

Count To Three  
by  
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FADE IN

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

ROBERT (35) stands bundled in the cold. A GUNMAN (20's) is in front of him with a gun pointed at Robert's chest.

GUNMAN

I'm gonna count to three.

ROBERT

I'm not gonna do it.

GUNMAN

I'm gonna count to three.

ROBERT

I gave you all the cash I have. I'm not giving you my wallet and my phone.

GUNMAN

When I get to three, I will shoot you if you don't hand them over.

ROBERT

No.

GUNMAN

One.

FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DAN (mid-40's) sits at his desk across from Robert.

ROBERT

I don't understand.

DAN

It's just like I explained it. You are capable of doing some work that goes way beyond this office and this market. This opportunity frees you up to pursue that.

ROBERT

So you think that I'm so good at my job that you're not renewing my contract?

DAN

We don't want to hold you back.

ROBERT

You're not holding me back. I'm not really interested in moving on right now. I don't have anything else lined up.

DAN

Look, I'd love to be able to keep you but the truth is this wasn't a great year for us. I think now is the time for you to explore some other opportunities.

ROBERT

Basically you're firing me.

DAN

I think you're seeing only the negative side to this.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

ROBERT

I know it was only thirty bucks, but there's nothing in my wallet worth anything to you and the phone is old. It doesn't even--

GUNMAN

Shut up! I'll shoot you and take them anyway. You gonna hand them over?

(beat)

Two.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOSPITAL - NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

CATHY (30) lies on a hospital bed covered by a thin sheet. She grips the hand of her husband Robert. The two turn their attention to the DOCTOR (50's) as he enters the room.

DOCTOR

We've done all we can. He's not going to be able to breathe on his own for long. Another procedure isn't going to help.

Tears run from Cathy's eyes. Robert's eyes turn glassy.

CATHY

What happens next?

DOCTOR

We can bring him in if you want. You three can be together as long as he holds on.

Cathy's attempt to speak is replaced by a sob.

ROBERT

How...how long do you think we'll have?

DOCTOR

About an hour. We'll bring him in. Does he have a name?

ROBERT

(voice cracking)

Ben--

Robert takes a breath.

ROBERT

Benjamin. His name is Benjamin.

The doctor exits. Cathy rips her hand from Robert's, covers her face with her hands and lets out a deafening cry.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The gunman moves a step closer to Robert. Robert starts to hold out his phone, then pulls it back.

GUNMAN

I will fuckin' kill you!

FLASHBACK

INT. ROBERT AND CATHY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A garment bag lays across the bed and Cathy hurriedly stuffs clothes in it.

ROBERT

Things are going to work out.

CATHY

I can't do this any more.

ROBERT

We'll get to Des Moines and--

CATHY

No! I'm not moving again! We've moved three times in five years. I can't do it!

ROBERT

We'll get settled this time.

CATHY

How do you know that? I can't take this any more! If I hadn't gone through the stress of you losing

(MORE)

CATHY (cont'd)  
your job and knowing we'd have to  
move again, maybe...

ROBERT  
Maybe what?

CATHY  
Maybe...if I hadn't felt that  
stress or had that worry...

ROBERT  
Are you blaming me? Are you blaming  
me losing my job for the  
complications with--

CATHY  
I don't know.  
(her voice trails off)  
Those things can be a factor.

ROBERT  
I don't believe this.

CATHY  
I want to go home. I want to move  
back to Oklahoma where we have  
family.

ROBERT  
Your family is here. It's us.

CATHY  
I'm leaving. I'm going home.

ROBERT  
If I move to Oklahoma with you are  
we staying together?

CATHY  
I can't answer that.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Robert stuffs his phone in his coat pocket.

GUNMAN  
Three.

Robert lunges forward and with both hands, grabs at the  
gunman's wrist and pushes it upward. With the gun pointed at  
the ceiling, the gunman's left hand reaches into his coat  
pocket and he pulls out a knife.

The gunman stabs Robert's thigh. Robert's knees buckle and  
his grip on the other man's gun-hand is loosened.

The gun points forward again at Robert's chest and FIRES!  
The gunshot echos in the parking garage.

Robert falls back and lands in a seated position.

The gunman reaches in Robert's pockets, extracts his phone  
and his wallet and he briskly walks away.

Robert's face is twisted in pain. His hand covers a growing  
stain of blood on his chest and he falls back on the garage  
floor.

Footsteps approach.

His wallet is tossed back and hits him in the shoulder.

Robert's trembling hand extracts a small photo from the  
wallet. He lifts his head to at it.

Robert's head then falls back to the floor. The photo slips  
from his hand. The photo shows Cathy with a half-smile  
holding a tiny infant bundled in a blue blanket.

Robert's face turns peaceful and his eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK