Screenplay

Ву

Ieuan Hale

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purplehaze.hale01@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT.WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Two men, JASON and BOBBY, both LATE-TWENTIES, sit at a table that is situated in the middle of this BLEAK and DESOLATE warehouse. A lone light BULB hangs above them.

Their THICK lips and BLACK eyes indicate a pretty horrendous BEATING.

A man, TONY, (40s) enters frame. He holds a REVOLVER in one hand and a BULLET in the other.

TONY Gonna have ourselves a game of roulette, gentlemen.

He places the bullet inside the CHAMBER, spins it then flicks it shut.

TONY(CONT'D) Whichever one of you lucky bastards avoids the bullet it set free. No catch.

He places the gun on the table and SPINS it once. The BARREL stops and points at BOBBY.

Tony taps him on the shoulder

TONY Looks like your up first.

TONY exits frame.

Bobby just sits there, TREMBLING and SWEATING profusely. He picks up the gun and moves it towards his mouth, then SLAMS it down on the table.

He begins to sob.

BOBBY Please don't make me do this! I have money, i can give you money, anything you want!

TONY (OS) Well that's very kind of you to offer, but i don't want your money.

Bobby continues to sob, CHOKING on his words.

BOBBY

Why...why are you doing this? I have two kids for christ sake!

TONY (OS) What difference does it make to you why I'm doing it? Just pick up the gun.

Bobby stares at the gun, TREMBLING. He hesitates, picks it up and places the BARREL into his mouth. The steel VIBRATES against his TEETH as his hand shakes uncontrollably.

His finger WRAPS around the trigger. He takes a few DEEP breaths, closes his eyes and SLOWLY pulls it.

CLICK!

He opens his eyes, still SHAKING like a leaf, and places the gun down on the table.

TONY (OS) Now that wasn't too hard, was it?

Bobby SLIDES the gun over to Jason who shows none of the hesitation he did. Instead he SWIFTLY picks up the gun, inserts into his mouth and pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

He SLAMS it down on the table.

TONY (OS) Whoa, check this guy out. Balls of steel on this kid. Just take it easy next time though, would ya. You are supposed to be putting on a show for me here.

Jason STARES straight ahead, his STEELY eyes masking his nervousness.

Bobby reaches for the gun. After a few DEEP breaths, he places the barrel of the gun into his mouth and squeezes the trigger.

CLICK!

He lets out a huge SIGH of relief. He places the gun on the table and rests his head into his hands, SOBBING quietly.

Jason QUICKLY reaches for it and moves it towards his TEMPLE in one quick movement, but before he pulls the trigger... TONY (OS)

Wait!

Jason LOWERS the gun.

Tony enters frame. He takes the gun out of Jason's hand and places it against Bobby's TEMPLE.

TONY I said take your time and you still ignore me.

Bobby leaps up in his seat.

BOBBY What the fuck is this!?

Tony places his hand on Bobby's SHOULDER and THRUSTS him back down onto his chair. He points the gun back at his temple.

BOBBY No, please! I did everything you said, I've played the game like you said! Please don't do this, I'm begging you!

JASON

Wait!

Without the slightest hint of hesitation, Tony quickly pulls the trigger twice.

CLICK!

CLICK!

Bobby opens his eyes, beads of sweat run down his pallid face.

TONY You lucky son of a bitch.

Jason looks at Bobby who is in disbelief at what just happened. Tony places the gun on the table and SLIDES it towards Jason

> TONY(CONT'D) (to Jason) I can guarantee you ain't gonna be so lucky.

Realization hits home for Jason as a look of panic streaks across his face.

TONY Sorry, i don't think i quite heard you.

JASON I said I'm not doing this. This wasn't the rules.

TONY

Rules?

Tony erupts with LAUGHTER.

TONY(CONT'D) Kid, this ain't a game of fucking baseball, there are no "rules"

The apparent CALMNESS that Jason exhibited earlier has now disappeared as he begins to TREMBLE.

JASON I'm not doing it. If you want me dead then you're gonna have to do it yourself.

Tony walks to the back of Jason and PLACES both of his HANDS on his shoulders. He leans down and WHISPERS into his ear.

TONY Just think of this as me giving you the chance to take the quick and easy way out.

He moves the gun CLOSER to Jason who very SLOWLY picks it up. Lifting up the gun, he stares at Bobby, who is still in a daze at what just happened

SHAKING violently, he places the gun in his mouth, SOBBING as he does so. He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and pulls the trigger...

NOTHING!

He looks down at the gun. The NERVOUSNESS that was once etched on his face is erased in an instant and is replaced with a look of INDIGNATION.

> JASON Jesus christ, there's something wrong with this gun again.

MAN (OS)

Cut!!

Bobby RISES from his seat and starts LAUGHING.

BOBBY Where the hell do you get these props from?

FADE OUT