

ALAN is walking down the street towards his office. He's in a suit holding a briefcase. He checks his watch and picks up speed. Suddenly a man steps in front of him and stops him. The man is wearing a black suit, tie, shirt, with black sunglasses, and fedora.

MAN

Have you got the time, mister?

ALAN

Just past nine.

MAN

Wait, can you tell me?

Alan cuts him off, starts to walk away.

ALAN

I'm sorry, I can't, I'm going to be.

The man cuts him off.

MAN

You can afford to be late today, sir.

Alan stops in his tracks. He turns around, starts walking back.

ALAN

I'm sorry?

MAN

You won't be, I promise. I have an interesting offer for you.

ALAN

An offer? What?

MAN

How would you like a million dollars?

Alan pauses. Looks around.

ALAN

Well, of course I'd love a million dollars.

The man smiles.

MAN

Then I can make that happen.

Alan laughs.

ALAN

What is this, a joke? Am I on Hidden Camera?

MAN

I assure you Mr. Matheson, this is no joke.

Alan becomes serious and worried.

ALAN

How do you know my name?

MAN

Alan William Matheson. Born December 9, 1982, lives in a one bedroom apartment scraping just enough to get by.

ALAN

How the hell do you.

The man cuts him off again.

MAN

I just know. Now, what about that million?

Alan is suspicious.

ALAN

What's the catch?

The man smiles again.

MAN

Kill.

Alan looks into the man's eyes and then LAUGHS. The man is serious. Alan points at him, the man's eyes follow.

ALAN

This is a radio crank, isn't it? Ha ha, you got me.

Alan starts to walk away.

MAN

You walk away from this, you'll never get another chance. Ever.

ALAN

I need to get to work, I'm late.

MAN

I told you you can afford to be late, especially since you'll be a million dollars richer in one week's time.

ALAN

A week?

MAN

(reciting from memory)

You'll be rewarded the cash if you perform your duties within one week's time.

ALAN

My duties? It's not my duty.

MAN

If you desire the million, it is.

PAUSE while Alan thinks.

ALAN

What're the rules?

MAN

Rules? Alan, you kill a man. Or woman. Whichever you want. However you want. As long as it's within one week's time.

ALAN

Why?

MAN

Call it an experiment. You get ten percent now. You can use it to buy whatever supplies you need. The rest will be rewarded a week from today.

ALAN

This is insane. What about the police, families, all that jazz?

MAN

Nothing.

ALAN

What?

MAN

The authorities will not go after you,
no one who knew the person will ever
mention their name again.

The man leans in.

MAN (CONT'D)

This is your one and only chance to have
the pleasure of murdering someone with
zero responsibility and consequences.

ALAN

I still don't understand.

The man looks upset, a little bored.

MAN

Take the ten percent. We'll talk
tomorrow. But if you spend any of that,
you automatically agree to the terms.

Awkward PAUSE. Alan hesitates saying:

ALAN

Where's the ten percent?

MAN

In your briefcase. Think about it, I'll
meet you here tomorrow.

The man walks away. Alan watches, then looks at his briefcase.
Alan shakes his head and LAUGHS, then he walks in the opposite
direction, towards his previous destination.

2

INT. OFFICE - DAY

2

Alan stepped into his cube, sits down with a sigh. He puts the
briefcase up onto his desk. He pauses to look at it. He turns
away from it, to go on his computer. He pulls up a spreadsheet
and starts typing. He pauses and looks over his shoulder, at the
briefcase. He opens it, closes it. He stands up, looks over the
cubes. He sits back down.

He sits back behind the briefcase and stares at it. After a moment, he opens the briefcase again, wide. He reveals many stacks of bills. He hesitates, but slowly pulls a manila envelope out of the top of the briefcase, and slowly closes it again. He places the envelope next to the keyboard without looking.

3 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

3

Clock ticking throughout:

Alan's apartment is very small. The briefcase is sitting on the table, Alan leaned up against the counter with a glass of milk in his hand. He's staring at the briefcase.

Time passes. Alan is sitting at the table with a pad of paper and pen. He's scribbling notes, scratching them out, crumpling up the paper in a ball. There are other papers on the table.

Time passes. Alan has taken off his jacket, loosened his tie. He's pacing in front of the table.

Time passes. Alan has a different shirt and tie. A day has passed. He's on the other side of the table, making a list.

Shot of: the pad has names on it. Some of them crossed off. He crosses two more off, scribbles over everything then crumples the paper into a ball.

4 EXT. STREETS - DAY

4

Alan is sitting on a table in the same area he was yesterday. He's got the briefcase on the table. He checks his watch. His leg is bouncing. He's nervous. He looks around, then looks at his watch again.

MAN
Just past nine.

The man startles Alan. He's relieved to see the man. He shoots up, briefcase in hand.

ALAN
Hi.

MAN
How long have you been waiting?

ALAN
Not long.

MAN
What have you decided?

ALAN
I don't know who I would.

The man interrupts him.

MAN
Most people pick a homeless person, a drifter. Someone who they know won't be missed. It doesn't matter either way. It just makes them feel better.

ALAN
Others have done this?

MAN
Population control.

The man smiles, Alan finds no humor in it. The man clears his throat and becomes serious once again.

MAN (CONT'D)
Yes, others have done this, and finished and walked away with a million bucks.

ALAN
What about taxes?

MAN
You'll never be asked about the money by anyone but those you tell. No IRS, no police ever. You're so paranoid.

ALAN
Can you blame me?

MAN
Of course not. No one accepts it right away.

ALAN
So I do it, get a million, walk away. No strings attached.

MAN
You forgot the week thing.

ALAN

Right. Other than that. No strings attached.

MAN

You got it.

ALAN

But why?

The man sighs.

MAN

No one has asked as many questions as you do. One guy didn't even say anything. Took the money and went with it.

ALAN

I've got concerns.

MAN

What, like morality?

ALAN

Well.

MAN

I told you, no one will know. No consequences. But you can get caught in the act. So, no killing the President or anything. Unless you want to. In which case, we never met.

ALAN

So you want me to kill the President?

MAN

Shut up man, there's nothing beyond what I'm telling you.

The man leans in and speaks slowly and loudly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Kill someone. Six days. No problems. Million dollars.

ALAN

What happens if I just keep this money and not do my duty?

MAN
Then you die.

Alan is set back.

MAN (CONT'D)
So you need to decide now. You didn't
spend any of it last night, did you?

ALAN
(quickly)
No!

MAN
Good. So what'll it be?

ALAN
Can I get another day to think it over?

MAN
I need an answer now.

Alan and the man stand, staring at each other.

5

INT. OFFICE - DAY

5

Alan sits at his desk, staring at the briefcase.

ALAN
Hey, Bob?

Bob pops his head up above the cube wall.

BOB
What's up, Alan?

Alan doesn't break his eyeline until Bob comes into view. He
turns around to face Bob.

ALAN
If you had the chance to kill someone,
without consequences, would you do it?

BOB
Absolutely.

ALAN
Really?

BOB
My ex-wife. Without hesitation.

ALAN
Really, you'd just do it?

BOB
Yea.

ALAN
What if you were getting paid?

BOB
Bonus.

ALAN
I think I'd have to kill someone random.
I don't hate anyone.

BOB
You'd get a free kill and it's someone
you don't even know? That's cold.

ALAN
Cold?

BOB
Yea, who knows, maybe he's a scientist
or doctor. You don't know.

ALAN
Yea. There's no one I know, though.

BOB
You should kill our boss. Wait, why the
hell you askin this anyway? Where did
this come from?

ALAN
Nowhere. Nevermind.

Bob drops behind the cube wall. Alan looks back at the briefcase
and sighs.

Bill appears at the entrance of Alan's cube.

BILL
Hey Alan. Got a minute?

ALAN
Yea, what's up?

Alan looks at Bill.

BILL
Can you do us a favor and stay late
tonight?

ALAN
Yea, I guess so. I've got no plans or
any.

Bill cuts him off.

BILL
Thanks.

Bill walks over to Bob's cube.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hey Bob, what's up?

BOB
I'll stay late, Bill.

BILL
Super. Thanks.

Bill walks past Bob's cube to his own. Bob pokes his head above
the cube wall.

BOB
What a douche. You kill someone, it
should be him.

Bob drops back down. Alan looks at the briefcase. He stands up,
looks past the cubes into Bill's cube.

6 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

6

Alan is entering numbers into a spreadsheet on his computer from
a stack of printer paper. Bill walks past with his briefcase and
coat.

BILL
Thanks for staying late guys.

Alan just watches as he exits the building.

After few moments after he leaves, Bob pokes his head above the
cube wall.

BOB

Screw this. I'm out of here. He gets the
leave early but I have to stay late?

ALAN

I'm gonna stay. I'm gonna finish up a
few more entries.

BOB

Suit yourself. I'm going to the Boulder.
Meet you there if you'd like.

ALAN

Maybe. See ya.

Bob puts on his jacket and leaves in a rush.

Throughout: Music plays through this montage:

Alan enters a few more numbers. He stands up, looks around the
office. Quiet. He goes to Bill's cube.

He moves into the cube acting nonchalant. He sees Bill's inbox
and shuffles through it. One envelope has been opened and has his
home address on the label. He picks up a pen and post-it and
writes his address down. Alan puts the envelope down and exits
the cube.

Alan sits down at his own desk, circles Sunday on his calendar
with a red Sharpie.

7 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

7

Alan has his jacket hanging on the back of a chair, his tie
loosened. He's tip-toeing around the kitchen with an extension
cord, tight between both hands. He cautiously creeps toward the
chair, whips the extension cord where the neck would be and
pretends to choke. He shakes his head and throws the cord down.

8 INT. OFFICE - DAY

8

The calendar has a couple red X's on Monday and Tuesday. Alan is
thinking, his chin propped up by his hand and his other hand
playing with the red Sharpie.

9 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

Alan stuffs his pillows under the sheets. He has a knife. He creeps up to the bed, holding the knife ready to stab down. He creeps up to the bed and stabs it multiple times. He breathes heavy. He suddenly gets up and leave the room.

10 INT. OFFICE - DAY

10

The calendar has more X's, Wednesday and Thursday. Alan is surfing the web, on a shopping website looking at hunting knives. He clicks on one and looks it over.

11 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

11

Alan takes a hunting knife out of a bag, it's still incased in plastic. He's reading the package. He starts to rip it open.

He's opened up the package and he's playing with the knife. He's stabbing an invisible victim in a downward motion.

12 INT. OFFICE - DAY

12

Alan's simply staring at his computer, the desktop is a grassy field. Bob interrupts his daze:

BOB

Hey Alan.

Bob is peeking over the cube wall.

ALAN

Hey, Bob. What's up?

BOB

What're you doing there, Alan?

ALAN

Nothing.

BOB

Well, I'm goin' to Jack's. Friday, after all. Gotta spend my paycheck.

ALAN

I'll join you. I need some alcohol.

BOB

Long week?

Alan starts to pick up his jacket and briefcase and says under his breath:

ALAN
You don't know the half of it.

13 INT. BAR - NIGHT

13

Bob and Alan are practically alone at the bar. They're each enjoying a beer with empties in front of them.

BOB
You know, Alan. You're alright.

ALAN
You're a friendly drunk, aren't you?

BOB
I'm not drunk.

Bob leans back on the stool. He swings forward:

BOB (CONT'D)
(joking)
I love you, man.

Alan laughs.

ALAN
Thanks for asking me to come out, it's been a rough week.

BOB
Yea, surfing the internet and barely doing work. Must've been brutal.

ALAN
Can you tell?

BOB
You know that place, it's so quiet, I can hear you type. Or, when you don't type.

Bob takes a swig.

BOB (CONT'D)
I don't care, man. I like to browse the adult entertainment every so often.

ALAN
They don't block those?

BOB
Most of em, but most people don't know
about what I'm into.

ALAN
Too much info, Bob.

BOB
Speaking of which, I don't even know
that much about you, man.

As a younger, attractive girl comes up to the bar and orders a
drink.

BOB (CONT'D)
Give me some info, some 4-1-1.
(to the girl)
Hello.

She laughs and walks away with her beer.

BOB (CONT'D)
So spill something, man.

Alan is stalled by trying to figure out what just happened
between Bob and that girl.

ALAN
I got nothing to say.

BOB
Everything's got something to say.

Alan stops, looks forward. He drinks some of his beer. He
continues to look straight forward:

ALAN
I'm going to kill Bill.

BOB
Good flick.

ALAN
I'm going to murder our boss.

Alan pauses and looks at Bob, with a serious look. After a BEAT,
Bob laughs and slaps Alan on the back:

BOB
You crazy son of a, you don't have it in
ya!

Bob laughs again.

BOB (CONT'D)
Kill Bill. Classic.

Bob drinks more. Alan gets frustrated and storms out. Bob is shouting at him:

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding man, kill the son of a bitch!

14 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 14

Alan is sitting in a car with a cup of corporate coffee. He sips it. He's staring at a house with its lights on, both exterior and interior. He checks his watch. The lights turn off, one at a time. He straightens his posture and starts the car. He hesitates, but then drives off.

DIP TO BLACK

15 EXT. HOUSE - LATER 15

It's still dark. Alan drives his car to the same spot. He checks the time, it's now 3:12 am. He gets out of the car, and walks toward the house.

Alan checks out the back door. He breaks a small window pane with his elbow. He reaches in and opens the door. He sneaks in.

16 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 16

Alan sneaks through the kitchen. He pulls out his knife from the holster on his belt. He passes a knife holder in the kitchen, knives larger than his. He shakes it off and continues slowly through the kitchen.

Alan passes an end table with a picture. He stops to look. The picture is Bill with a wife and child. Alan looks at the picture, emotionless and brings up his blade to cover Bill from the picture.

Alan slowly creeps up the steps, the knife pointed downward.

17 INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 17

Bill is sleeping on his back. Alan is standing over him. He just stares at Bill. He holds up the knife and looks at it. He looks back down at Bill. Alan slowly lifts the knife above his head, pointing down at Bill.

Bill SNORES suddenly, startling Alan. Bill settles again. Alan pauses. He continues to stare at Bill. Without any change in expression, he drives the knife into his throat. Bill's eyes open. He opens his mouth, attempting to gasp for air. He looks around, then finds Alan's eyes. He looks confused. He then slowly closes his eyes.

Alan stares at Bill for a beat, then shakes his head slightly. He looks away. Then looks at the door. He walks to it.

18

EXT. STREETS - DAY

18

Alan is sitting at a table, his leg bouncing. He's smoking a cigarette. He's wearing a buttoned shirt, no tie. A briefcase is sitting on the ground by his feet. He looks around. He throws the cigarette on the ground, then runs his hands through his hair, looking at the ground. He pauses in the position for a beat.

MAN

You're looking for me.

Alan is startled to his feet. He sighs in relief and picks up the briefcase.

ALAN

Yes. Yes, I am.

MAN

Why are you looking for me?

ALAN

I did it. I did what you asked.

MAN

So you killed someone?

ALAN

Yup.

Alan smiles.

MAN

Would you do it again?

ALAN

For a million bucks? In a heartbeat.

MAN
You've found out a lot about yourself,
didn't you?

ALAN
Can I get my money?

MAN
What?

ALAN
Can I get my money?

MAN
(surprised and annoyed)
No.

Alan gets a straight face. He gets angry. He grits his teeth:

ALAN
Why not?

MAN
Because you broke the arrangement.

ALAN
But I did it.

MAN
You told me you didn't want to do it.
That was binding. You didn't want to do
it, you shouldn't have done it.

ALAN
(screaming)
But I did it!

MAN
So what? People have killed for less.

ALAN
(whispering)
It's not fair.

MAN
You told me no. You said it clear as
day. I couldn't do that. Never. Take
your money.

ALAN

I thought that if I did it you'd give me my money.

MAN

Look, I'm impressed you did it, really, I am. But you broke the deal before you began. I owe you nothing.

Alan is frustrated. He looks around then saying under his voice:

ALAN

I ought to kill you next.

MAN

You can't kill me, Alan.

ALAN

I've killed once, I can do it again. A million dollars is enough motivation.

MAN

I don't have the money and you can't kill me, so don't even threaten.

ALAN

You son of a bitch.

MAN

Sure. I'm going to leave you be now, Alan. Don't look for me because you won't find me. You should get going, too. You've got a way to go.

ALAN

What do you mean?

MAN

Well. Bill's wife woke up this morning and called the police. And with the questions you asked at work, using a credit card to get the knife, they're going to have a strong case against you. Not to mention no alibi and all motive.

ALAN

What about what you said about getting caught?

MAN

I'm going to say this one last time. You did this out of the realm of our conversation with no deal in place. What you did was your own choice. Congrats, you've got the grapes. Bye, Alan.

The man walks away from Alan, leaving him alone. Alan watches as he walks away. He drops the briefcase, causing it to open. It's empty.

The End.