Marcus, back to Ray, jerks his neck back. Another POP.

Marcus's body swings around and he falls face-down into the grass in front of Ray.

Ray, in shock, looks up and sees Lee, striding toward the commotion, holding his own "gun."

Lee says nothing, only glares at Ray, who nods and begins to crack his fingers and back, composing himself.

RAY
(demeaning)
Really great job, Lee.
(beat)
Too late now, buddy-boy. Too late
now. I mean, what in God's name are
you waiting for?

LEE
(interrupting)
What kind of man shoots someone
with their back turned?

(CONTINUED)

Ray stops short in his sentence as a silence comes over the two of them.

Marcus is not moving.

RAY
Oh please, Lee, don't make a scene.

Lee says nothing, but keeps his gun trained on Ray.

RAY
(pointing at Marcus)
He didn't play fair. He had it coming.
(beat)
Marcus, get up.

More silence. Ray stops in his tracks and creaks his head, eying Lee in concern.

LEE
(calmly)
Haven't seen Charlotte since last night. I wonder it...

Ray, on his guard and stepping back from Lee, now eyes Marcus, still immobile.

A red, thicker liquid begins oozing from underneath Marcus. It trickles down, past his outstretched arms, and creeps toward Ray.

Ray's eyes now widen completely and his mouth opens with a sickening GURGLE. As his body tenses, he pushes into the locked door, hands swiggling.

RAY
(actually fearful)
Lee, what is this?

LEE
(calmly)
You always did treat this "game" as if it were real.
(beat)
This real enough?

Lee steps forward, his shoes PLOPPING into the red, oozing liquid coming from Marcus.

RAY
(pleading)
No, Lee, this isn't you. You always kept to yourself, but *this*?

LEE
(quoting Ray)
"I could've ended you - that day
you were on your knees like a
little bitch, I could've ended
you."

Lee CLICKS something, his arm raising the gun.

LEE
(smiling)
Oh, Ray - you should have.

RAY
(pleading)
I was kidding, Lee... Lee?

Ray falls to his knees and grabs onto Lee's jacket.

LEE
You gonna stop spitting on people,
Ray?

RAY
Yes, I promise... I promise, Lee...

LEE
Really?

RAY
Yes, Lee, I do... forgive me...
forgive me...

LEE
Really?

RAY
Yes, yes... yes, I do... I do...

LEE
(beat)
No.

Ray's eyes widen in utter fear and panic.

RAY
(panicked)
No!

A loud, echoing POP booms out across the landing.

A cloud of red dust trickles into the air.

A red paint splotch appears on Ray's face.

(CONTINUED)

As Ray stays there, on his knees, mouth open in fear, red paint clouding on his face, laughter begins to take over the atmosphere.

At first, it's only Lee laughing.

Ray's eyes open, revealing Marcus, lying on his back, perfectly fine. He begins wiping fake-squib-blood from his shirt and from his face, joining Lee as they both begin to really guffaw.

Ray's eyes peel to the side.

Charlotte is there, along with a slew of other random people, laughing and sniggering as well.

In Charlotte's hands is a digital VIDEO CAMERA, the red recording dot blaring red.

Ray looks back at Lee.

RAY
(defeated)
Not funny.

The laughter continues

RAY
(defeated, angered)
Not funny.

The laughter drowns out any sound of Ray's voice as Lee begins clapping his hands together

RAY
(defeated, growling)
Not... funny...
(interrupting himself)
Just... get away from me

Ray pushes himself past Lee and across to the front door of the house.

He pushes open the door and stumbles inside, out of view from the rest of the viewing public.

From inside the house, a loud, piercing SCREAM echoes through the trees.

Outside, the laughter finally begins to die down.

Marcus gives a reserved smile as Lee's arm extends in front of Marcus, helping him up.

LEE
(grinning)
Well done, old chap.

Lee suddenly realizes that a large amount of people are still staring toward him, waiting impatiently for something.

LEE
(loudly, to everyone)
Okay, guys, show's over. Show's over.

As a collective sigh emanates from the crowd, Lee and Marcus stand upright together, looking out past the horizon and toward the house.

Charlotte, letting the camera dangle to the side, smiles toward Marcus and, still chuckling, gives him a thumbs up. Then, she too, begins to meander away.

MARCUS
(to Lee)
Well... you won.

LEE
(pleasantly surprised)
Yeah, how about that?

Marcus and Lee share another, partnerly grin, and give each other one last smile.

MARCUS
Yeah... I should probably go tell Jack the game's over.

The two men begin to meander away from each other.

LEE
Yeah, you do that.
(beat)
I'm gonna go home and... have a cigarette.

Marcus and Lee are stopped in freeze frame as energetic, happy MUSIC blares on.

Roll credits