

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. APARTMENT. DAWN.

It is a dark and dingy place, possibly a squatters nest. There is no electricity and the only light, squeaks in, through broken shades on the window.

A young man, CHRIS, about 23, reads under the window using the minimal light. He looks up from his book and sees a figure lying in the corner of the room. It is another man, GAVIN, with his back to us, he is covered in a ratty blanket and is resting his head on an equally ratty pillow.

The sleeping man begins to stir, he rolls over and looks groggily at CHRIS reading under the window.

GAVIN
(Groggily)
What the fuck are you doing up?

Chris looks up from his book

CHRIS
Just reading.

Gavin sits up.

GAVIN
Reading? What for? Why are you always doing that? You know how bad it is for your brain.

CHRIS
Yeah I know... It just relaxes me.

GAVIN
Relaxes you eh? You know what else is really relaxing?

Chris shrugs his shoulders

Gavin goes over to the window and peaks out suspiciously, then turns back to Chris.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Pussy.

CHRIS
Yeah maybe...It never really ever relaxed me though. The few times I had some, were uh.. pretty traumatizing.

Gavins smirks.

GAVIN

Well do you know why that is Chris
ma boy?

Chris shrugs again.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Because *you* and *it* are one in the
same. It just does'nt feel natural
for you because you cant try to
force two things together that just
don't fit. Bacon doesn't go with
bacon, and pussy just doesn't go
with pussy. You understand?

CHRIS

I guess. But I just think it has
more to do with my...

GAVIN cuts him off mid retort.

GAVIN

Don't think. Its unflattering.

CHRIS

...alright, well how long do we
have to stay here for. This place
is disgusting.

GAVIN

(Looking out the window)
...I'm not sure. I don't think its
safe yet.

CHRIS

Well...When will it be safe?

GAVIN

I don't know. Wednesday. Maybe
Thursday.

CHRIS

Thursday? What the hell are we
supposed to do till then?

GAVIN

I don't know, entertain our selves.

INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.

Gavin is playing solitaire on the floor, with Chris looking intently over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

Gavin is lying on his back throwing a racquetball in the air. Chris is sitting in the corner smoking cigarette.*

INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.

Chris goes to the door. At the door is a Chinese food delivery man.

CHRIS
Did you bring the beer?

The delivery man holds up a plastic bag with a 30 rack in it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Ok. Perfect.

Chris hands him some money.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

The man nods his head in appreciation.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Gavin and Chris sit on opposite sides of the room, drinking beer, with empty Chinese food containers scattered about them.

Gavin takes a sip from his beer.

He is clearly thinking.

GAVIN
Wait..wait. Dont tell me...It was
Dustin Hoffman in Rain Man. I
almost forgot that one.

CHRIS
Well... Almost. Hoffman actually
won for best actor.

GAVIN
Best actor. Best supporting actor.
The fuck is the difference.

CHRIS

There's actually pretty clear
academy approved definitions of the
two terms.

GAVIN

Yeah. Yeah. Enough with the
cinematic jargin. My turn

Gavin tilts his head up, closes his eyes and scratches his
head.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Alright. Who won best director in
the 56th annual Academy awards.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Gavin is looking out of the window suspiciously. Chris is
reading in the corner.

Gavin turns and sees Chris reading and becomes uncomfortable.
He grabs an half empty beer can from the floor and wings it
at Chris.

The can hits the wall just above Chris's head.

Chris is startled and drops his book.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris is looking out of the window indifferently with the
shade up.

Gavin is sitting in the corner scribbling something in a
notebook. He looks and sees Chris staring out of the window.
He does a quick double take and jumps up throwing his
notebook to the ground.

Gavin is now at the window aggressively pushing Chris out of
the way and pulling down the shade.

CHRIS

(Rubbing his arm)

What the hell was that for?

Gavin grabs Chris by the neck and hoists him up against the
wall juxtaposed to the window.

GAVIN

What the fuck did I tell? Huh?

Chris is grunting and gasping for air.

CHRIS

What?..I don't know...Urghh.Just let me down.

GAVIN

What did I tell you? I told you stay away from the fucking window. Why did I tell you that?

CHRIS

I don't know...Urggg...I guess because someone could be watching.

GAVIN

That's right. Now stay away from the window. And sure as shit don't pull the fucking blinds down.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris is sitting, propped up against the wall, massaging his neck. His is all the while staring at Gavin scribbling in the corner

Gavin looks up at Chris then back to his notebook. He scribbles for a couple of seconds, then looks back up at Chris

GAVIN

What?

Chris just stars at him wistfully.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What? What is it now?

CHRIS

Did you really have to choke me?

Gavin throws his hands up in the air exasperated.

GAVIN

Come on Chris. I told you not to look out there. Didn't I?

CHRIS

Yeah I know. But you didn't have to choke me.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And besides who is going to see us.
Theres no one looking for us.

GAVIN

Is that so? How do you know? Are
you a psychic? Do you have special
abilities?

CHRIS

No but...Come on. It was a small
time jux.

Gavin cuts him off and puts his index finger to his mouth.

GAVIN

Shhhh...

He looks around the apartment suspiciously, as if the place
might be bugged.

CHRIS

Places like that get knocked off
all the time. What makes you think
that they'll come after us?

GAVIN

You know why.

CHRIS

What?...Oh Because of that?...No
Way.

GAVIN

Yeah because of that.

CHRIS

Idk...I think we will be fine.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Gavin is sleeping on the floor.

He awakens out of a bad dream, and quickly shoots up to a
sitting position. He looks around frantically.

Realizing it was just a dream he relaxes. He begins to put
his head back down on the pillow to go back to sleep, then he
becomes agitated.

Looking around the room suspiciously he realizes that Chris
is not in the room.

The Apartment door is being jiggled from the outside. We hear some frustrated grunts as the door wont open.

Gavin scrambles on the floor and grabs his 9 MM HANDGUN out of his gym bag. He is lying on the floor pointing his gun at the door.

The door opens and in walks Chris holding the paper and a "to go" bag of fast food.

GAVIN

Chris! What the fuck. I almost blew your fucking head off.

Chris not noticing the gun till now, jumps to the side and covers himself.

CHRIS

Jesus! What are you doing with that thing.

GAVIN

Aiming it at who's ever head came through that door. Why the hell are out of the apartment?

Gavin lowers the weapon.

Chris sits down and begins laying out his food to eat.

CHRIS

I just had to get out. And besides we gotta eat something. I'm sick of China moon. Here I got you a couple of burgers.

Chris reaches into the bag, grabs a burger, and proceeds to throw it to Gavin.

Gavin swats it out of the way angrily.

GAVIN

Are you out of your fucking mind? Why would think that it would be ok to go outside. How stupid are you?

CHRIS

Easy man...I just figured you might be hungry.

GAVIN

I can't believe this shit..If you get us pinched...I swear to god, you'll never make it to jail...I'll strangle you myself in the wagon.

CHRIS

They'll never catch me Gav.
(Smiles wryly)
I'm too slick

Gavin is on the verge of smiling.

GAVIN

No, Your an idiot. Give me that burger.

Chris takes the other burger out of the bag and tosses it to Gavin, who catches it this time.

Chris grabs the news paper, and flicks threw a few pages.

He looks for a beat.

CHRIS

Hey look, we made the paper.

He throws the paper in front of Gavin on the ground.

Gavin looks startled and quickly grabs the paper and begins reading.

GAVIN

(Reading from paper)
Waverly liquour store on Freemont and 15th, was robbed by two armed men in sweatsuits at 1 am last night...The contents of the robbery and the whereabouts of the criminals are unknown...

Gavin continues to read. Then flips back and forth somewhat frantically. He looks up at Chris

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It doesn't say anything about the clerk. Nothing about him getting shot or nothing. I don't get it.

CHRIS

See...We might be alright. He's probably fine, they didn't even bother putting it in the paper.

GAVIN

No Chris. You don't understand.
That man was dead. I saw his eyes.
He was dead. Sure as I am about
anything.

CHRIS

How do you know he was dead? I
probably just skimmed him.

GAVIN

I have you ever seen death Chris?

CHRIS

Well...no...a dog...not a
human...so no.

GAVIN

When a man dies. You can see his
soul leave through his eyes.
There's no debating it or doubting
it, you just know. And I know that
clerk was shot dead Chris.

CHRIS

Who knows. Why wasn't it in the
paper then?

Gavin sits back against the wall and lights a cigarette

GAVIN

I don't know. I don't. You may have
really fucked us here.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris's POV. A bug crawls across the floor and over a leaf.
It is crawling in and out of the beams of light being
distributed from the window. It is beautiful. Chris finds it
entrancing and is laying on his side behind the bug staring
intently.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris is sitting against the window just trying to pass the
time humming, twirling his thumbs etc.. He looks over at
Gavin who is intently scribbling in his notebook.

CHRIS

Hey Gav.

Gavin looks up like he forgot Chris was even in the room.

GAVIN
Yeah what is it.

CHRIS
I was just thinking.

GAVIN
O God.

CHRIS
I know, I know. But I was thinking.
Since I was there and all... And I
helped with the job...

GAVIN
What? spit it out. What is it that
you want from me?

CHRIS
Well since I helped. I figured I
should be entitled to half the
profit. And I haven't even seen
what we got yet.

GAVIN
Oh. You wanna see the haul do you?

CHRIS
Well yeah.

GAVIN
First of all. I wouldn't say you
helped considerign you fucked the
whole thing up. And second no one
looks at the haul until all the
mist has cleared on the lake.

CHRIS
What?

GAVIN
Its bad luck to look at the take
before you know your in the clear.

CHRIS
Oh alright. I don't really see how
just looking in the bag is going to
change anything. Just for like a
second.

GAVIN
You cannot look.

CHRIS

Just at least give me an idea of what we got. Or a cigarette. I know you grabbed a few cartons.

GAVIN

Alright fine. You wanna fucking look. Here.

Gavin slides the DUFFLE BAG to Chris and continues writing in his notebook.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Just leave me alone.

CHRIS

Alright

Chris is smiling like a 6 on Christmas morning and grabs the duffle bag.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Chris has laid out all of the contents of the bag and arranged them accordingly. 1s 10s 20s, and one 50 are laid out next to each other. Then 3 rolls of quarters, 4 rolls of dimes, and 5 rolls of pennies. 5 cartons of cigarettes. 4 packs of gum. And finally a pack of snowballs. Chris is standing up examining the exhibit.

Chris reaches down and grabs the snowballs. He begins to eat it while he's still admiring the take.

CHRIS

Gav you gotta look at this man.
(Snow ball crumbs fall
from his mouth as he
speaks)
We did pretty well. Look at all of
this... I'm talking big money.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Gavin is pacing around near frantically reading out of his notebook. Beer cans are strewn out on the floor.

GAVIN

You know. I keep going over this.
And over this.

CHRIS

Over what?

GAVIN

This. The plan. And I can only come up with one conclusion. You fucked the whole thing up.

CHRIS

Me? It was your plan Gav. You told me everything to do. I just did what you said. How could it be my fault.

GAVIN

Yes I did come up with the plan. And it was flawless. It would have went off without a hitch. However you decided to play
(Turning to Chris)
cowboy fucking bebop and shoot a clerk in the face.

CHRIS

I didn't, it wasn't my fault.

GAVIN

Just the more I think about it. The more I go over it in my head. It becomes clear. Its your fault. This catastrophe is fully and completely your misdoing.

CHRIS

How? I don't get it? It wasn't a catastrophe. We got the money didn't we? And the Cigarettes? We got those.

GAVIN

Who cares about cigarettes? You killed someone Chris. You shot him in the head. Who cares about money?

CHRIS

You always even say "its all about the money." "Money over everything" That stuff. We got the money. And besides, we don't even know that he's definitely dead.

GAVIN

We know...I know he is.

CHRIS

Then why would they write that in the paper.

GAVIN

The cops do that kind of shit all the time. They want to trip us up. They think that if they pressure the papers not to put the death in, the robbers, I.E. *us* will think its safe to show our faces.

Chris is nearly beginning to tear and is becoming very upset that his friend is blaming him.

CHRIS

Its just...

GAVIN

So tell me Chris. Why did you do it? Why did you condemn us to hell? To a hell on earth?

CHRIS

It was not my fault...

GAVIN

You know what you did right? You ruined our lives. We going to prison. Are you ready for prison? Can you handle a 25 year stretch?

Chris is now crying. Near hysterical.

CHRIS

I had to...You know I did. He was going to kill you.

GAVIN

He was not. It was not part of the plan.

CHRIS

He had the gun to your head. I didn't give a shit about him. He was going to kill you. Your my best friend I couldn't let him do that to me.

GAVIN

You no longer have a friend anyway. Its over. We are fucked.

Chris is now completely hysterical. He has gotten up and is reaching for some consolation from Gavin who is veering away.

CHRIS

Gav...Gav....Please...You know I had to.

Gavin continues to pull away.

Chris sobs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Please...

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Gavin is holding Chris in his arms. Chris is still sobbing. Gavin pats him on the head and looks towards the window ominously.

CUT TO:

Gavin is scribbling in his notebook, with a menacing expression on his face.

CUT TO:

Gavin is smoking crystal meth out a of glass bowl. We close in on his eyes, which are extremely glossed over.

CUT TO:

Gavin is writing on the walls with a black marker. We cant really make out what he's writing. We vaguely see outlines of their plan. A piece of a perfectly drawn convenience store. Blue prints of the surrounding area. Arrows pointing this way and that, indicating the movements. Then various notes. "Go slow, but not to slow." "We want to catch the clerk off guard.

CUT TO:

Chris is sleeping peacefully on the floor. Gavin is squatting a few feet from Chris, watching him sleep. He has a malignant grin on his face.

Chris begins to stir. He wakes up and notices Gavin so close to him.

CHRIS

(Groggily)

Hey...What...What are you doing.

He begins to sit up.

GAVIN

Thats a good question...What am I doing?

Chris is now sitting up.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I am trying to fix this.

Gavin still squatting, lites and takes a hit from the glass meth pipe.

CHRIS

This?

GAVIN

Yes. When something goes amiss, it is the duty of the chieftain to bring everything back to an equilibrium.

He takes another hit.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

And I. As the cheiftain have figured out a way to bring us back on course.

CHRIS

Alright. Yeah. That's what I want too. We need that um, that thing you said before...

GAVIN

Equilibrium?

CHRIS

Yeah we need one of those. So a...Whats the plan...we can work this out.

GAVIN

The plan is simple.

Gavin suddenly jumps up and glides toward the back wall. On the wall are incomprehensible parts of the robbery plan. Gavin motions toward the wall with his hand.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

First let me show you how we got where we are now.

We see a hand drawn picture of the convenience store.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

We started here and now were here.

Gavin points to the ground.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

We both know the plan was fullproof right?

CHRIS

Right.

GAVIN

It was simple. Get in, grab the cash and a few other things then get out.

CHRIS

Thats right.

GAVIN

No one needs to get hurt. No trouble. Right?

CHRIS

Exactly.

GAVIN

So where did we go wrong? What was the problem?

CHRIS

That's what your here for. You tell me.

GAVIN

You. You Chris were the problem. The moment that you were brought on board for this job, it was destined for utter failure. For this is except full responsibility. My judgement was compromised, and for some reason, i btought you on the job. For that I apoligize.

CHRIS

No I...

Gavin interuppts, and puts his finger to his lips.

GAVIN

Shhh...Please I have to get through this. This was inevitable. This was always going to happen, I just never foresaw it.

Gavin moves over and we see another detailed drawing of a man lying down with a gun shot and blood pouring out.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You committed the fatal act of murder. You took the life of an innocent person and there is only one course of action.

Chris is beginning to get frightened.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Once that act is committed there is no turning back, there is now atonement. Retribution must come swift and harshly. you must be dealt with Chris.

Gavin is moving closer towards Chris.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

There is only a single way for atonement to be reached. the universe works on very basic principals and those principals need to be obeyed. As all the ancient scriptures tell us, those that break these prodigious laws must be handled or else all of civilization will be dealt with.

Gavin keeps moving closer and Chris is becoming extremely frightened.

CHRIS

Gav...What are you doing?

GAVIN

It has to be me that carries out the will of the universe. Or else I will be doomed as well, as commended to a life of purgatory and solitude.

Gavin takes another larger step closer and over his write should we see an extremely eerie portrait of a hooded grim reaper like figure. It looks as if it were made out of straw except is all black.

The picture is actually not a drawing at all but rather is made up of letters. The word Lex Talionis is written over and over to create this figure.

CHRIS

What the hell are you saying? Stop messing around.

Gavin is inching closer and closer the figure is still very visible in the background. Chris has now slid back against the wall towards Gavins section of the apartment.

GAVIN

The decision has been made. The course has been set. Its is time for retribution.

We notice something in Gavins hand, It is a crowbar. We quickly cut to the drawing of the HOODED FIGURE. Then we cut back and Gavin is standing directly over Chris.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

It is time. It is my duty.

Chris is now balling crying.

CHRIS

No. Its me. I had to do it.

GAVIN

Its to late.

Gavin begins violently beating Chris with the crowbar.

CHRIS

Stopp. Whyy.

GAVIN

My duty. My duty.

Gavins eyes have taken on a pocessed look to them.

CHRIS

I love you man. I'm sorry. Im sorry. I had to save you.

Gavin continues hitting him.

GAVIN

Your saving me right now, and i will be forever greatful for your self sacrifice.

Gavin gives Chris an extremely hard blow to the back and Chris goes into a prone position.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I thank you.

Chris is now extremely weak but he crawls prone over to Gavins duffle bag.

Gavin strikes Chris one more time thinking it to be the finishing blow. Chris goes limp but he is not dead. His head falls on the bag.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

The universe thanks you.

Chris is on the brink of death, he can barely speak. His voice is trembling and barely audible.

CHRIS

I did it...for you. Don't do it. I need you.

Gavin is now about to administer the final blow. Chris's adreniline and human instincts of survival kick in, and he is able to spin around fairly quickly considering his condition. Upon spinning a 9MM PISTOL is reveal. Right before Gavin is able to connect with the blow, Chris pulls the trigger. All this happens in a split second.

Gavin is shot in the chest. He falls to the groun. We see his eyes. He is dead. No doubt about it.

Chris looks stunned as he is still processing the situation. He crawls over to Gavins body. He pats him on the chest. Slaps his fact.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck Gav. What is wrong with you.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Gav...Gav...Gav.

Chris is still hysterically crying. He carreses Gavins face. Chris is exhausted and breathing heavily. He is deeply disturbed. He rests his head down onto Gavins chest. His face almost looks at home.

A few seconds later, the magnitude of the situation sets in. Chris gets up as quickly as he can considering his physical condition. He goes over to the duffle bag, throws the gun inside and zips it up. He slings it over his shoulder, takes one look at Gavins body and walks out the door.

We see gavins foot and blood and the closed door of the
aprtment. Blood drips down past his foot.

THE END.

FADE OUT.