

KILLER REVELATIONS

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FADE IN:

1

INT. PUB - MORNING

1

Only two people are in the pub: a middle aged Italian man (The Bar Tender) and a young Asian woman drinking a sparkly purple/pink cocktail. \*

It's too early in the day for customers. ROBERT, a young man (mid 20s), slicked back hair, pushes through the doors to the pub, saloon-like. Robert glances over at the women and smirks with intention. \*

His walk is suave and full of confidence; until he trips over a loose bit of carpet and fumbles across the floor. Neither the bar tender or the women seems to care enough to look over at Robert. \*

Picking himself back up quickly; Robert brushes the incident off like nothing had happened. \*

ROBERT

Matteo! How's your day? Boss said his son's here. He out back?

MATTEO

(Thick accent)  
His son? No sir.

ROBERT

Guess I'm waiting then... Boss said the kid's named Charlie, you sure he's not here?

Matteo shrugs, and goes back to cleaning a glass.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Fair do's I guess. I'm not getting a good first impression. You really have to be on time. \*

MATTEO

Yes, sir.

Robert moves over to the bar. Eying up the mixed-race woman.

ROBERT

(To Matteo) \*

Guess I've got some time to kill.

(To The Woman) \*

Hey. Let me buy you another of those.

The woman takes a sip of her drink.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Strong silent type? I can  
appreciate that. Matteo! Get her  
another...

Robert has another look at the drink. It's very colourful.  
Evidently, he has no idea what it is.

Waves his hand at it as if to say 'this'.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Another of whatever she's got now.

Robert takes a large wad of money out of his pocket.

Slowly takes a bill out... Showing off.

But she's not paying attention.

He puts a twenty on the counter.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Keep the change.

MATTEO  
(Pocketing the £20)  
The lady's drinks are already on  
the house.

ROBERT  
(aggressive whispering)  
What are you doing? You're making  
me look bad.

Another shrug.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Do you know "the Lady" already?  
What's her name?

MATTEO  
The "Lady" can tell you that for  
herself.

\*  
\*

Robert looks indignant. This isn't the way things are meant  
to play out.

He tries to regain his composure, and turns back to her, faux-  
suave

ROBERT  
Guess that's true, isn't it, luv?

The woman takes another sip of her drink. Robert turns back to Matteo.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Can you give the boss a call? Tell him his kid Charlie needs to get himself down here right this second, before I lose my temper.

(To the Woman)

Now listen, luv. I've been polite. I've offered to buy you a drink. I know people in this city. I could make you disappear. Poof. Gone.

\*

The woman just takes another sip of her drink.

\*

You know what? I could just smash your face in with a brick, and no-one would do anything about it. Now, tell me your fucking name.

\*

\*

\*

\*

The woman calmly finishes her drink and puts her hand into her pocket. It comes out with a switchblade.

What the fuck?!

CHARLIE

My name's Charlie.

Oh shit..!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And I'm sure Matteo here would have something to say if you pulled out a brick and tried to kill his boss's daughter. Do you still keep the Shotgun behind counter, Matteo?

MATTEO

Yes, ma'am

Charlie raises an eyebrow at Robert. A beat.

ROBERT

(Stunned) )

But... But the boss. He's white?

\*

Charlie ignores the intrusive question.

\*

CHARLIE

Would you mind placing your right-hand-on the table?

\*

\*

Robert does. Charlie rests the blade on the back of his hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You know what's so great about a knife? It's unassuming. From a distance, a knife is nothing more than a fancy envelope opener. Completely useless. Any idiot with a gun could kill a guy with a knife from afar. However, if used correctly...

Charlie starts to press the blade down on Roberts hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now, let me know why I shouldn't push this blade through the table?

Robert is a stuttering mess.

ROBERT

Bu-bu-because, I work for you miss. I'll do everything you say. C-collecting payments, right? You need that! Best in town. Everyone pays me.

CHARLIE

Is that so?

ROBERT

Well... I mean... Um, I've only been working for a couple months, so there hasn't been a lot time for me to be the best... yet.

Charlie scans Robert up and down, he's currently quivering.

CHARLIE

I don't know, Robby...

ROBERT

M-my names Robert.

CHARLIE

Tell me, Robby. I'm in charge of a little segment of the organization now, and I'm thinking of restructuring. Making sure everyone who works for me is loyal, and, more importantly, respectful. You think you fit those criteria?

ROBERT

Yes. Yes ma'am. I can do anything you want, and I won't say anything to you like I just did again, I promise, I swear.

CHARLIE

(To Matteo)

You believe him? \*

MATTEO

Not for me to judge ma'am.

There's silence for a moment. Robert's hand that's underneath the knife is frozen solid, but the other is fidgeting and shaking at his side. \*

Charlie takes the knife away, and flicks the blade back in, laying it on the table in front of her. Making a point of not putting it away completely.

She takes out a notebook and a pen from her pocket, and writes something down. As she does so, Robert takes his hand from the table, shakily. \*

CHARLIE

Put it back. \*

Robert does. Charlie finishes writing and tears the page out of the book.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So, Robby...

ROBERT

It's Robert-.

Without picking it up, Charlie flicks the blade back out of the knife.

Robert/Robby decides it's best to be quiet.

CHARLIE

There's a rich young man who's just moved into the neighborhood. Now, he's got a lovely house, and he looks like a bit of a pretty-boy to me. Not the type to put up a fight. I'm sure he doesn't want any broken windows or... Teeth. I reckon he'd be fairly receptive to paying for some protection. You know, just in case. \*

She winks. Robert laughs nervously.

She tears a page out of her notebook. \*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Here's his address Robby \*

She unceremoniously stuffs the note into Robert's jacket pocket.

She looks at Matteo, and taps the stem of her glass, wordlessly asking for another, before turning back to Robert.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Get it done. So that I don't have  
to cut you up and have dad bury you  
in five different graves, Ok? \*

Robert takes the note out of his pocket and reads it, silently. Charlie picks up the knife. \*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I didn't quite catch that. You  
don't strike me as the strong  
silent type. Is. That. Ok? \*

ROBERT  
Yes ma'am.

Charlie flicks the blade back into her pocket. \*

CHARLIE  
Do make sure to come back with my  
money. Now fuck off. \*

Robert scurries out of the door. Charlie turns back to the bar. Matteo smiles at her, serving up her drink.

MATTEO  
And there I was thinking you  
wouldn't fit in...

Charlie smirks at the man and takes a sip of the garish sparkling purple cocktail.

It is very purple, and very sparkly

CHARLIE  
Why in the world would you think  
that?

2 EXT. WEAPON STORE - MIDDAY 2 \*

Standing outside the store, Robert looks down at his hand; there's a bandage that's wrapped around the hand where Charlie has cut. He composes himself with a big breath and enters through the front door. \*

3 INT. WEAPON STORE - MIDDAY 3 \*

The store itself is fairly small and dingy. The only real attraction is the main counter. Behind it, lies a vast array of weapons; ranging from guns to knives. There's currently two people within the place. A customer NERVOUS MAN (mid-20's), and BIG GEOFF who's behind the till (40's, very large and muscular); they're currently mid-way through a transaction. \*

The entrance door flings open as Robert strides inside. \*

ROBERT \*

Big Geoff! How's it going sunshine? \*

Haven't seen you in ages?! \*

Big Geoff and Nervous man pause their transaction to take a look at Robert. \*

ROBERT (CONT'D) \*

I see you've done up the place, \*

still couldn't get rid of the smell \*

though eh? \*

Robert chuckles. The other two stay silent. \*

ROBERT (CONT'D) \*

But enough chit-chat, I'm here to \*

purchase your finest kni- \*

Robert trips over a bunch of boxes that are poorly placed on the floor. \*

BIG GEOFF \*

Watch out for those boxes there \*

Robert. \*

Quickly scrambling himself back up, Robert puts on a half hearted smile. \*

ROBERT \*

Thanks for the heads up. \*

BIG GEOFF \*

No worries! \*



Robert takes a big sigh and heads towards the counter. Big Geoff turns his attention to Nervous Man.

BIG GEOFF (CONT'D)  
Where was I? Oh yes, for only six tokens, the gun's perfect for your needs. Especially if you're going to be working with Charlie.

The mention of Charlie makes Robert tighten his grip around the bandage.

BIG GEOFF (CONT'D)  
It always delivers under-pressure; unlike some of the people I had in bed!

Big Geoff erupts into an enormous laughter. The Nervous Man laughs forcefully and awkwardly mostly in fear of Big Geoff. Robert looks across at the two in annoyance by the slow service.

ROBERT  
Um, Big Geoff...

Big Geoff turns his attention away from Nervous Man, and towards Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
I'm in the market for a knife.

Big Geoff's laughter slowly dials down.

BIG GEOFF  
A knife?

ROBERT  
Yes a knife.

BIG GEOFF  
What kind of knife?

ROBERT  
A big knife.

BIG GEOFF  
How big?

ROBERT  
Very big.

BIG GEOFF  
How's big very big?

ROBERT \*  
 Pretty bloody big. \*

Big Geoff leans over the counter. \*

BIG GEOFF \*  
 I think I've got just the thing \*  
 your looking for. \*

HARD CUT: \*

Big Geoff pulls out a reasonably sized size knife from under \*  
 the counter and holds it up for Robert to see. \*

BIG GEOFF (CONT'D) \*  
 How about this beauty? Big, slick, \*  
 and as sharp my ex's tongue... but \*  
 at least this one won't talk back! \*

Robert looks unimpressed to say the least. \*

ROBERT \*  
 What am I going to do with that, \*  
 cut open an envelope? No, I need \*  
 something that screams.... \*  
 extortion! \*

BIG GEOFF \*  
 Very well then... \*

MONTAGE: \*

Big Geoff keeps pulling out all different kinds of knives, \*  
 which each one increasing in size from the last. Robert keeps \*  
 repeating "bigger". The Nervous man just watches in awe. \*  
 Finally Robert finds the knife that suits his needs. It's on \*  
 the verge of being comedic by how un-practically big it is. \*

END OF MONTAGE: \*

BIG GEOFF (CONT'D) \*  
 Anything bigger than that mate and \*  
 I'm going to start thinking you're \*  
 compensating for something. \*

ROBERT \*  
 Absolute perfection. I'll take it! \*

BIG GEOFF \*  
 You sure you're up too wielding \*  
 such a weapon Robert? \*

Robert snatches the knife off Big Geoff. He lifts it up for inspection. His eyes widen with the sheer power that holding the weapon gives him. \*

It's so clean, Robert can even see his own reflection. \*

Without even looking at Big Geoff, Robert goes into his pockets and drops on the counter the correct amount of tokens. Big Geoff happily grabs the tokens off the counter. \*

ROBERT \*

Oh, this really is the ultimate  
lady magnet. I can why you're such  
a hit with them in bed Big Geoff! \*

Big Geoff glares at Robert with confusion. \*

BIG GEOFF \*

With who? \*

ROBERT \*

The ladies! \*

BIG GEOFF \*

The ladies? \*

ROBERT \*

Yeah the ladies! I mean look at you  
man, I bet they fall head over heel  
for you! \*

BIG GEOFF \*

Oh, no. I'm gay. \*

This comes as a huge surprise to Robert. \*

ROBERT \*

You are!?! \*

BIG GEOFF \*

I've been happily married for  
nearly seven years with my husband,  
Greg. \*

ROBERT \*

Huh. Never would've guessed. \*

Robert contemplates this for a few seconds, before eventually shrugging it off and continues to admire his knife. \*

Big Geoff turns his attention to Nervous Man. \*

BIG GEOFF \*

Now, before I forget... \*

He hands over the pistol to the Nervous Man. The Nervous Man tries to get a gauge of its weight. \*

NERVOUS MAN \*

It's heavier than I expected. \*

The Nervous man swings the gun up dangerously close to Robert's face. Robert jumps backwards. \*

ROBERT \*

Watch where you're aiming that thing mate! I don't want to end up holding my insides because of your incompetence! \*

NERVOUS MAN \*

Sorry, won't happen again. \*

Robert huffs and begins playing with his knife again. \*

4 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING 4 \*

Match cutting with the previous scene, Robert is still playing with his new knife. However, there's a uncertainty with his method. He keeps mumbling under his breath. \*

He fumbles with it awkwardly. Has he never used one before? \*

ROBERT \*

(Rehearsing)

Listen, pretty boy, you have to pay Up, or punks with hoodies are gonna smash all your fancy windows... \*

Ad Libs more mumbles. Flicking the blade in and out of the hilt, learning how it works.

Takes a deep breath and tucks it into the back of his belt.

5 I/E. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 5

Robert knocks on the door. It is answered by a slim man, slightly older than Robert (around 30), wearing a button up shirt and round, professor-like glasses. This is JACK. He's scrubbing his hands clean with a cloth, the substance marks the cloth in deep red. \*

JACK \*

Can I help you? \*

He speaks in a calm, cool, mechanical tone. Jack places the cloth in his back pocket. \*

ROBERT

Yeah, I think you can...

Robert pauses, forgetting the man's name. He takes out the paper that Charlie gave him from his pocket and reads it

ROBERT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

...Jack. Mind if I come in? \*

JACK

I do mind, actually.

ROBERT

Oh Really? how very brave. Now why don't you just step aside?

JACK

Why should I step aside?

ROBERT

(Threateningly)

You should really let me in. I'm not a very nice person!

JACK

I should let you into my house because you're not a very nice person?

Robert takes a breath. First Charlie, now this. Jack is not even slightly intimidated. Not sure he actually understand what's happening-. \*

Robert reaches for the knife in the back of his belt.

Make a show of it?

He decides against it. Leaves the knife where it is.

ROBERT

How's about this: the sooner you let me in, the sooner I leave you alone? \*

JACK

That seems reasonable.

ROBERT

(Relieved)

Thank you! \*

6 INT. LOBBY - EVENING 6 \*

Robert and Jack make their way through the lobby. There's a big pile of shoes that are stacked against each other. The shoes consists of all different sizes and styles. \*

JACK \*

Please do watch out for those, I haven't had the time to clear them all out yet. \*

Robert looks slightly bewildered to why one guy would have so many shoes? \*

In any case, Robert carefully maneuvers himself around the shoes, making sure that he doesn't make a fool out of himself by tripping over them. \*

He successfully avoids every shoe. Robert pulls a cheeky grin at his own satisfaction and walks around the corner. Almost immediately, Robert hits his head on a door frame that leads to the kitchen. \*

Jack sticks his head around the corner. \*

JACK (CONT'D) \*

Watch out for that my friend. \*

Robert coerces his forehead as he walks into the kitchen. \*

7 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING 7 \*

Robert moves into the kitchen. There's an island placed within the centre of the room. Nine wine glasses, stand on the pristine kitchen counter. Three rows of three, equidistant. \*

It's a little surreal. \*

Robert looks at them askance. \*

ROBERT

So, Jack... My name is Robert, and I just couldn't help but notice how nice a house you have...

JACK

(Smiling)

Thank you! I do rather like it myself. I've only just moved in. \*

ROBERT

Uh-huh... Personally, I think it would be a shame if anything were to... "happen to it"

Robert picks up one of the glasses.

Jack doesn't like this.

JACK

I agree. It's a nice house. Could you put that down please?

Robert drops the glass onto the floor. Jack looks down at the shattered pieces. \*

ROBERT \*

Oh, I'm sorry. But you did tell me to drop it though. \*

Looking back up at Robert, Jack's friendly nature of his face has completely been dropped. \*

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What, I'm trying to say, Jack, is...

JACK

This is a protection racket and you want me to pay you, so that you don't damage my property. Who sent you?

Robert is confused. Normally people aren't this forward about it... or know this much.

ROBERT

(thrown)  
I'm Sorry. What?

JACK

Who sent you? You don't look like the type of person who's in charge, you're too... Brash.

This offends Robert. 'too brash to be in charge?!'

JACK (CONT'D)

Who sent you?

A beat. Considering... And then, the mistake-.

ROBERT

I have associates, but I decided to come here by myself because no-one tells me what to do. This really is a nice place. What's up those stairs?

JACK

Two bedrooms and a bathroom. So no-one else knows you're here?

ROBERT

Nope. No-one's got to keep tabs on me.

Robert keeps taking stock of the place, starting to look to another couple of doors, he gestures to one-.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What's in there?

Jack starts to move towards the kitchen counter and picks something up.

He starts to sidle towards Robert.

JACK

Another bathroom. So you came here alone?

He adjusts his grip on the thing that he's holding behind his back...

ROBERT

Of course I came here alone! You think I'm the sort of person that needs back-up? Don't make me laugh! What's in here?

Robert gestures to another door.

8 INT. BASEMENT ENTRANCE - EVENING

8 \*

Jack moves over to it and opens it. Stairs go down.

They both look down the stairs, Silhouetted.

JACK

That's the basement.

ROBERT

Nice. Kinda smells at bit-.



JACK

It's where I keep the bodies.

ROBERT

What?

Jack hits him over the head with the hilt of the knife he's been concealing, and Robert falls to the floor, unconscious.

9 INT. BASEMENT - EVENING 9 \*

Jack takes a few steps down the stairs and starts dragging Robert's unconscious body down by the ankles. It unceremoniously bumps over them.

Bump.

Bump.

Bump. \*

10 INT. THE BOSS' OFFICE - EVENING 10 \*

The Boss, a knife-like man in his 50s, is arguing with a scruffy younger man in a poorly fitting suit. We see a photo frame of a family portrait. It's the boss, Charlie, and her mother. \*

THE BOSS

--and if you don't move my fucking merchandise in the next two fucking days, there will be hell to pay!!

INTIMIDATED MAN

Yes sir.

Charlie enters, full of energy, practically skipping, and the boss's mood instantly softens. An absurd contrast.

CHARLIE

Dad! How are you doing!

THE BOSS

Not bad, baby-girl! It's always nice to see you! How's your first day at the job?

The Boss sits in the chair, and looks back to the Intimidated Man, turning back to 'Angry mode', and points first to the man, then to the door.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
You. Fuck Off.

The intimidated man scurries out of the door.

Charlie opens her mouth to speak, but--

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
(Cutting in)  
Oh, Hey! I was going to tell you something earlier, before I got caught up with this... cretin. You know this Jack guy? The pretty boy with the big house?

Charlie nods, smiling, proud of her work.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
Yeah... I think we shouldn't get too involved there.

Charlie's face falls a little.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
Our buddy Big Al from London let me know that he was a former associate of theirs...

On Charlie: Oh Crap.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
Well, I say "associate". He's actually a serial killer. Unstable type, but very good at covering his tracks, and cheap if you want to hire him.

On Charlie. Horrified.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, he caused some trouble a while back when he stabbed a door-to-door salesman. He takes his personal space very seriously, and I don't want to throw away manpower. I think the worst thing we could possibly do is send someone over to ask for protection money.

Uncomfortable Beat.

CHARLIE  
Well Fuck.

11 INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

11 \*

Robert wakes up on the floor, hands taped behind his back, ankles taped together in front of him.

Dazed, he looks around. Either side of him are two large burlap sacks. Each one has suspicious red stains on it and a pair of feet protruding from the bottom.

Ok. Best to ignore that...

Robert struggles against the tape.

ROBERT

Well this is just perfect...

Robert slumps back against the wall. He looks uncomfortable, as if he's sitting on something...

The Switchblade! He pulls it from in his belt and flicks the blade out.

He starts to try to cut the tape that's binding his wrists. He doesn't get very far, however, as Jack opens the door at the top of the Basement stairs. Only a silhouette, but he's obviously carrying the large kitchen knife.

Robert stops trying to cut the binds in the hope that Jack won't notice he has a knife of his own whilst Jack slowly starts walking down the stairs.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Hey! Um... I'm sorry I dropped your glass?

JACK

Don't worry, I wanted to kill you anyway.

ROBERT

Oh.

JACK

I came down because I heard you moving...

Robert adjusts his grip on the knife.

ROBERT

I wasn't doing anything!

JACK

You were waking up.

ROBERT

Yeah. Waking up. Definitely not doing anything else.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

I thought this would be the perfect time to come down and let you know that that this is the knife I'm going to use to kill you!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jack holds up the knife, and Robert swallows nervously.

\*

ROBERT

Oh.

JACK

Don't look so worried. I'm not going to kill you today. You can't have more than one murder in a day!

Jack moves over to one of the burlap sacks and pats it. Obviously the only victim of the day. Robert twists around a little, so that the knife is still behind his back.

JACK (CONT'D)

Get some rest. It's nearly 5 in the afternoon. Time to sleep.

Jack walks up the stairs towards the door.

ROBERT

Yes! Definitely! Bedtime! I'll see you tomorrow!

Jack closes the door behind him and Robert starts frantically trying to cut the tape that's binding his wrists together.

A lot more panicked.

12

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

\*

Charlie and two men, one young and skinny, the other middle aged, overweight and greying, approach the house. All three are carrying handguns. Charlie peers through the window, then turns back to her men.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

Right. The man who lives here is a serial killer. He's got a thing for knives. He's not the reason we're here though.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We just want to make sure he's not killed Robby, the guy we sent to get protection money from the him.

YOUNG THIN MAN

Wait, you sent someone to collect protection money from a serial killer?!

CHARLIE

Well I didn't know he was a serial killer at the time...

NERVIOUS MAN

Is he gonna stab me? He's a serial killer and you said he likes knives, is he gonna stab me?

CHARLIE

You have a gun! Be smart and he won't have a chance to stab you! Now, I don't want to go through the front door. Lets check the back.

The three start to head around the house.

Nervous Man is extra nervous.

13 INT. BASEMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 13 \*

Robert opens the basement door carefully, looking around as he heads towards the kitchen. Holding onto his knife for dear life. \*

14 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 14 \*

He looks over to the island and sees the kitchen knife that Jack had threatened him with just lying there. He picks up the knife gleefully, and brandishes it. Robert hears a commotion coming from the lobby. He ducks behind the kitchen counter \*

15 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 15 \*

We see Charlie and her goons walking through the household with hesitation. With their guns up and armed, Charlie indicates to Nervous Man and Young Thing Man to search the premises. They nod, and begin to split up. \*

Young Thin Man heads towards the kitchen. \*

16 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 16 \*

Robert is still quaking behind the island, holding his knife tightly against his chest. Young Thin Man then enters the room, the island cuts off his line of sight so that he can't see Robert. As Young Thin Man moves towards to the right side of the island, Robert quietly shuffles around the left. They're both perfectly in time of missing each other. \*

As Robert reaches the other end of the counter, he darts out of the room; missing Young Thin Man completely. \*

17 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 17 \*

Robbert rushes into the room, the front door is in sight. A hopeful smile appears on his face. However, just before he can reach it, the sound of a person heading downstairs can be heard. Robert panics once more; there isn't enough time to reach the door. He scans the room for a hiding place, and notices a closet underneath the stairs. Robert opens the door quietly and steps inside; closing the door on his way in. \*

18 INT. STAIRWAY CLOSET - NIGHT 18 \*

Robert tucks himself into a corner of the closet. Robert's breathing is heavy and rapid. Above him, we can hear someone walking down the stairs. The noise is getting closer with each step. Robert throws his hand over his mouth to try and muffle his breathing. \*

The noise stops right outside the stairway door. Robert clenches his knife with anticipation. He closes his eyes and takes a deep. His eyes flick back open and Robert hurls himself towards the door. \*

19 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 19 \*

The impact of the door slams the person onto the ground. Robert is about to pounce onto the body, until he gets a good look of the intruder; It's Charlie. \*

ROBERT \*

Charlie!? Wha- what are you doing here? \*

CHARLIE \*

To rescue you Robby! \*

Robert scuffs at the remark. \*

ROBERT

I don't need any rescuing, I have  
the whole situation under control.

CHARLIE

You had the whole situation under  
control, from hiding underneath a  
staircase?

ROBERT

Why would you even send me to this  
hellhole! The guy's a -

CHARLIE

I know what he is! I fucked up,  
okay?

ROBERT

Too right you bloody fu-

Robert sees that Charlie is clearly distressed by her  
mistakes.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Thanks for... coming to save me.

Charlie looks up to Robert with surprise.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And since I'm at it, I'm sorry for  
the way I treated you earlier.  
Sometimes, I thin-

CHARLIE

Sometimes you think you're a knife,  
when you're really just a envelope  
opener.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I forgive you, Robert.

Robert holds out his hand, Charlie smiles grabs onto it. He's  
about to pull her up until...

BANG. A gunshot.

Robert falls to the floor, dead. Charlie crashes back onto  
the floor.

NERVOUS MAN

I did it!! I killed the knife guy!

Nervous Man is standing directly behind Charlie. The Young Thin Man comes rushing in from the kitchen. Charlie is incensed.

\*  
\*

CHARLIE  
You FUCKING IDIOT!

She picks herself up hits Nervous man on the head with the butt of her gun.

\*

NERVIOUS MAN  
OW!! What was th-

\*  
\*

Nervous Man looks down at Robert.

\*

NERVIOUS MAN  
Ro- Robert?

\*  
\*

He looks back up to Charlie.

\*

NERVIOUS MAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Charlie, I saw his knife and it looked like he was about to stab you an-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHARLIE  
Just shut up already!

\*

Nervous man looks down in shame. Charlie takes a big sigh.

\*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Dad is going to be pissed...

\*

The three gather around Robert's dead body and look down at it. It's dead eyes looks back up at them. The sound of a toilet flushing can be heard. Jack slips into the edge of shot.

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK  
Need any help cleaning that up?

THE END.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT: