

The Final Target
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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

DAVID, 35, sits by himself in the far back. The shop is mostly empty besides for the few stragglers late for work.

David is very professional. He wears a very slick, stylish suit and reads the newspaper. A cigarette is between his fingers, David sips on his coffee.

The front doors open and another man walks into the shop. His eyes covered by the dark sunglasses.

JOE, as he'll be known as, looks around the room and spots David sitting in the back. Joe is dressed in both casual and formal clothing: black jeans with a white undershirt and a dinner jacket with the sleeves rolled up.

Joe walks over to David:

JOE
You David?

DAVID
(sighs)
Yeah...

Joe takes a seat. It's obvious that David is uncomfortable with the situation he is in.

JOE
What are you smoking?

DAVID
Newport.

JOE
Perfect. May I have one?

DAVID
(nervous)
Sure, man.

David pulls out one of his cigarettes and hands it to Joe, who slowly takes it.

Lighting it, Joe inhales and exhales.

JOE
Thank you. I've been trying to quit but it's not happening.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Why not?

JOE

I dunno, really. I've tried to quit, I've tried to quit plenty of times, but I just can't seem to stop. Some people I guess could call it an addiction, but I just call it a nervous habit. It soothes me, calms me down.

DAVID

I see.

Joe places his cigarette down into the ashtray.

JOE

So how about we get down to business?

DAVID

Sounds good to me.

Joe pulls out a NOTEBOOK and a PEN:

JOE

So you want me to kill a high school chemistry teacher? What was his name? Jack?

DAVID

Frank. Frank Patterson.

JOE

Frank Patterson. You want me to kill a high school chemistry teacher named Frank Patterson. Quick and clean, correct?

DAVID

Correct. All of the information that you will need is inside the case next to my feet. The combination is 666. Ironic?

JOE

Very ironic. What is the reason for the kill?

DAVID

Like I said, everything is inside the case.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Yes, I know you said that. I want to know now though, I want to know why you want me to kill someone. I want you to tell me, from your own mouth, why you want me to kill a man who works at a high school.

A beat.

Joe sits the notebook down and picks up his cigarette, taking a long drag from it.

DAVID

(sighs)

Well, I want him dead because he screwed my wife. I left for work one day but forgot my case. I don't know why, I normally don't forget anything but I did so I had to go back home. I walk inside and I hear it. I slowly walk up the stairs and look inside the bedroom and see the whole nine yards. My wife, underneath this man, this stranger. She was enjoying it, obvious enough. So I followed the guy, found out everything about him, and everything is inside the case. Once you finish the job we'll meet back here Friday, same time, and you will get your payment. Is that good enough for you?

Joe shakes his head negatively.

JOE

I don't agree with it but it's what you want. I'll get the job done, quick and quietly. You'd better be back here Friday or else I will find you, I'll find you and kill you with my own two hands. Understand?

DAVID

Yes.

Joe crushes out his cigarette and stands up. He leans over and retrieves the case on the floor, turning around and walking out of the shop.

David sighs, he runs his fingers through his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joe enters his apartment and places the case down on the table in his LIVING ROOM.

Sitting down in front of it, Joe opens the case and begins to sort through all the documents and pictures of his target.

Joe lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

The FINAL BELL rings.

The students of the school come pouring out of their classrooms, hurrying to get out of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S CLASS - DAY

FRANK PATTERSON, well dressed and sitting at his desk, watches the rest of his students leave.

Shaking his head at the long day, Frank stands up and looks at a FOLDER on his desk.

Picking up the folder he exits his classroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

The room is empty besides Frank at one of the tables. The rest are completely spotless and clean.

The FOLDER is open to an experiment that the students will be learning.

Frank TESTS it out.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Frank walks down the hallway casually and around the corner to his classroom.

He stops dead in his tracks.

JOE exits his classroom, a SILENCED PISTOL in his hand. The barrel of the gun is still smoking.

The two exchange looks.

Frank runs down the hallways as two silenced shots miss his head by a few inches. He uses all his might to reach the stairway close by, just as Joe gets into firing range.

Thwap! Thwap!

Two more silenced shots just as Frank JUMPS DOWN the stairs and tumbles down.

Out of breath, hurt, and a little blood, Frank stands up and continues running through the school.

Joe reaches the bottom of the stairwell and continues giving chase after his target.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Frank THROWS HIMSELF through the back doors, tumbling out onto the parking lot.

Quickly looking around, he begins to run to the FOOTBALL STADIUM.

Joe comes crashing through the doorway after him, spotting Frank a while away.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Frank jumps the fence and runs out onto the field. He quickly tries to make for the stadium seats.

Joe jumps the fence and spots Frank.

Quickly and professionally, Joe lifts his weapon and takes aim:

(CONTINUED)

THWAP!

One shot goes off.

The bullet tears through Frank's leg, sending him face first to the grassy ground.

Joe approaches.

FRANK

(shouting; in pain)

What do you want from me?! What did I do?!

JOE

You fucked a man's wife. Do you remember him? David is his name. Do you remember fucking David's wife?

FRANK

(scared; hurt)

Man, she told me she wasn't fucking married! Honest to God! That's what she told me, I didn't know!

It's obvious from Joe's expression that he does not want to kill this man. He believes him.

JOE

I'm sorry.

Two rounds make their way into Frank's chest.

Joe sighs, turns, and walks away.

Frank bleeds to death on the green grass.

FADE OUT:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

David sits in the same spot, checking his watch over and over again.

The doors open and Joe walks in. He turns and spots David, approaching him.

Joe takes a seat.

JOE

The job is done.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Good, good! The money is here, all of it.

Joe lights a cigarette.

JOE

You didn't tell me that he didn't know.

DAVID

Know about what?

JOE

Know that she was married. When he was with your wife, she never told him that she was married. He had no idea, you see? So basically you just hired me to kill a man who had no idea why he was being killed.

DAVID

It makes a difference?

JOE

Yes. Yes it does make a fucking difference. If you wanted someone dead, it should have been that whore you call a wife.

Joe stands up with his case full of money.

David is speechless.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The FRONT DOOR is thrown open, banging against the wall behind it.

FRANK, still alive, falls down onto his wood flooring. The blood from his wounds still fresh.

Cursing in pain, he manages to help himself off the floor and make his way up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Frank falls down in front of the sink, ripping the rest of his shirt off.

Running the water, Frank pulls out a WASHCLOTH and throws it under the ice, cool water.

Placing it against his wounds, he SCREAMS in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Frank sits on his bed.

He finishes wrapping the bandages around his wounds, pulling them together tightly to make sure it gets enough pressure to stop the bleeding.

FRANK

(angry; to himself)

Fucking motherfucker! Think he can do this to me? Think he can get away with it? No way! No fucking way! I'm not dead yet!

Frank reaches over and opens a drawer.

He removes a HANDGUN.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Frank stands up on one of the chairs next to his ENTERTAINMENT CENTER and pulls down a SHOTGUN from up above. Checking it out, he cocks it and points it, testing it out to his satisfaction.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Throwing on a black shirt, Frank pulls out a LEATHER JACKET and places it on over top.

Frank then places the pistol in his belt, holstering it into place.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks down the steps and out onto his driveway, shotgun in hand, and makes for his VEHICLE.

He opens the car doors and gets into the driver's side, throwing his shotgun into the driver's seat.

Cranking the car up, Frank backs up and FLOORS IT down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S CAR - DAY

Frank pulls out his CELL PHONE and calls a number. The line rings until someone picks up:

DAVID'S WIFE (V.O)

Hello?

FRANK

Hey, Sarah! It's Frank.

SARAH (V.O)

(surprised; worried)

Um...hey? I thought we had an agreement about calling each other?

FRANK

Yeah, we did. We did have an agreement until that stupid fuck of a husband hired a hit man to kill me. Yes, that's right Sarah, a hit man! He shot me three times and now I'm out to get him! Is your husband home now?

SARAH (V.O)

(low)

...yes...

FRANK

Good.

Frank hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARAH, 34, walks back and fourth impatiently in her expensive living room.

The FLAT SCREEN in the background is on, but the program is mute.

Suddenly, a KNOCK is heard at the door.

Sarah walks over and opens it to see FRANK standing there, weapon in hand, as he pushes his way inside.

FRANK
(calm)
Where is he?

The SHOTGUN is in Sarah's face.

SARAH
(scared; mumbling)
Upstairs...bathroom...

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Thanks.

Frank KNOCKS OUT Sarah with the butt of the shotgun, sending her to the floor.

Frank slowly walks upstairs to the first bathroom and places his weapon down outside the door.

Turning the knob slowly, he opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Frank sees that no one is inside. The light is still on and the water runs fast. The bathroom is very small, compact. Frank enters, shutting the door behind him.

Reaching under the cold water, Frank takes a handful and SPLASHES IT into his face.

Turning to his left, he sees the SHOWER, curtains closed. Looking at it, he reaches over to the towel rack and takes one, drying off his hands.

Frank shuts off the water.

(CONTINUED)

With a smile, he turns and KICKS THROUGH THE CURTAINS. His foot connects with the BODY OF DAVID who is sent backwards into the wall.

Frank quickly makes for the attack, throwing punches through the curtain and finishes it by grabbing the curtain ROD and SMASHING IT DOWN on top of David's head.

David lashes out, throwing a few PUNCHES before tackling Frank into the wall behind him.

Frank grabs a BRUSH on the counter and begins to hit David with it, before throwing him backwards once again.

In that instant, Frank turns back on the water and pulls the plug, the water starting to fill up the sink.

David comes back with a few more hits before Frank is able to get the better of him, SHOVING HIS HEAD into the water.

David's feet lash out.

FRANK

(shouting)

Where is he?! Where is the man you sent to kill me?!

Frank lifts David's head out from the water.

DAVID

(gasping; shouting)

I dunno, man! Fuck! All I got is a picture and number!

FRANK

(shouting)

Where?!

DAVID

(shouting)

In my room! On the dresser!

Frank FORCES David's head back under the water until he stops breathing.

The body slumps to the ground.

Breathing heavily, Frank goes through David's pockets until he finds his pack of NEWPORT CIGARETTES.

Frank lights one.

FRANK

These are very, very bad for you,
David. I'll be confiscating them
and you'll receive a Saturday
detention.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - DAY

Frank walks into the bedroom and finds the NUMBER and PHOTO
sitting exactly where David said it would be.

Frank picks it up and looks at the picture: JOE, at a
RESTAURANT.

Frank pulls out his cell phone and calls the number, a grin
on his face:

SPLIT SCREEN:

JOE answers his phone.

JOE

Hello?

FRANK

I'm coming for you, motherfucker.
You hear me?

JOE

Who is this?

FRANK

Who do you think it is? I'm still
here, asshole. David's crossed off
my list and I'm coming for you,
believe me.

JOE

Hell, I'll come to you. Where do
you want to meet?

Frank smiles. He's enjoying this.

FRANK

I'll make the arrangements and I'll
call you, understand?

Frank hangs up.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank exits his vehicle and calmly walks up his stairs to his front doorway, shotgun slung over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY - DAY

Frank opens the door to his STUDY.

A small room with two COUCHES, a TELEVISION, and in the back a desk with a COMPUTER.

Frank stops in his place once he turns the corner and sees JOE sitting at his desk.

Joe's grip on his GUN tightens.

JOE

You look surprised.

FRANK

I am.

JOE

Every good contract killer should know everything about the man he is hired to kill. That goes for me, believe it or not. You thought you were all smug, thinking you had the upper hand on the situation. Is David dead?

FRANK

Yes.

JOE

Why?

FRANK

Because he hired someone to kill me for God's sake! I'm not going to let that one slide. He hired you, you put three bullets into me. And for what? For his wife? Why not just go after her? She never told me about him.

Joe sighs.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Frank, I agree with you. I promise I do. I don't like the fact that it was her fault and he did nothing about her. I'm willing to bet his wife was the only woman who ever loved him. So that makes it hard for him to let her go since he'll never find anyone else. I guess the best thing he could do is take it out on you. Do I agree? No, as I stated already. I do have a job to maintain though, I follow through.

FRANK

You didn't think it was right though, you had a choice.

JOE

Yeah, you are right again. That's why I plan on quitting this business. It causes nothing but pain and suffering.

Joe aims his weapon at Frank's head.

FRANK

So what is it you are going to do? Quit or kill me?

JOE

I guess you are my last assignment, Frank.

Quickly, Frank SPINS the shotgun and FIRES a shot off at Joe who dodges to the side as the chair EXPLODES backwards.

Joe takes cover behind a bookcase.

Frank jumps behind a couch.

Joe fires off constant shots into the couch, causing Frank to hide even further behind his cover. The shots are loud, deafening.

The gun runs out of ammo.

Quickly, Frank stands up and fires off TWO SHELLS into the bookcase, Joe falling to the ground as he quickly re-loads his weapon.

Using this time, Frank escapes outside.

Joe gets up and follows.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank quickly runs for his car just as Joe comes to the door, pistol ready.

Frank takes cover as bullets tear through the metal of the vehicle.

Frank drops his shotgun, which is out, and pulls out his PISTOL from his waist.

Firing some rounds back, Joe takes cover.

Using his next chance Frank takes off and RUNS TO THE WOODS.

Joe follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Frank runs with all his might through the thick branches and wet grounds.

Joe follows, keeping with perfect pace.

Taking a few twists and turns Frank stops dead in his tracks, spinning around and raising his weapon.

Nothing.

He slowly starts to walk, the branches under his feet crunching with every step.

The only other noise are the animals.

Frank scans the area, seeing nothing.

Meanwhile, Joe is close behind, his weapon also out in pointed. He slowly walks, like a tiger out for the hunt, as he looks for Frank.

Frank turns and sees JOE WALKING and thinks. Holstering his weapon, Frank picks up a LARGE BRANCH and crouches down into a nice hiding spot.

Joe comes around the corner, still looking for Frank when FRANK JUMPS OUT.

(CONTINUED)

The branch STABS INTO Joe's stomach, causing blood to spill all over the ground.

The two look each other DEAD IN THE EYE.

FRANK
You're fired.

Frank RIPS the branch out from Joe's stomach, causing him to fall to his knees.

Joe manages to smile.

Joe falls to the ground and dies.

Frank, breathing heavenly and sighing with relief, begins his walk back to his home.

FADE OUT:

THE END