

# KILLER ENDING

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLEA MARKET - DAY

A bustling flea market. Beloved community hub.

Stalls overflow with junk, treasures, and oddities.

PEOPLE browse, chat in a lively atmosphere.

BARRY (30s), hunched, socially awkward, clutching a shopping bag, weaves through the crowd.

His eyes, searching tables, scanning for something specific.

He stops at a stall.

VENDOR STALL

Table is cluttered with old board games and jigsaw puzzles.

VENDOR (60s) a lanky old man, head down, pays Barry no mind.

BARRY

Uh, do you...have any scary  
puzzles?

The Vendor looks up slowly, with an unsettling gaze,  
appraising Barry.

He then smiles revealing his yellow teeth.

VENDOR

Scary puzzles, huh? Not many folks  
collect those around here. But I  
think I have just what you're  
looking for.

The Vendor rummages under the table, pulling out a dusty,  
oversized puzzle box.

Edges worn, and faint stains of red, blood-like on the  
cover.

Barry studies the cover.

BARRY

What's the picture?

VENDOR

It's the kind of puzzle that  
reveals itself piece by piece.

Barry hesitates, intrigued but skeptical.

BARRY

Sounds...dramatic.

VENDOR

Oh, you have no idea, my boy.

Barry blinks, confused, but brushes it off.

Pulls out some cash.

BARRY

How much?

VENDOR

For you? Ten bucks. But don't say I  
didn't warn you.

Barry hands over the money. Grabs the box.

As he turns to leave the Vendor leans in.

VENDOR

Finish it, and you'll love the  
killer ending.

Barry glances back, uneasy, but quickly walks away.

INT. BARRY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cramped, dimly lit space. A clock on the wall ticks.

Horror-themed puzzles, some framed, line the walls.

A table in the center of the room is cleared.

A lamp casting a glow over it.

Barry sets the puzzle box on the table.

He stares at it, running his fingers over the faint stains.

He opens the box.

The pieces are dark, intricate, and oddly textured.

Barry dumps them onto the table and begins sorting.

LATER

Barry works late into the night, his obsession growing.

The puzzle starts to take shape - an apartment, strangley  
similar to his.

He pauses and notices details matching his living room.

The couch, the lamp, the pictures on the wall.

BARRY

Weird...

He shakes it off, continues putting it together.

CLOSE-UP: A new section reveals a faint FIGURE in the  
background.

Barry doesn't notice at first.

The clock shows - 3:00am

Barry rubs his eyes, keeps going.

The puzzle consuming his entire table.

Barry places another piece, revealing the figure clearly.

It's the Vendor, standing in what looks like Barry's apartment

Barry freezes, staring at the image.

He glances around the room, nervously, but it's empty.

He looks back at the puzzle. Only a few pieces remain.

CLOSE-UP: Barry's hand hovers over a piece.

He hesitates, then places it.

The puzzle shows the Vendor standing directly behind him.

Barry's eyes widen. He spins around.

The Vendor is there, knife in hand, smiling with his yellow teeth. He violently swings down.

OVER BLACK

The sound of a blade slicing and then a dull THUD.

FADE IN

CLOSE ON THE PUZZLE -

The Vendor in the image, now standing over Barry's lifeless body on the floor in a pool of blood.

FADE OUT